THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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TOPICS · OF · THE · DAY

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WHAT "BIG BILL'S" VICTORY MEANS

A MIXED BATTLE of "bombs, ballots, and bullets," is the way some one describes the election which accomplished the triumphal return of William Hale Thompson to the mayoralty of the second largest city in the United States, a result which the press consider full of meaning for the entire country as well as for Chicago. Editors tell us that it affects Republican leadership in the State, and possibly in the nation; illustrates again the upsetting influence of the wet and dry issue in our political contests; and makes manifest the increasing prominence of the race issue in municipal politics. After a colorful and vituperative campaign election day in Chicago dawned on "an armed city, with nerves screwed to the breaking point." More than a hundred special police squads, many of them in cars equipped with machine-guns and tear bombs, patrolled the sections where violence was most likely to flare up. Within the first four hours "two election judges had been kidnaped, two voters held up by gangsters with rifles, five shots had been fired into a polling booth, and two Democratic precinct clubs had been bombed." But the widespread "shooting up" of the polls that some observers predicted did not develop, partly, it is said, because the underworld was sobered by the killing, on the eve of election day, of Vincent "Schemer" Drucci, a political gang leader.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"AMERICA FIRST"

Was William Hale Thompson's slogan, and the promise to "keep the King of England out of Chicago" played a big part in his successful campaign for the mayoralty of America's second largest city. Another of his promises was "a wide-open town."

Nothing in "Big Bill's" picturesque and successful campaign was more amazing than the persistence and fervor with which he made King George V of England an issue in Chicago politics. Correspondents tell us that he fairly burned the bushes with his defiance of Buckingham Palace. "We'll make the King of England keep his snoot out of America," was one of his characteristic declarations. Another was: "When I went out of office, Washington fell out and the King of England fell in." He charged that the school histories used in Chicago during Mayor Dever's administration were pro-British, and he denounced William McAndrew Superintendent of Schools, as "the stool-pigeon of King George." Americans who would have us join the World Court he accused of subscribing to the idea that "it takes seven Yanks to equal one Englishman." After his election he made a speech which he had made many times during the campaign. He said in part:

> "I stand to-day where I have always stood, where I stood when they called me Kaiser Bill, and I will stand there until I die.
>
> "No future draft for the American boys and the joining of no League of Nations or World's Court, especially with the covenant which provides that Uncle Sam shall have one vote and Great Britain seven and an equal vote of all other debtor nations to call the roll and cancel our war loans, which means the people of America will have to pay them.
>
> "I will Americanize again our Chicago public schools and revise the histories our children are forced to study, carrying pro-British propaganda. I will oust from the public schools Superintendent William McAndrew imported from New York, who took the 'spirit of '76' from the schoolroom walls and is responsible for histories used in courses for higher grades of our public-school teachers, which carry paragraphs stating that Washington was a rebel and a traitor and King George was America's best friend.
>
> "In regard to our local situation, I will surround myself with a Cabinet competent to forge Chicago forward again as I did when I was Mayor before. I will do away with the bread line that exists to-day by stimulating business, and I will work on for the early completion of the waterway which makes Chicago a seaport town via the Illinois and Mississippi rivers."

On the subject of Prohibition enforcement, the staff correspondents of New York newspapers quote him as saying:

"I will break any cop I catch on the trail of a lonesome pint into a man's house or car. I will put them on the street and they must catch hold-up men."

To Chicago's 200,000 negroes, reports the Chicago *Tribune*, "he said in effect that he was the only Mayor who ever had given the colored population a square deal, and the only one who would. He prepared his listeners to believe that life for them under him would be different from what it had been." According to *The Emancipator*, a negro paper published in Chicago, "Big Bill" "demonstrated his high regard for the colored race by the following assertions":

Photograph by Acme

ELECTION DAY IN CHICAGO

The interior of La Casa Democratic Club, wrecked by a bomb before the opening of the polls for the mayoralty election.

> "The colored people make good postmen; they make good policemen. Should they not make good street-car conductors?
>
> "I believe that you should have a colored Captain of Police in the colored district, one who would be independent of the Chief of Police."

The same negro journal affirms confidently that "history will proclaim 'Big Bill,' Abraham Lincoln, and George Washington America's greatest leaders in the people's fight for democracy and human rights." It also says that the negro vote "did the job"; and it adds this remarkable prediction: "While in times past it was the German, Irish, and Polish which predominated in number of votes, a great change has taken place since the last Federal census, for the negro influence is forging to the front, and in time will be the largest vote in Chicago."

When William Hale Thompson, Republican candidate and former cowboy, lassoed the mayoralty on April 5, he snatched the victory from two competitors—Mayor William E. Dever, Democratic incumbent of the chair, and Dr. John Dill Robertson, an independent Republican candidate. The intensity of interest felt in the contest is indicated by the fact that nearly 1,000,000 of Chicago's 1,146,000 registered voters cast their ballots. Of these 512,740 were for Thompson, 429,668 for Dever and 51,209 for Robertson—giving the victor a plurality of 83,072, and a majority of 31,863. In a mayoralty election in Chicago, a city of more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, there are, we are told, something like forty thousand municipal jobs at issue. Moreover, remarks the Springfield *Illinois State Register*, "the big city organization is a tremendous factor in electing members of Congress, United States Senators, delegates to national conventions, and in planning future partizan lines."

Among the Republican leaders of Illinois who oppose "Big Bill" is ex-Governor Lowden, much discust of late as the possible choice of the farmers for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1928. Discussing the effects of Mr. Thompson's election on Republican groupings and leadership, a Chicago correspondent of the New York *Times* writes:

> "Thompson's campaign and victory, which brought about harmony in the Cook County Republican ranks, grouping the Crowe-Thompson-Galpin, and the Brundage and the Deneen forces under the one banner of 'America first,' intends to play a stellar rôle in the 1928 Republican National Convention and the Presidential campaign, his friends say. The Presidency itself is not outside of his dreams, they declare.
>
> "The immediate effect of the party coalition is to give to United States Senator Deneen command of as much of the State delegation in the 1928 national convention as he can get. That means Cook County's twenty delegates at least. The next result of that command and Thompson's enmity for Lowden will be dynamiting any hopes Lowden may have been entertaining of united support of the State delegation in the national convention."

In Chicago practically all the press, except Mr. Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* (Ind.), opposed Mr. Thompson's candidacy. The latter paper explains his victory by saying that he "won on his declaration for a more aggressive city-building program, and on account of his promises to complete the waterway to the Gulf, and to drive crime out of Chicago." In another Hearst paper, the New York *American*, we read of Chicago's enthusiasm for the man who was its Mayor from 1915 to 1923:

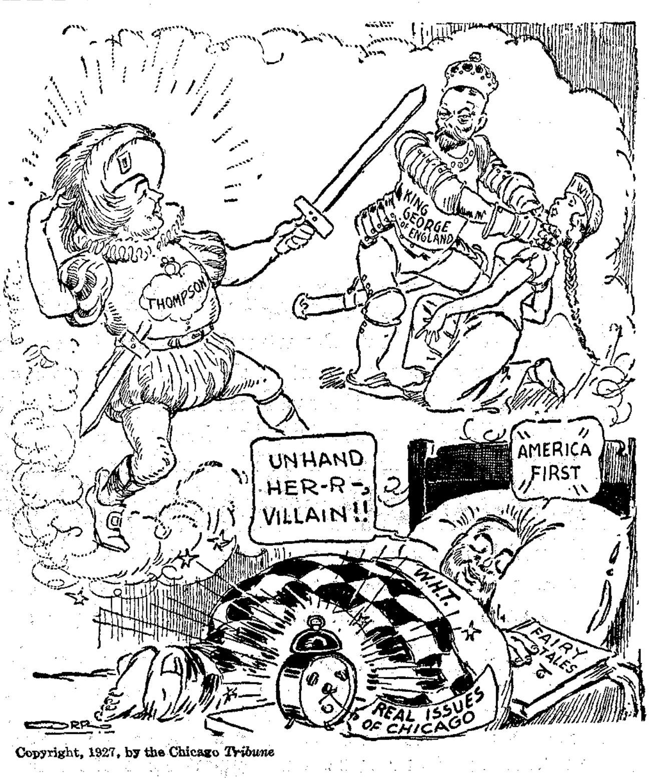
> "His election is a clear victory for the candidate of the people. Highbrows and lowbrows alike were hostile. Thompson lost in the silk-stocking districts and in the famous First Ward, controlled by 'Bath-house John' Coughlin and 'Hinky Dink' McKenna. He won by the vote of the average citizen, whose Mayor he proposes to be.
>
> "Mayor-elect Thompson is one of the picturesque and vital men in American politics. A sportsman, the son of an old and prominent family, a millionaire in his own right, he is a born democrat. Prepared for Yale, he chose, instead, to punch cattle in the West. Before he was twenty-one he had made a stake of thirty thousand dollars of his own. The broad-brim hat and the breezy air of the plains are still with him.
>
> "As Mayor 'Big Bill' taught Chicago to be proud of itself. He invented the slogan, 'Drop your hammer and get a horn.' He ran Chicago's memorable Pageant of Progress. In 1920 he organized the Chicago Boosters' Publicity Club, composed of business men who subscribed a million dollars to tell the world what Chicago was."

The size of Mr. Thompson's vote "stands out as a veritable expression of the preference of the people of this city," concedes the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), which "will be glad if by his coming administration he proves that his official faults of the past have taught him wisdom." "Justice;" it adds, "requires that the official stature of the mayor-elect be measured only by his future actions." The Chicago *Tribune* compares Mr. Thompson as a campaigner to "a showman who knows his stuff." Turning to other Illinois papers, we find the Peoria *Star* (Ind.) remarking that "Bill knew his electorate much better than his opponents" and therefore "he swept the platter clean for the third time." "Most of the issues he raised were spurious, but they were intensely human," remarks the Peoria *Journal* (Ind.), which thinks that even his "trivial, irrelevant and ridiculous chatter about King George was psychologically good, because it matched the mood of Chicago." But in Springfield the *Illinois State Journal* (Rep.) comments bitterly as follows:

"The people of Chicago have declared their preference for 'Big Bill' Thompson as their Mayor. They accept all that he stands for and invite the contempt and disdain of the nation. How the country feels about it already has been exprest in almost unanimous condemnatory editorials in the leading newspapers throughout the whole United States. The place of ill repute that Chicago held for eight years, while Thompson was Mayor, is to be reoccupied with complacency and seemingly with considerable pride. Not only will Chicago suffer from this incomprehensible choice of a Mayor, but the Republican party of the State of Illinois will be affected by the power of one of the most brazen and conscienceless political organizations this county ever has known."

And in the same city *The Illinois State Register* (Ind.) says:

"Chicago has done its worst in electing blustering 'Big Bill' Thompson Mayor over the able, earnest and sincere Mayor Dever. The Thompson victory means a shift in the complexion of the Republican delegation to the 1928 national convention. It is a victory for demagogy at a very critical time in State and national politics. With Thompson's rise to greater power there comes also the decadence of the State power in Democratic politics, of George Brennan, who was chief supporter of the able and very worthy Mayor Dever. State and national Democratic politics are as closely interwoven with the defeat of Mayor Dever and Mr. Brennan as they are with the Republican victory of 'Big Bill' Thompson. The Democratic and Republican national conventions in 1928 are almost directly affected by this Chicago election. Developments along this line will be interesting."



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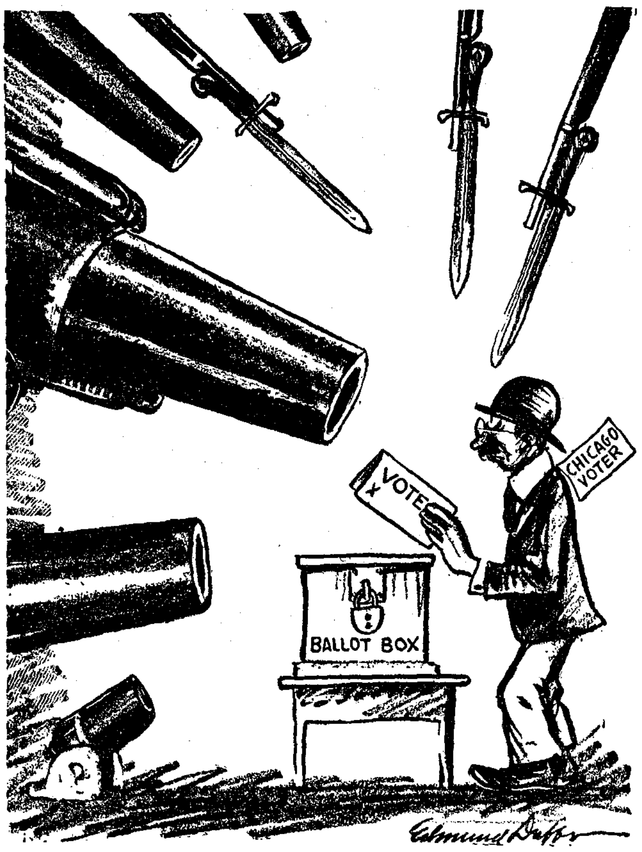
STILL DREAMING

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

In the States nearest to Chicago her election was watched with interest and discust with frankness. In Missouri the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Dem.) expresses the opinion that "Big Bill" is "Chicago's beau ideal," and that "his tirades against King George, his cowboy hat, and his introduction of live rats on the platform to represent his opponents are all part of a showmanship which he has developed to captivate the big city on Lake Michigan." The result convinces the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) that "Chicago is still a good deal of a Wild West town, where a soapbox showman extracting white rabbits from a gentleman's plug hat still gets a better hearing than a man in a sober suit talking business." "Chicago's citizens just couldn't resist the temptation to reward the man who dared from stump to stump to take the King of England by the scruff of the neck and dangle his heels for the delectation of beholders," remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.). As the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.) sees it, "'Big Bill' is going on the assumption that morons hold the balance of power in Chicago." The Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Ind. Rep.) finds it "hard to understand what possest Chicago to elect 'Big Bill' Thompson Mayor."



THE NON-COMBATANT

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

"A striking example of the potency of demagogery and appeals to prejudice in American elections" is what the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind.) sees in the outcome of the Chicago voting; and in the same Indiana city *The News* (Ind.) remarks that "nothing more disheartening to lovers of free government and believers in democracy has happened in recent years." Says the Indianapolis *Times* (Ind.):

"Instead of an ineffective effort to suppress the beer-runners and the sale of booze, the people preferred to have no effort at all. For that was one of the promises of the Thompson managers that there would be no effort to enforce the Prohibition laws.

"Unquestionably there was a very large percentage of the voters who voted for the wettest candidate and who were tired of beer wars, tired of high prices for illicit liquors, tired of the ineffective struggle, and who were ready to vote for plain nullification as far as a police force and Mayor may have power to nullify a Federal law."

"The election of 'Big Bill' Thompson is a pretty sad commentary on Chicago's electorate," declares the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), and the neighboring *Journal-Post* (Rep.) remarks:

"'Big Bill' Thompson ran for Mayor of Chicago on a platform affirming his opposition to King George, the World Court, and entangling alliances. The voters gave Mayor Dever ample opportunity to take a position on these issues, but he ignored them and discust such academic municipal matters as gangsters, crime, and law enforcement. The voters of Chicago are not to be fooled, so they turned thumbs down on Dever and elected the man who had pledged himself to protect them from King George. This ought to be a lesson to the King and to the internationalists who have been plotting against the sovereignty of Chicago."

OUR "LONE HAND" IN CHINA

WITH MORE THAN 9,000 FIGHTING MEN in China or on the way there to protect American lives and property, with all Americans in the interior officially called to Shanghai and Tientsin for safety, with the American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai urging a strong-hand policy, with one of our most distinguished missionaries killed in cold blood at Nanking, and with Admiral Williams cabling the Secretary of the Navy that he expects this to be "a long-drawn-out affair," the need of defining our Government's policy in China seems more and more pressing to American editors. The brief announcement from the State Department that the Government is taking necessary steps "to protect the lives and property of Americans in China," and the assurance from the Presidential spokesman that "no joint action" will be taken with other Powers is accepted by the press as a whole as "so far so good." These editors seem to be willing to "keep cool with Coolidge" as far as China is concerned. But a pointed demand for a stronger American policy in China comes from the American business men of Shanghai, organized as the American Chamber of Commerce, who have issued a bold statement, reading in part:

> "The adoption of a conciliatory policy by the foreign Governments has merely strengthened the position of the lawless elements and encouraged outrages like that of Nanking.
>
> "We strongly indorse the decision of the American Government to take adequate measures for the protection of American lives and property, as evidenced by the landing of marines at Shanghai and the announcement that additional forces are en route.
>
> "It must be borne in mind, however, that through unscrupulous propaganda designed to inflame the Chinese masses against foreigners, business men and missionaries alike, a hostility has been created causing the withdrawal of hundreds of Americans from treaty ports and interior places, and the desertion to mobs of millions of dollars' worth of American property.
>
> "We are convinced that the future welfare of the Chinese people and the ultimate safety of American and other foreign residents throughout China can be attained only through unified action by the Powers to suppress disorder and restore conditions favorable to the formation of responsible government.
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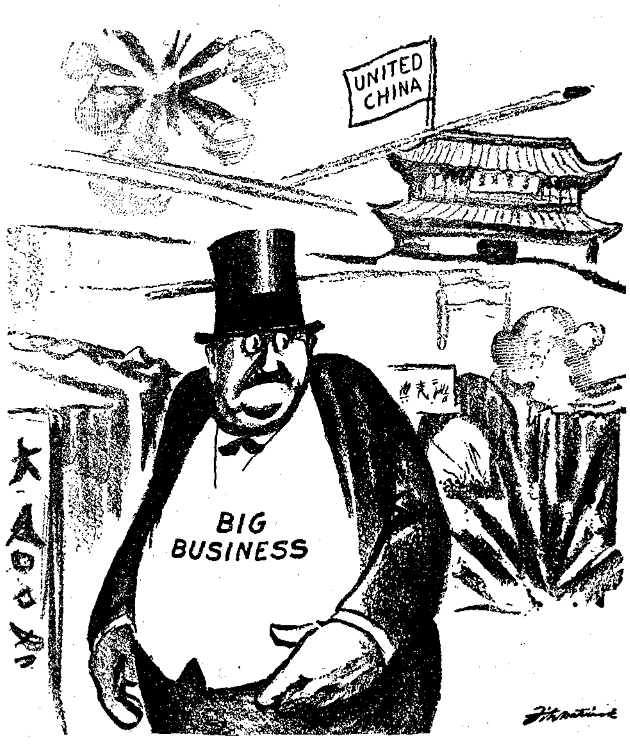
> "In our opinion, the future peace of the world and the general welfare of the Chinese people will be best served by the maintenance of the alinement of the Powers established under the Washington treaties and their cooperation in the service pledged to China during the Washington Conference."

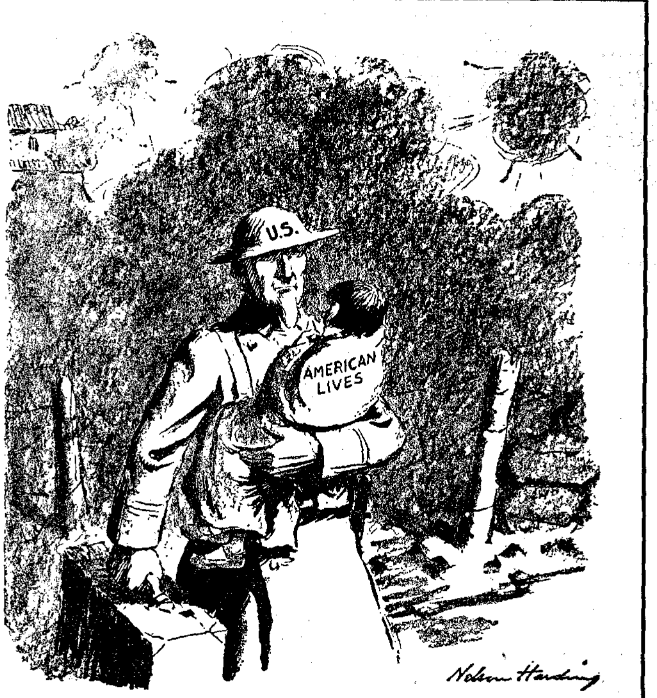


AN OUTSIDER AT THE BIRTH OF A NATION
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

A certain sympathy with this point of view seems to be felt by the Chicago *Tribune*, which says:

> "The right of the Chinese to resent foreign intrusion may be granted, but the investments are there and the foreigners are there, and their governments will not permit doctrines of sovereignty to interfere with the protection they need, and they shouldn't permit it. China has been China and the situation is as it is. Counsels of perfection do not change the conditions which years have developed."

But the advocates of intervention in China are few and far between. Seldom are American newspapers so unanimous as they are in indorsing President Coolidge's policy of protecting our people and interests in China, without committing ourselves to joint action with the other Powers. The London *Morning Post* is glad to see that the United States Government has "rallied to our side in the common cause," and the British Chancellor of the Exchequer has acknowledged "a strong feeling of sentiment" in reading of the "Coldstream Guards and the United States Marines standing side by side." To him it looked "as if once again the great unconquerable forces of progressive and scientific civilization were recognizing all that they had in common and all that they would have to face in common." But the average editor on this side of the water is seemingly more imprest by what we do not have in common with the other Powers, as far as China is concerned—Britain in particular. President Coolidge's statesmanship wins emphatic praise from representative papers all over the country like the New York *World*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Raleigh *News and Observer*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Springfield *Republican*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, St. Louis *Star*, and the Duluth *News-Tribune*. The Philadelphia *Record* feels sure, however, that the reception abroad of the Presidential announcement will not be as cordial as it is at home:

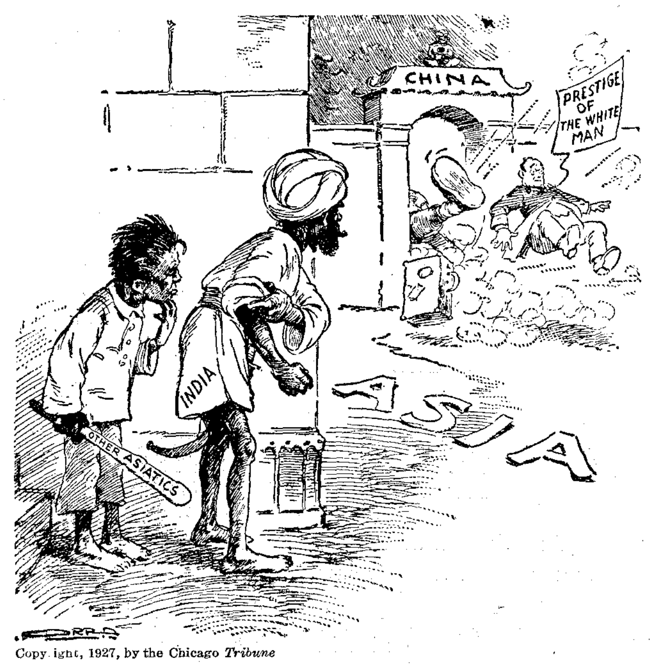


ALL WE WANT FROM CHINA
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

> "British newspapers will complain that we have been—and are still—playing a cautious rôle in order not to risk offending Chinese sentiment, and that they pay the piper in unpopularity. French editorial writers, taking their cue from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, are remarking that the United States has a curious notion of solidarity. Did we not invite them to participate in the

Washington Conference, and to sign treaties covering Chinese questions? Did not the action of President Harding and Secretary Hughes in 1921 imply that the United States intended to become a good and loyal member of a concert of the Powers in the solution of all outstanding Chinese problems? And what is our attitude now that the storm has broken upon all Occidentals? We prudently look out for ourselves and let the European Powers shift. We want to get the Chinese mind to distinguish between the greedy Europeans and the disinterested Americans.

"The lone-hand policy may be best for the United States in the Far East. Certainly our wrongs to China have been as nothing compared with those of the European Powers, and there is no reason why we should share the odium. But it is not going to make us any more popular in Europe!"



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INTERESTED SPECTATORS

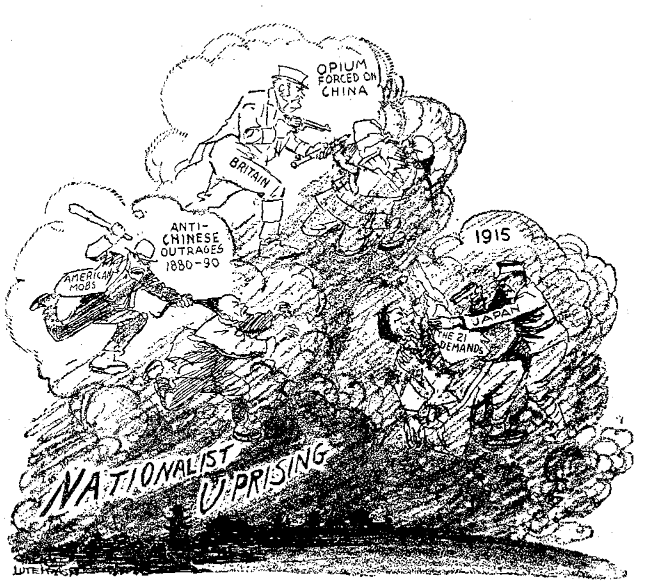
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

The Coolidge Chinese policy is not to "pull anybody's chestnuts from the fire," as the New York *World* phrases it, and this paper points out that—

"Efforts to induce this country to do just that have been tireless and unrelenting since the Nanking riots. Dispatches from both Shanghai and London have whooped up the theory that a community of 'Anglo-Saxon' interest exists in China by virtue of which it becomes our duty (presumably in exchange for the fact that we have some missionaries) to uphold Great Britain's special privileges in the Yangtze Valley. We have been told that Britain's interests and our own interests in the Yangtze Valley are identical: this despite the fact that twenty-nine years ago Britain formally declared the Yangtze Valley to be her special 'sphere of influence,' and informed China that she would regard it as 'an act of deliberate hostility' if an American company or any other foreign company were permitted to build a railway into it. To this day the Yangtze Valley formally remains Britain's 'sphere of influence,' upheld by treaties conferring upon Britain exclusive railway-construction and mining rights. The Nationalist movement now challenges these treaties. This is the background of pleas for 'Anglo-Saxon unity,' a joint effort to 'protect foreign interests' and an expeditionary force under 'unified command.' This is the background of eager efforts to din into everybody's ears the news that all China has gone 'Bolshevist' and 'murderously antiforeign.'

"Well, Mr. Coolidge declines to fall for it. Mr. Coolidge has made a timely effort to put a stop to a mischievous propaganda. The effort shows understanding of our own responsibilities, gumption as to where they end, and tolerance toward a young and chaotic nationalism struggling to assert itself in China."

"To-day Britain is leaving no stone unturned to induce America to join her to prevent the success of the Nationalist cause," writes William P. Simms from Washington to the Scripps-Howard newspapers; "every trick of the diplomatic trade is being used for that purpose—playing upon our vanity and sentimentality; appealing to our well-known belief in Anglo-American solidarity, racial unity, blood ties, community of interests, and all the rest." Our position in China is quite different from England's, continues this writer:



REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

—Pease in the Newark *News.*

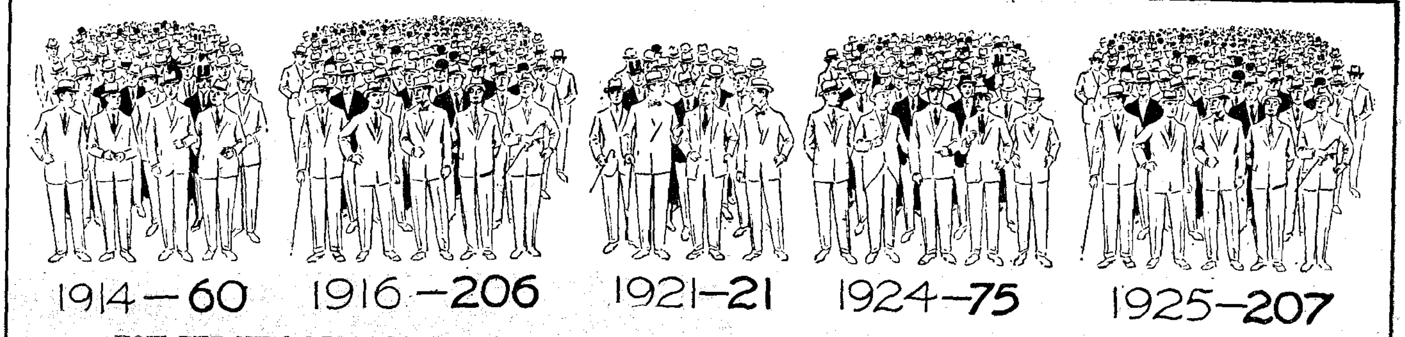
"The United States has no special interests in China to protect. Britain has. The United States has no foreign possessions there. Britain has Hongkong and Kowloon. The United States has no concessions. Britain has concessions at Amoy, Canton, Hankow, Kiukiang, Tientsin, Chinkiang, and Newchwang. The United States has no leased territories. Britain has—at Weihaiwei and Kowloon, extended. The United States has no railways there. Britain owns the Canton-Kowloon Line. Americans have between $70,000,000 and $80,000,000 invested in China. Britain has at least $1,000,000,000. Our trade with China amounts to about $225,000,000 a year. Britain's tops the half-billion mark."

American and British policies in China are affected by different considerations, and neither nation can become a mere echo of the other, agrees the New York *Herald Tribune.* And yet it can not help rejoicing in "the sympathy of purpose and of thought between the English-speaking peoples."

That many missionaries and welfare workers in China are stedfastly set against a policy of force impresses the Topeka *Capital* in the West and the Boston *Globe* in the East. And considering the policy of the United States from the standpoint of future relations with an awakened and patriotic China, possibly led by the now all-victorious Cantonese, the Newark *News* and Boston *Globe* insist that our Government should do everything possible to win the friendship of the Chinese, to concede their demands, not grudgingly but generously. Finally, *The Nation* suggests that our Government's responsibility to protect American lives in China is not unlimited—

"Men who sit still in the face of a civil war and revolution of which they have had full warning take risks, the burden of which they must bear themselves. Surely the American Government does not intend to enunciate the doctrine that its gunboats and marines will protect all Americans in China, no matter where they are, what they do, or at what cost. If they are caught in the fire and flame of civil war, it can not be our duty to 'protect' them at the cost of Chinese lives."

And we find the Chicago *Evening Post,* Providence *News,* and Tacoma *Ledger* all going a little farther and advocating that Americans leave that disturbed land of China as soon as possible. The Springfield *Republican* even calls for special steamers, and Army transports if necessary, to take refugees away from the crowded foreign concessions at Shanghai and Tientsin.



HOW THE NUMBER OF MILLION-DOLLAR INCOMES IN THIS COUNTRY VARIES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

THE MERE MILLIONAIRE IS BECOMING almost an inconspicuous figure in the business world here, reflect a number of newspaper writers who have been perusing the figures recently sent out by the Treasury Department. We have at least one authentic billionaire and ten corporations certainly in the billion-dollar class, and now along come the income-tax figures to show us that in 1925 there were 207 Americans whose income for the year was more than a million dollars apiece. Why, comments the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, a millionaire to-day is a "poor man." "This nation has definitely become a land of multi-millionaires," reports a United Press dispatch from Washington. Million-dollar incomes for 1925 reported in 1926 were 207, a record figure, being one more than the number in the great war-profits year of 1916, and 132 more than in 1924. And there are plenty of other multi-millionaires that we don't know about, it is noted in the New York *Telegram*, because of their huge investments in tax-exempt securities, or because the bulk of their fortunes is invested in jewels or works of art. One conclusion reached widely is, as stated in the Chicago *Tribune*, that "industrial prosperity soared to its highest peak in history in 1925, with the possible exception of 1926." Whether prosperity was properly passed around, or was unduly concentrated in the millionaire class is a question upon which editors differ, as will be noted in a following paragraph.

In the meantime let us turn to one of the dispatches which reports the Treasury's facts about the growing membership of the American multi-millionaire club. The diagram at the top of the page shows graphically comparison between one year and another in this respect. In another direction the Internal Revenue report on returns filed in 1926 shows, according to the Washington correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, "with remarkable clarity how the Federal tax burden has been lifted from the lower and middle classifications." As restated by this correspondent, Mr. Ashmun Brown:

> "Up to September 1, last, 3,953,976 individual returns had been filed for 1925 earnings. This is a reduction of 3,415,812 from the 7,369,788 returns for 1924 income. In other words, the latest tax-reduction has almost cut in half the number of individuals required to make returns, and it must be borne in mind that a vast number of the returns produce no taxes whatever.
>
> "Another comparison is interesting. The aggregate net income reported in the 3,953,976 individual returns for 1925 was $21,189,850,118. Now the 7,369,788 returns for 1924 told of aggregate incomes of only $4,466,303,336 more than that. That is, the number of returns decreased 46.35 per cent., but the aggregate income decreased only 17.41 per cent. Nevertheless, the lesser number of returns in 1925 produced $27,111,801, or 3.85 per cent., more tax revenue. That illustrates the manner in which capital is coming out from the tax-exempt investments and, under the encouragement of lower tax rates, going after the higher profits."

The new Under-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Ogden Mills, points out that the total net income reported in 1926 was slightly smaller than that reported the preceding year—

> "Yet, in spite of this reduction, and in spite of lower tax rates, the tax collected was about 6 per cent. greater. The reason for this incongruity is that the large decrease in the number of taxable incomes was confined to those with net incomes of less than $5,000, while the number of those with net incomes in excess of $5,000 increased.
>
> "According to these preliminary returns, for the income year 1925, .29 of 1 per cent. of the population pay over 95 per cent. of the individual income tax; 17 per cent. pay less than 5 per cent. of the tax, and the remaining 82 per cent. pay no income tax.
>
> "If we study the sources of income they clearly show that the principal tax-reduction effected by the act of 1926 was on income from wages and salaries. Wages and salaries returned for 1925 were $4,400,000,000 less; the returns from business and partnerships about $970,000,000 less; from rents and royalties over $185,000,000 less; from interest and investments over $485,000,000 less. On the other hand, income derived from the sale of property of all kinds increased $860,000,000; from capital gains, $549,000,000, and from dividends over $164,000,000."

The 207 million-dollar returns for 1925 are classified in the New York *Herald Tribune's* summary of the report as follows:

> "One hundred and four with incomes between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000. Forty-three with incomes between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. Twenty-nine with incomes between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. Fifteen with incomes between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. Nine with incomes between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. Seven with incomes of $5,000,000 and over."

Who these fortunate mortals are can only be guessed at, but the fact that the returns for the previous year were made public helps the guessers. The New York *World's* Washington correspondent places the two Fords and the younger Rockefeller at the head of the list, with Secretary Mellon and his brother, and Payne Whitney, F. W. Vanderbilt, George F. Baker, Thomas F. Ryan, Vincent Astor, and J. P. Morgan presumably included.

Now we must not think that "the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, and this country is going to the ding-dong bow-wows," declares the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. And the Boston *Globe* agrees, believing that it is safe "to assume that the rich are growing richer and the poor are doing a little better." Discovering from the income-tax figures that one person in fifteen belongs to a family with an income over $5,000, the Troy *Record* can not help asking: "Has there ever been a country in the world in any age where the comforts of life have been so broadly possest?" And going a little further and taking account of exemptions, the New York State paper concludes that married people with $3,500 or more and bachelor men and maids with $1,000 a year represent "from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 Americans; in other words, a sixth of the people of the United States."

But "unprecedented prosperity for these 207 Americans" does not necessarily mean national prosperity, argues the New York *Evening World:*

> "The fact that a fraction of 1 per cent. pays 95 per cent. of the income tax is startling enough. This means that a fraction of 1 per cent. makes the greater part of the profits, and that does not indicate a healthy prosperity for the nation.
>
> "Nor does the fact that 82 per cent. do not make enough to pay any income tax, mean national prosperity."

WHY COMMISSIONER McLAUGHLIN IS "OUT"

FROM MANY CITIES come editorial expressions of regret that New York City's Police Commissioner has resigned. And the reason for this wide-spread interest in an official whose authority did not extend beyond the city limits, we learn, is that he furnished their own Police Commissioners a good example. "The best Police Commissioner New York has had in many a year," is the characterization of the Macon *Telegraph*, and the Atlanta *Constitution* agrees that his resignation concerns the whole country. His job "is about as comfortable as would be that of sitting on the crater of Mt. Vesuvius," remarks the neighboring Jersey City *Journal*, but no one accuses the Commissioner of having quit on that account. "Mr. McLaughlin may have stept on some Tammany toes," observes the Albany *News*, "but the real reason for his resignation is that he was offered a responsible and lucrative executive position by a private corporation."

The position referred to by the Albany paper is that of executive vice-president, director, and member of the executive committee of the Postal Telegraph Company. "Few men could resist so attractive an offer," believes the Brooklyn *Times*, yet, observes the Providence *News*, "it is a pity that a man such as McLaughlin must, in justice to his family, leave public life." As the New Haven *Journal-Courier* remarks:

> "If he had been driven from office at the dictation of politicians who have resented his independence—of which, as yet, there is no direct evidence—his resignation would constitute a tragedy. His retirement in order to better his material condition, which is the reason given, is none the less disturbing as an illustration of the apparent indifference of government to the actual worth of important service in its behalf.
>
> "Mr. McLaughlin was squarely on the way to establish a new vision of this sort of public service, and the eyes of many a municipality were fixt on him for proof of the value of having a man of his personal character at the head of a department of government requiring first-rate ability and keen human judgment. To have such a force and influence withdrawn, because private investments can make his employment more profitable, is to reveal a weakness in government that is in itself tragic. The whole problem of police administration is now set back a considerable distance, to just the extent Mr. McLaughlin's notable service was setting an example for all communities to follow."

"Commissioner McLaughlin's resignation just as he had almost put his war on organized crime over the top is a calamity," in the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and even the distant Grand Rapids *Herald* regrets that he "retired at the height of a really great career." His record, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "was without a parallel in effectiveness." "The news of his resignation was received with unconcealed enthusiasm by professional politicians and gamblers," asserts the New York *Evening Post*, and the Schenectady *Union-Star* believes one of the reasons for this jubilation is that "he made the city as uncomfortable as a hot griddle for criminals." To quote an article by Martin Green in the New York *Evening World:*

> "In the public esteem and among thoughtful policemen, not only in this city but throughout the United States, George V. McLaughlin is ranked the most efficient Police Commissioner in the history of the New York department. In the Army McLaughlin would be a General; in the Navy he would be an Admiral.
>
> "Commissioner McLaughlin in fifteen months has transformed a demoralized, slackly disciplined force into the best Police Department in this country, and, probably, in the world. His first task was to throw out of the department every trace of official favoritism. He massacred the 'honorary' Deputies and Inspectors and Captains. He dumped all their ornate furnishings out of Headquarters. He called in all the special automobile shields and cards which had been demoralizing traffic officers. He abolished the system by which the only way a patrolman was able to approach the Commissioner was through his Captain. He sent out word that his door was always open to any cop, and it always was open.
>
> "Then, with the training he had acquired in banking, he went into sore spots in the department. He sensed them, analyzed them, and corrected them. He went over the lists of promotions during the Enright tenure, picked out the numerous instances in which deserving men had been passed over to make way for favorites, looked into the records of these men, and proceeded to place them where they belonged. The Detective Bureau began to function. Within eight months it had destroyed all the most formidable of the gangs which had been ravaging the city.

P. & A. photograph

"IN THE ARMY HE WOULD BE A GENERAL"

Says a veteran New York *Evening World* reporter of Police Commissioner George V. McLaughlin, who resigned on March 29 to accept a position as executive vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company. Mr. McLaughlin, who is shown at the extreme right, is not yet forty, and was formerly State Superintendent of Banking.

> "He eliminated clerical jobs held by favorites of past Administrations. He presided at a few police trials, and his quick, fair and often harsh judgments inspired fear in the rebellious few and respect in the loyal majority. It was quickly known in every station-house that the new boss was on the level. He established the system of recognition on the spot of good police duty. He inspired in his men the spirit that fires soldiers following a brave commander.
>
> "A strong man, but human and sympathetic, he is the first Commissioner in my recollection whose passing is regarded with sincere regret by the men in uniform."

"There is no severer test of any man's capacity in the service of the city than the Police Commissionership," maintains the New York *World*. "In the last thirty years it has unmade the reputations of many persons of fair standing in official and civil life. Mr. McLaughlin is an outstanding exception." As the New York *Sun* observes: "He showed the city what, under the right guidance, it might expect from a modern police force in the protection of property, the direction of traffic, and the prevention and detection of crime."

THE ROW ABOUT HENRY FORD'S GROCERY

A NATION-WIDE BOYCOTT against Henry Ford's tractors and automobiles was being planned by Detroit and other retail storekeepers, say dispatches from the Michigan city, because the manufacturer, in an attempt to reduce the cost of living to his thousands of employees, had established markets and stores for them near the three Detroit plants, where goods of all sorts are sold at prices far below the retail price, and in many cases considerably below the wholesale cost of the goods to the ordinary merchant. This was a new kind of "company store," run for the benefit of the employees, rather than the company, altho it is said to have made a profit of 3½ per cent. The butcher and baker and candlestick makers of Detroit could find no fault with the Ford stores in the beginning. But five months ago, when it became virtually impossible to prevent Ford employees from loaning their identification badges to their numerous friends, the stores were opened to the general public. Then came the deluge—of telegrams, committees of protest, and the launching of a boycott campaign. Protests and threats to boycott Ford cars are said to have come from as far west as Seattle and as far south as Missouri.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated.

1. In what recent American election did King George of England play a prominent part? (p. 5).
2. Why was a nation-wide boycott of Ford cars planned two weeks ago? (p. 12).
3. Will the soft-coal strike cause a coal famine? (p. 13).
4. Why did New York's Police Commissioner resign? (p. 11).
5. How many of us make more than $1,000,000 a year? (p. 10).
6. Why hasn't Bolshevik Russia collapsed? (p. 16).
7. Why is the United States more helpful to the League of Nations by not being a member of it? (p. 17).
8. What European nation is fortifying its frontier? (p. 19).
9. In what country are youths under twenty-one forbidden to drink spirituous liquor? (p. 19).
10. Are the American Indians dying out? (p. 21).
11. If stood on end, would the world's largest ship be taller than the world's highest building? (p. 20).
12. When must the railroads hand over part of their profits to the Government? (p. 76).
13. Why is the Charleston considered dangerous in Africa? (p. 25).
14. Why is Sinclair Lewis unpopular in Kansas City? (p. 28).
15. What broadcasting station has the most powerful vacuum power-tube? (p. 22).
16. What country in Europe is most tangled up in red tape? (p. 16).
17. What is the Ufizzi Palace in Florence now used for? (p. 24).
18. Which one of Shakespeare's heroines do modern women writers like best? (p. 25).
19. What animal looks like a lizard, sleeps in the daytime, lives on ants and is protected by impenetrable scales? (p. 40).
20. Who was the "Bandit Queen" of Indian Territory? (p. 59).
21. What happened in Russia on March 12, 1917? (p. 17).
22. Why are the Texas "longhorns" becoming extinct? (p. 49).
23. Name four new uses for prest steel. (p. 74).
24. What is the meaning and origin of the word "navvy"? (p. 83).
25. Will the people of the Philippines be allowed to vote on independence? (p. 81).

This was the situation on April 4. People in every section of the country, no doubt, were wishing they lived in Detroit, so that they could take advantage of the low prices of Henry Ford, grocer. Or that some local Crœsus would emulate the Detroit manufacturer in their home town. The coal dealers, meat markets, and grocery stores the country over, on the other hand, probably were wondering what would happen to them if such a miracle should come to pass. It was in Detroit, however, that the situation was acute. The recently organized Michigan Retail Merchants Association therefore called a meeting of protest. For two hours the retail merchants listened to speeches criticizing the Ford merchandising policy. Then a quiet mannered young man got up and announced that the Ford stores would be closed to the public! The meeting adjourned.

The story of the Ford stores is thus told by Orville Dwyer in a Detroit dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune:*

"Mr. Ford's reason for opening these stores, it is said, was to stop profiteering on his employees. When he started to pay his employees not less than $5 a day, a high wage for that time, the merchants in the vicinity took advantage of it, it is charged, and boosted their prices. The auto maker then opened the stores to help his employees.

"But there arose a traffic in the badges he issued to his employees authorizing them to buy. Some employees loaned their badges to their friends. Various schemes to limit the stores to Ford employees were tried. None of them was entirely successful. Finally the doors were opened to the public."

According to an Associated Press dispatch, persons dealing at the Ford markets declare that they purchase at from 10 to 40 per cent. under the prevailing retail prices. Not even chain-grocery or department stores can compete with the Ford stores, this correspondent adds. In the Baltimore *Sun* we find the following explanation by W. A. S. Douglass:

"The store at Highland Park, for example, occupies two floors in a corner of the huge plant. The entrances and exits are plainly marked and the wicket system is used. As one enters, the checker hands one a purchase slip of three pages. On this the salesman or salesgirl marks the purchases. Before one leaves one must pass the pay desks, a series of grills, with one's packages. Here the bill is receipted.

"The methods that have made Mr. Ford the world's richest man are followed closely in the conduct of his stores. No waste motion, no waste space, no frills or flounces, no servility—and no civility. You come there to buy cheap and to get good stuff.

"Altho the Highland Park store was visited early on a weekday morning, its aisles were crowded as on Saturday in a department store. Everybody—men, women and children—carried bags. Into these they would drop their purchases and move along to the next counters.

"The meats are of the very best. Steak-cutting machines, chop-slicing machines, machines for dividing a steer into standard food portions, abound in this mass production butcher shop. Back of the counters, where canned goods, bread and vegetables are sold, are great open bins stacked with these foods. On the second floor is the shoe shop.

"Outside, cars are lined two deep. Ford automobiles are in the majority. But one sees more than a few fur coats enveloping prudent, tho well-to-do, housekeepers whom one might class as snappy looking folk of the Buick standard. And, slinking around with bags in their hands, are seen liveried chauffeurs doing buying errands for their mistresses. Thus showing that even a Packard outlook is not too haughty to overlook a Ford economy."

Whether the Ford example of the company store, operating at a small profit and serving the public, will be followed by other manufacturers is doubtful, we are told, now that the Ford stores have been closed to the public. Nevertheless, we are reminded by the New York *World*, "you can not but admire the efficiency with which the job is done. A workman is able to buy necessities at very greatly reduced prices. And that, of course, is a good thing." As the Brooklyn *Eagle* observes: "It is the nature of the American to get the most for his money."

On the other hand, writes M. E. Tracy in the Washington *News*, "while the idea of getting things cheap is fine, if kept within reasonable bounds, the idea of live and let live is the real basis of prosperity." In the opinion of the Schenectady *Union-Star*, "it is an open question whether it is an undiluted benefit to the public to drive the small dealer out of business. A basic low-price store is valuable in a community to correct prices in other establishments, but it is a question whether the benefits from the Ford plan would have offset the bad effects of a string of bankruptcies." In the opinion of the Boston *Post:*

> "There is nothing new in the Ford scheme. It has always been feasible, but hardly wise on a nation-wide scale. There are a great many thousand persons whose living depends upon the very lines of business that would be undermined by a wide-spread application of the Ford idea of merchandising. Handling standard goods in large quantities, buying and selling for cash, giving the bare necessities of service, refusing to stock anything but articles which can be quickly turned over, he can sell at surprizingly low prices. But he skims the cream, leaving the skimmed milk for other merchants who make it possible for thousands of people to make a living—and buy Ford cars.
>
> "American business has been built up on the principle of give and take. A tremendous proportion of all money taken in by business is poured out again in wages. A job-creating business is the one big asset of any community. The Ford idea is a job-destroying business."

"For our part," avers a Providence *News* editorial writer:

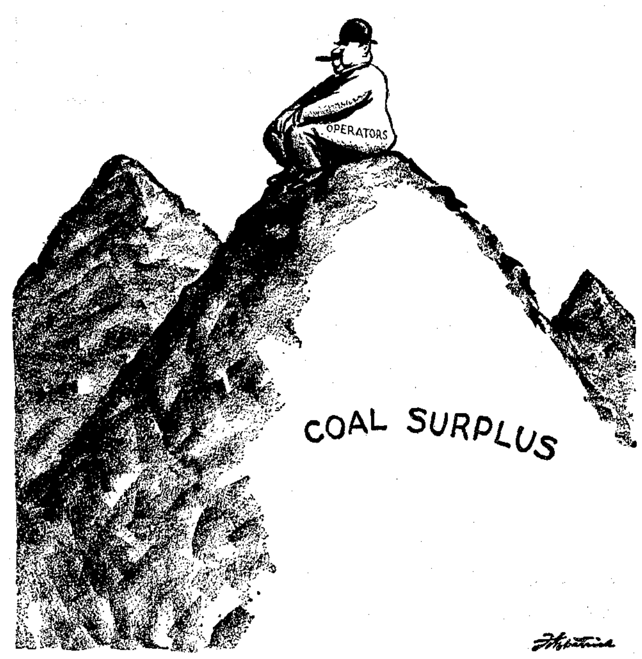
> "We are glad that we can still trade with a corner grocer who knows us by name and knows the kids when we send them up on an errand; who is always ready to agree with our profound observations on the weather; who can be depended upon for a little credit just before pay day; who knows the cut of steak we like and how we want our coffee ground; who retains, in short, the semblance and manner of a human being. And we are glad to pay a few extra pennies by way of protest against the encroachments of a mechanized civilization."

Out in Missouri, the Kansas City *Star* also has "a word to say for that noble old institution, the corner grocery store":

> "Around the old corner grocery store our cities were built, our settlements were established, our country was developed, and our civilization expanded. That is the way Kansas City began. Wichita sprang from the little old grocery store that was started down by the Chisholm trail. Topeka had its beginning in a log cabin grocery.
>
> "The chief purpose in the life of the old corner grocery store was to supply the town with sugar, salt, coffee, smoking tobacco, and canned goods.
>
> "The storekeeper opened his store at six in the morning, to provide a half-dozen eggs, on credit, for a forgetful housekeeper. He kept the store open until ten o'clock at night to provide a public forum for the town's oratorical statesmen who desired to discuss national issues. He was the most faithful public servant this department now recalls. It can not believe that now he is to be shoved off the gang-plank into the turbulent sea of modern business conditions."

HARD FACTS ABOUT THE SOFT-COAL WAR

FOR A STRUGGLE which involves between 150,000 and 200,000 union miners and is said to threaten the life of their organization, the strike, lockout, or suspension now under way in the northern bituminous coal-fields, unlike soft-coal and anthracite strikes of former years, is strangely devoid of excitement or alarm. The public is indifferent, the miners are said to look forward to the enjoyment of a long "vacation," consumers of soft coal, such as the railroads and public utilities, appear unconcerned, and the mine owners are mostly "sitting tight." Nevertheless, "those who are thoroughly familiar with the situation foresee possibilities of serious consequences," says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*. The most grave of these, he explains, is the danger that if the soft-coal strike goes on until autumn, President Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, "will call out the anthracite miners in a desperate attempt to bolster up the cause of the soft-coal miners."



ALL SET FOR THE ANNUAL STRIKE
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

The soft-coal controversy, explains the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, "is neither a strike nor a lockout, but the equivalent of either." Most of the bituminous coal-mines in the central competitive field, embracing broadly Kansas, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Indiana, and western Pennsylvania, and their unionized miners are idle. In Kentucky, Virginia, and West Virginia, however, where non-union miners have been producing approximately 60 per cent. of the entire output of soft coal, the mines are running full blast. In fact, it is pointed out, these mines and miners were the indirect cause of the present strike. Union miners insisted that they could not afford to work for less than $7.50 a day, which they have been receiving under the so-called Jacksonville agreement, and the soft-coal operators maintained that they could no longer pay $7.50 a day and compete with the non-union mines, which are said to be paying around $5.50 a day.

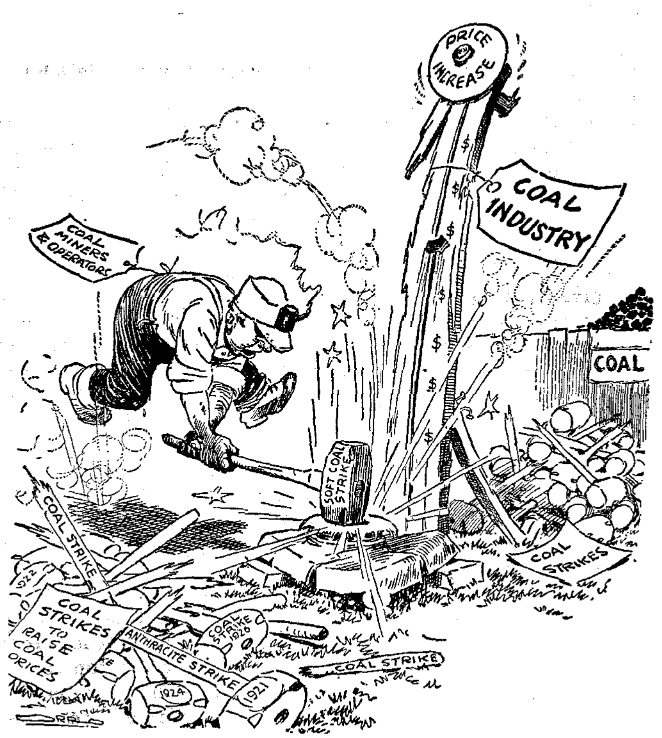
At the present moment there are approximately 100,000,000 tons of soft coal above ground, say the operators. Consumption is in the neighborhood of 9,000,000 tons a week, and the mines remaining in operation, union and non-union, are producing within a million tons of this amount, notes Ashmun Brown in a Washington dispatch to the Providence *Journal*. According to this writer, "many persons in Washington see in the soft-coal war a life and death struggle of the United Mine Workers for continued existence." Meanwhile, however, comes the warning from the Baltimore *Sun:* "While the battle is being waged in the northern unionized bituminous fields, the center of gravity is likely to slip to unorganized districts possessing railroad differentials to compensate the longer haul from northern industrial centers." In this instance, remarks the Albany *News*, "the public can neither be used as a buffer between the miners and operators, nor as a lever to force a settlement of the strike." Spring is here, summer is coming, and the country's soft-coal bins contain the largest reserve in history. Nevertheless, "in a war of this kind, the public always loses," declares the Indianapolis *News*. Moreover, asserts the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"There is no blinking the fact that losses to operators and to thousands of coal-miners are sure to be heavy. These losses will, to a certain extent, be offset by gains to non-union miners and to operators in non-union territory, but such forms of compensatory shifts in profits and wages are not of a sort to be encouraged. But so long as this country suffers a policy of watchful waiting as a substitute for a plan of intelligent industrial reorganization, there never can be peace in the coal-fields."

"A significant feature" of the present suspension, to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "is that the stoppage is brought about in Illinois, and perhaps in other States, on the initiative of the operators":

"The miners, willing to continue work under existing wage schedules, have not called a strike. But the operators, anxious to bring about a reduction in wages, have decided to lock their employees out until the latter are willing to accept a revision of the existing schedules of pay. This is a most unusual procedure. The offensive in every controversy over wages has come from the unions. The operators have always been on the defensive. The altered position of the two parties to the perennial wage controversy marks a turning point in the coal industry and in the history of wage negotiations.

"The miners have had the offensive in all wage negotiations for the past thirty years for the simple reason that economic forces of tremendous importance were fighting with them in their efforts to secure wage advances. Prices have been steadily rising throughout this period, and the cost of living has been advancing. But since 1922, when the last great soft-coal strike occurred, a new tendency has made its appearance. Prices and the cost of living have become stable, and if they show any tendency to change at all it is a tendency toward reduction, rather than toward increase. As a result, demands for wage increases no longer find reenforcement in the economic developments of the day."



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IT WON'T TAKE MANY MORE STRIKES TO WRECK THAT MACHINE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

Aside from all questions of dispute, however, observes the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "one fact stands out plainly: The soft-coal mining industry is to pass through another costly class struggle." In the opinion of the Springfield *Republican:*

"It may be assumed that President Lewis and his associates in the miners' union have some justification for their determined stand for the continuance of the Jacksonville scale. But the fact is impressive that while this scale has been in force a number of mines have closed, to be reopened, with substantially the same force of miners, as an open shop with a wage scale approximately that of the non-union competitors.

"The union undoubtedly has been a salutary influence in improving the conditions of labor in an occupation that at best is disagreeable and perilous. But union organizing in the soft-coal mines has been greatly handicapped by the competition of virtually unorganizable mines. It will be further handicapped if the union, in its demands upon the operators, insists upon more than the traffic will bear."

"If there were but a few non-union mines, the problem they afford to the unionized bituminous mines would not be a grave one," notes the Springfield *Union*. "But about two-thirds of all the bituminous coal mined comes from non-union fields." According to the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph:*

"The non-union mines of West Virginia, favored by both a lower wage scale and a discriminatory freight rate, can sell coal profitably at a price which would be ruinous to the operators of the Pittsburgh field. Production costs—the chief of which is labor—must be reduced unless the coal is to be sold at a loss.

"On the other hand, there are few persons who will take issue with the miners for attempting to secure the maximum return for their labor. They see men in other trades, especially artizans, still receiving the 'peak' wages of 1918, with apparently little or no prospect of reduction. Can they be blamed for being human enough to want to retain the wage to which they and their families have become accustomed?

"It is a hard problem to solve and calls for patience, forbearance, and mutual understanding and consideration on both sides."

Senator Copeland, Democrat of New York, however, flatly declares that "we have too many poorly managed coal-mines in this country"; that "we are keeping too many miners at work, many of them for only three or four months out of the year." Continues Dr. Copeland:

"When I think about the thousands of men who ar killed in poorly run coal-mines every year, the wasteful methods and irregularity of production, the unbusinesslike and unfair sales arrangements, and all the other obvious defects of this industry, I marvel that th business world does not aris in its might and insist that th operating and managerial defects shall be overcome an the coal business be put upo a decent, humanitarian an commercial foundation.

"It is a sad commentary o government that nothing ca be done in a situation like this.'

President Coolidge, sa Washington dispatches, wil preserve a "hands off" attitud toward the soft-coal strike, a he did in the strike of th anthracite miners. Accordin to his advisers, he has no legal right to interfere, and no la gives him power to prevent a strike or to bring one to an end In view of this the Brooklyn *Eagle* is convinced that "the bes thing that could happen for the miners' union and the operator alike would be the removal of 150,000 men from the bituminou coal-mining into other industries; nor do we think the publi would suffer from such a change." In the opinion of th Duluth *News-Tribune*, "nothing short of a government agenc can step in and bring about a settlement through arbitration. The public, avers the Troy *Record*, "asks nothing except ad quate government protection against emergencies which co shortages inevitably precipitate." Finally, declares the Phil delphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

"Before the soft-coal industry can be made to operate sati factorily and without the disastrous ups and downs which appe all through its history, it will have to be reorganized on a more less just and scientific basis.

"The coal industry has always labored under systems absentee ownership and costly schemes of releasing and mounti royalties. Hitherto it has not felt the stimulus of competitio So its policies have been of the restrictive sort. The policy wide and free distribution and small profits, which has been successful with other utilities and industries in the Unit States, seems never to have been attractive to coal producers.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

If dancing is the poetry of motion, the Charleston is the *vers libre.—Punch.*

June is the month of brides. The other eleven are devoted to divorces.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Why shouldn't conditions in China be all mixed up? It's a Confucian country.—*New York American.*

An admirer says Cal will break the Solid South in 1928. The Middle West is already broke.—*Dallas News.*

It isn't the payments for upkeep that are the deterrents; it is keeping up the payments.—*Wall Street Journal.*

An American's life is now worth as little on the streets of Shanghai as on the streets of Chicago.—*El Paso Times.*

New days are dawning in China, says Senator Borah. Might be more appropriate to say daze.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Postage-stamps are declared to be infested with bacteria. The bugs get a licking, at least. —*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

Massachusetts woman sticks a fork in her husband. Probably meant it as a hint to him that he was done.—*New York American.*

As we understand it, what China wants to do is to rush the foreigners out so it can let the Russians in. — *American Lumberman.*

In a world all jumbled up with politics and revolutions, it is a glorious thing that there is such a thing as fishin'.—*Baltimore Sun.*

What industry suffers from nowadays is that there are too many people pushing shares and not enough pushing plow-shares.—*Punch.*

All these gold strikes one reads about at least furnish welcome relief from the kind of pay dirt that is produced on the stage.—*San Diego Union.*

A book has been written about the love affairs of George Sand, the woman novelist. No doubt it starts off with Chap. 1. —*El Paso Times.*

The wets assert that the next Congress will modify the Prohibition law. This is a thing that is always done by the next Congress.—*San Diego Union.*

Bootleg liquor has revised that old saying about putting the cart before the horse. Now it's putting the quart before the hearse.—*New York American.*

A joint legislative committee is attacking the New York policy of dumping its filth into the harbor. In other words, ferryboat commuters must not throw their tabloids overboard.—*Life.*

An American missionary saved himself from cannibals by dancing the Charleston. The natives probably figured that any man who took that much exercise would be too tough to eat. —*El Paso Times.*

A W. C. T. U. lady in St. Louis says cigaret-smoking and cocktail-drinking girls ought to be exposed. Aren't they already exposed as much as the girls who don't smoke or drink?—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

The Supreme Court has now upheld the colored man and brother in the South in about all the constitutional rights there are, but we imagine he will proceed pretty much as usual under the old common law, that discretion is the better part of valor.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

If the Chinese tongs want war, why don't they go on back home?—*St. Louis Star.*

Marriage is the only life sentence that gets commuted for bad behavior.—*New York American.*

Why shouldn't foreigners be just as welcome in China as the Chinese are in California?—*Boston Globe.*

There's always a dark side. If gentlemen prefer blondes, so do freckles.—*Publishers Syndicate* (*Chicago*).

One of the Chinese armies is being fed on dog biscuit. This must be the Pekinese army.—*San Diego Union.*

A news item said that war-ships shelled a Chinese compound. We trust that it was chop-suey.—*El Paso Times.*

Atmospheric conditions recently have been such that many radio fans thought they had Nanking.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Prohibition shakeup isn't worrying the bootleggers half as much as the Prohibition shakedown.—*El Paso Times.*

Proponents of foreign-debt cancelation might be asked if they carry out that policy in their own circle.—*Wall Street Journal.*

"Will High Wages Last?" asks a magazine editorial. Well, not very long, with cost of living where it is.—*Baltimore American.*

If aliens in China were really foreign devils, what the natives are giving them ought to make them feel at home. —*Dallas News.*

"Goodness!" said the lady who had just read of the renewal of the tong war, "what terrible things to fight with." —*New York Evening Post.*

Chop-suey was a thing unknown in China until very recently, and even over here chop-suey is more or less of a mystery. —*American Lumberman.*

Secretary Wilbur says the country is safe from any air attack. Which is probably a polite way of saying that Congress has adjourned.—*San Diego Union.*

Polygamy has been legalized in Russia, according to The Literary Digest, but that isn't the only country where a man has one wife too many.—*El Paso Times.*

The backs of ladies' hats are in future to be more decorative than the fronts. Modern woman seems to know pretty well man's position in the human race.—*Punch.*

A girl should dress in a way to conceal the defects of her figure, says that great authority on the subject in hand, Miss Ina Claire, but we guess it would have to be a mighty small defect. —*Ohio State Journal.*

In the opinion of three thousand giant intellects of this town, evil companionship is the cause of most crime. This explains all. Crime, then, is prevalent because of the prevalence of crime.—*The New Yorker.*

Our Government has been selling munitions to the Diaz crowd in Nicaragua, and now there is prospect of lifting the arms embargo on Mexico. Mr. Coolidge's passion for disarmament is evidently a purely platonic affair.—*The New Yorker.*

Some of the soldiers attached to the forces of President Diaz of Nicaragua refused to travel except by automobile. If this mutinous spirit continues, it would serve them right if the war were stopt entirely and the troops were forced to go to work.—*Seattle Times.*

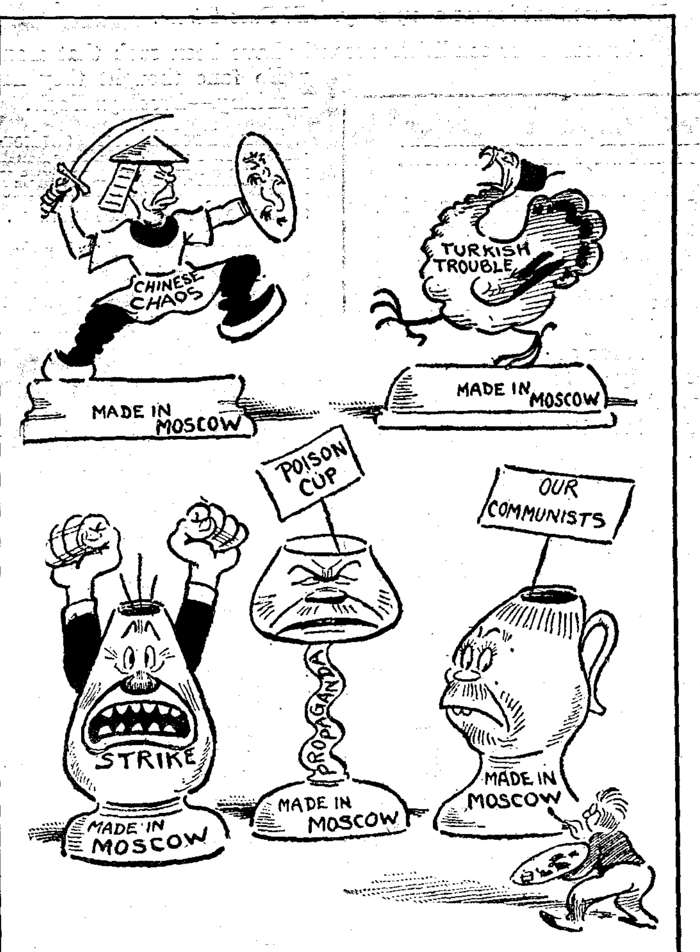
SPECIAL ITALY NUMBER NEXT WEEK

Our next issue will be a Special Italy Number, with articles on every phase of the striking situation in the land of Mussolini. The rise and history of Fascism and its famous "March on Rome" will be clearly told; Mussolini himself will be the subject of a colorful personal sketch; "How Fascism Works" will be outlined from official sources, and criticisms of Fascism will be given full space, to present freely and fairly both sides of this tremendous drama. A map of Italy in colors will show its important gains of territory from the war. A history of modern Italy will be packed into the limits of one article, while another will sketch Italy's new economic and financial revival, its water-power, sea power, and forward strides in aviation. The picturesque side of Italian life will not be neglected, Italy's "diadem of famous cities" will be pictured and described, her charms as "a tourists' paradise" will be fully told, her modern literature, art and drama will be sympathetically and understandingly treated, and richly colored illustrations will bring her unrivaled scenery to the reader's eye. Many cartoons will hit off the lighter side of the subject. In fact, it is impossible in this space even to catalog the many topics that will be considered. As this edition will be widely advertised and in large demand, readers who buy this magazine at news-stands should place their orders well in advance to insure securing it.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

SOVIET RUSSIA'S TEN-YEAR TEST

POLITICAL PROPHETS throughout the world, who from the beginning cried out that the new Bolshevik Russian State could not last, must feel somewhat disconcerted, it is said, to realize that after ten years Bolshevism seems still to be going strong. But whether it is an occasion for rejoicing or lamenting, the world has to reckon with the stubborn fact that the régime established by the revolution continues to endure, and this fact, according to J. A. Spender, must receive a salute even from its opponents. At the same time he notes in the London *Westminster Gazette* that the first Bolshevik attempt to apply undiluted Bolshevik theories resulted in the practical extinction of Russian industry. It took four years of misery and chaos to teach this lesson, he reminds us, and goes on to say:



A BRITISH JAB AT MOSCOW

The Merchandise Marks Bill provides that all goods must be clearly stamped with their country of origin.

—*Evening News* (London).

"Such recovery as there has been must be dated from the institution of the 'new economic policy'—i. e., a return to a modified system of capitalism and private trading. The advance from that point is claimed to be 'amazing,' but it is only so in comparison with the previous four years, when production had been brought almost to a standstill. Compared with Czarist times, Russia is still far from having got back to the standard of production, wages, and employment which prevailed in what was then thought to be industrially the most backward country with almost the worst-paid labor in Europe. In 1925, the last year for which figures are available, production in quantity was about 70 per cent. of what it was in prewar times, and in quality much poorer. In 1926 the average wage of the town workman was about 27s. 9d. [$6.75], and prices are a good deal higher than in this country.

"The housing conditions are still unspeakable, and the benefits supposed to be given gratis to the worker are largely make-believe. Tho a few are well cared for in the model establishments, which are the pride of the Soviets, medical treatment and hospital accommodation are lamentably deficient over a large part of the country. Education languishes for lack of teachers and funds, and there is an immense number of vagrant, homeless children, whose condition is pitiable. Officials, meanwhile, are amazingly multiplied, and Bolshevik red-tape beats all other. A small favored class, consisting of approved and tested Communists, sits on top, enjoys the good things that are going, and gives itself more airs than the despised aristocrats and bourgeois of former days. Some of this class are honestly fanatical, and believe in the world supremacy of their doctrine."

The thought that they are "proletarians" fills them with a spiritual pride, Mr. Spender tells us, and it gives them a real satisfaction to think that the aristocratic and bourgeois oppressors of former days are under their feet. But they have failed to subdue the peasant, and this has been their great disaster, observes this informant, who adds:

"The 'little moujik' would not play the part assigned to him in the Communist scheme—that of selling a large part of his produce to the Soviets at a price fixt by them and living frugally on the remainder. He insists on his price, and when he fails to get it produces only for himself or hides his surplus. The battle between him and the Soviets has been stubborn and disastrous, and at present it is drawn in favor of the moujik. He has the advantage of being, to all practical purposes, in possession of the land, and that is likely to be the most durable result of the Revolution. But he can not get horses or plows or renew his stock, and as his old implements wear out he has great difficulty in replacing them. The result may be seen in the tables of agricultural production which, according to the last figures available, show heavy declines, compared with prewar times, in almost everything except potatoes.

"The best that can be said is that Russia is struggling back from the ruin which was wrought in the first four years of the Revolution. The struggle is the harder because in killing off the 'bourgeois,' she destroyed the technical and managing class which must somehow be recreated if industry is to go forward. It looks as if she will come to equilibrium with a peasant proprietary in possession of the land and going its own way, and a sort of collectivist régime in the towns.

"The new middle or governing class may call itself Communist, but it will, as before, be a middle and governing class, and the 'proletarians' will be lucky if they recover any of the liberties permitted to them in capitalist States, the liberty of organizing for themselves, the liberty of striking, the liberty of living their lives and spending their money in their own way. We may sympathize with Russia in her effort to rebuild what has been destroyed, but it is a perpetual amazement that her revolutionaries should have succeeded in idealizing their plunge into anarchy and struggle out of it, or that they should wish any other country to travel the same road. Their foreign adventures are on a different plane. In these the old Russian imperialism gets a new chance by proclaiming itself the emancipator of the East from Western capitalism, and how to deal wisely with it is always a serious question. Safety here, as in most other dealings with Russia, lies in recognizing the thing for what it is and not permitting ourselves to be driven off our balance by 'seeing red.'"

Even after ten years, the London *Times* holds that the Soviet system is a failure, and declares that peasant and artizan alike have "exchanged one form of absolutism for another incomparably more oppressive; and at what a cost not merely of human life but also of physical and moral degradation." This newspaper then remarks:

"The old bourgeoisie has indeed vanished, but only to be succeeded by a new class of officials and of wealthier, or rather less indigent, peasants and small traders, as the result of the concessions extorted by economic necessity from the pure theory of Communism. And the world revolution has been a dismal failure. Tho a world-wide spirit of unrest was sedulously fostered, and in a few countries, like Hungary, Communism temporarily gained the upper hand, the foundations of society have proved equal to the strain. The *damnosa hæreditas* of Communist propaganda is still a cause for constant anxiety even in England, where all the conditions precedent to the French and Russian upheavals are lacking; but the world revolution so earnestly promoted from Moscow seems farther off than ever.

"From the economic standpoint—and it is from this angle that Bolshevism, which is primarily an economic doctrine, must ultimately be judged—the failure of the Soviet system has proved even more complete. Altho since the complete collapse of 1921 there has been a certain improvement in economic conditions, this change has at every turn been achieved simply and solely by the abandonment of Bolshevist principles. The New Economic Policy, initiated by Lenin himself and since extended by Stalin, which has permitted the peasant to dispose of his produce to private persons and to hire laborers to work his land, has in fact proved the death-blow to Communism in Russia, and has confronted the Soviet Government with the paradoxical task of attempting to found a Communist State in a country peopled by more than a hundred million peasant leaseholders."

It is further maintained by this newspaper that even the complete elimination of the private capitalist has not proved feasible, and altho two-thirds of the means of private production has been "nationalized" the merchant and the small manufacturer, in spite of crushing taxation, have managed to gain a precarious but persistent livelihood. We read then:

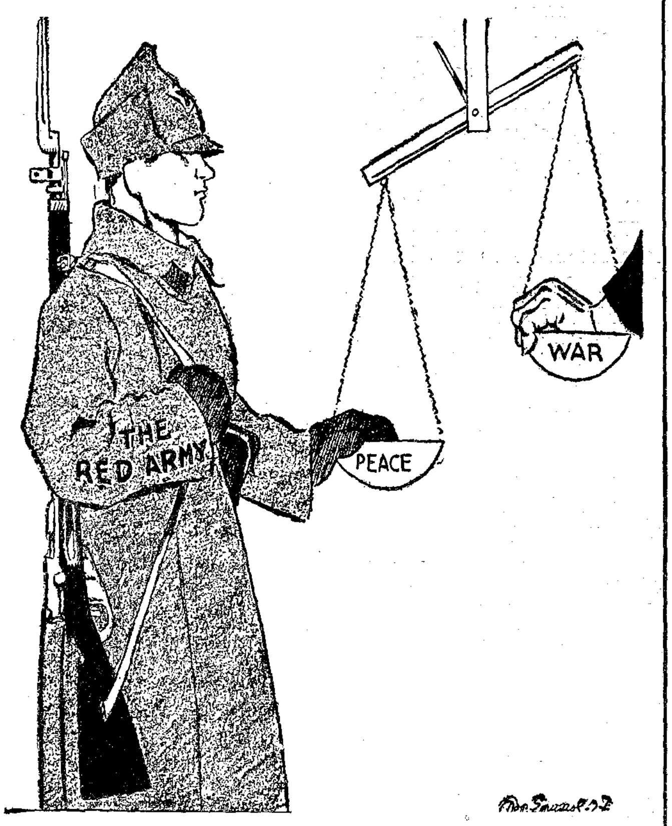
"It is a significant fact that (according to a statement made at the seventh Congress of Russian Trade Unions last December) the workers were buying 60 to 80 per cent. of their foodstuffs from private traders. Moreover, the whole apparatus of 'capitalist' economics, with its banks, trusts, and managers, has been restored under the cumbersome control of an inefficient bureaucracy. Even the aid of the private foreign capitalist has been solicited, and in the year 1925-26 no fewer than fourteen new concessions were granted to German firms. These modifications of Communist practise have been extorted from the Soviet Government only under the experience of the direst privation. In spite of the enormous effort which has been made to increase production, the general standard of living is far below the miserably inadequate level of 1913. Even according to official figures the yield of agriculture, after the good harvest of 1926, is barely 90 per cent., while industrial production has scarcely reached more than 70 per cent. of the prewar level. A reliable estimate places the total product of Russian industry in the year 1925-26 at 4,523,000,000 rubles, as compared with rather more than 7,000,000,000 rubles in 1913. The purchasing power of the new chervonetz currency has steadily diminished since the beginning of 1924, and within the last few months the pace of the industrial machine has begun once more to slacken. Fresh symptoms of an acute crisis have made their appearance. Such have been the consequences, political and economic, of ten years of Bolshevist misrule, and, even if the Russian people themselves are slow in profiting by their own bitter experience, they have surely taught the world a lesson which it will not easily forget."

Looking backward, *The Times* recalls that it was on March 12, 1917, that the Russian Revolution broke out in Petrograd, and that three days later, the last of the Czars, the ill-fated Emperor Nicholas II, abandoned his throne and a provisional government was set up under the leadership of Prince Lvoff and Alexander Kerensky. For the moment it seemed, we are told, as if the dream for which so many Russian Liberals had suffered for two generations was at last to be realized in the establishment of a democratic government controlled by Parliamentary institutions, "but the fire of revolution, now thoroughly alight, was not easily extinguished in a country where it had been so long repressed."

A DEFENSE OF AMERICA AT GENEVA

IT IS MUCH BETTER to have American cooperation without membership at Geneva, some think, than to have her stand altogether aloof. And there are British defenders of our attitude toward the League of Nations who believe that all that can reasonably be asked of the United States is that at any particular point where no one expects her actively to help the League, she should at least not actively hinder it. In the London *Daily News*, H. Wilson Harris avers that the complications resulting from full American membership in the League might easily outweigh the advantages, and he adds:

"That comes, not of the American temperament, but of the American Constitution. When Sir Austen Chamberlain goes to Geneva, and pledges himself to something, he knows he can carry it through at home because he speaks for a government with a safe majority in the House of Commons. If a nominee of Mr. Coolidge went there he could pledge himself to nothing, for his undertakings would have to be indorsed, not by the President who sent him, but by the Senate.



RUSSIA'S REPLY TO HER CRITICS

"The Red Army holds the balance for peace, not war."

—*Isviestia* (Moscow).

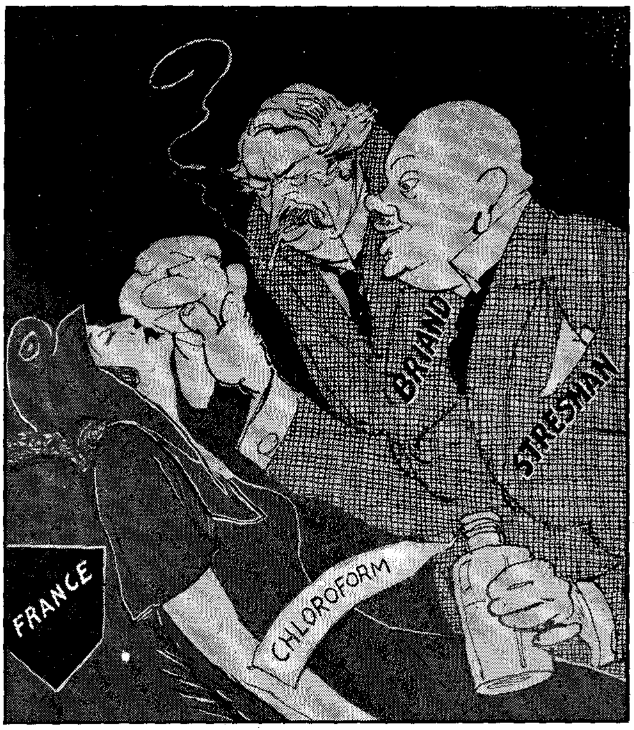
"There is, therefore, a great deal to be said for a relationship represented by cooperation without membership, which is in fact the relationship actually existing. The full extent of American cooperation in League activities is, I think, hardly realized. Take some of the chief items in this year's Geneva program alone. First of all comes disarmament. The United States Government has been cooperating fully and officially in all the preparations for the conference.

"Take the Economic Conference, which opens in May. There will be five American representatives there, just as there will be five British. Take the White Slave Traffic Report just issued. The investigation on which it is based originated in the first instance with the League's Advisory Committee on the Traffic in Women and Children, on which Miss Grace Abbott, Director of the Child Welfare Bureau at Washington, is the official United States representative, and it was Miss Abbott who actually proposed the whole enterprise. The chairman of the committee of experts directing the inquiry was Dr. W. F. Snow, Director of the American Bureau of Social Hygiene, and that body contributed £15,000 toward the expenses."

GERMAN DISTRUST OF FRENCH FRIENDSHIP

FRENCH AND GERMAN DECLARATIONS by political leaders of their respective countries are said to have little effect on the mutual suspicions that appear in the French and German press. German editors, especially, it appears, have been stirred up by an interview given to *Le Petit Parisien* by Aristide Briand, France's Minister for Foreign Affairs, at the time that Mr. Painlevé, France's Minister of War, was carrying out the momentous military reform which provides for the war-time mobilization of the entire nation in all its functions. Mr. Briand's statements certain German editors find to be essentially peaceful and conciliatory and "sound very sweet to German ears," but the army reforms of Mr. Painlevé they find "alarming," as it means that there is to be a very considerable increase and reenforcement in the French Army. In the interview he accorded *Le Petit Parisien*, Mr. Briand spoke in part as follows:

> "The French policy which is being pursued with the approval of Parliament is well known. Its purpose is not only to eliminate all friction and all danger of conflict between France and Germany, but also to bring about, through a political and economic understanding, their lasting and sincere rapprochement, which should lead to their moral solidarity and material co-operation."



A FRENCH THRUST

"Stresemann chloroforms France while Briand looks on."

—*Aux Ecoutes* (Paris).

Mr. Briand is also quoted as saying that he does not consider this task an easy one, for it demands a great deal of work and a great deal of tact from either country, yet "whatever pessimists may say, are not the results already achieved worthy of attention? The Treaty of Versailles, which all Germany regarded previously as a weapon of hatred, has become a freely accepted understanding since Locarno."

Mr. Briand is further reported to have said:

> "The Pact of Locarno is also a freely accepted engagement to respect the frontier along the Rhine. It also amounts to the official recognition of the fact that Alsace and Lorraine have become French provinces. . . .
>
> "Moreover, it must be remembered that the Locarno Pact does not prevent the French from crossing this demilitarized zone along the Rhine if they need to do so in order to help their Polish or Czech allies."

Finally, speaking of the German demands for liberation of the German territories which are still occupied by the Allies, Mr. Briand said: "Is there anything unnatural in the fact that Germans demand this? Do they not have the right to demand it? Wouldn't we do the same thing if we were in their place?"

Jules Cambon, President of the Conference of Ambassadors, and former Ambassador for France to Berlin, and one of the sharers in the making of the Versailles Treaty, contributes an article to the Paris *Revue des Vivants*, and a summary is made of it by the Paris *Matin*, in which Mr. Cambon says, in part:

> "We need peace; Germany also needs peace. But we must so conduct ourselves that the situation does not change, and that Germany always will feel that we are not isolated in the world, and that the rapprochement between her and us is not to be merely the expedient of a day. One thing is certain: the Governments of the two countries are anxious to reach friendliness; but Governments are not always masters of their policies. They need the cooperation of their peoples. It is plain that everybody in France has a horror of war. It has cost us too much in suffering. And I am convinced that in Germany, also, where the people suffered equally, and where, at present, there are signs of a renaissance of her prosperity, no one would undertake a new adventure at any price."

Scanning the German press comment on Mr. Briand's interview, we find the *Taegliche Rundschau*, which is said to be very close to the German Foreign Office, expressing itself skeptically as follows:

> "Not all Germans will agree with what the French Minister for Foreign Affairs has said. We hear words, but we see no deeds, and so far the promises given to us have never been followed by actions. We certainly acclaim Mr. Briand when he says that the purpose of his policy is the Franco-German rapprochement. But we have become convinced that this program of Mr. Briand is more than often overshadowed and displaced by the old program of Poincaré-Foch. Not only do French soldiers continue to occupy German territory, but also the restriction of that occupation force is not being carried out in a satisfactory manner. . . .
>
> "We have completely disarmed, and this fact has been recognized by Marshal Foch himself. We have thus proven that we want nothing but peace. What, however, has France given to us in exchange for that? Which of the promises given to us at Locarno has she fulfilled? No, when Mr. Briand says that 'a deep change has taken place in the public opinion of both countries,' he can prove it from facts only in the case of Germany. This is to say, that tho public opinion has changed in France, this change has so far hardly found any tangible expression in the policies of the present French Government."

Passing to the question of French military reforms, this daily says rather bitterly:

> "While we Germans are being deprived even of the most urgently needed weapons for the defense of our frontiers, France is allotting scores of millions of francs for new fortresses on her Eastern borders. It suffices to concentrate for a minute on such an eloquent difference in the situations of both countries in order to understand what is the weight of the beautiful speeches in which M. Painlevé and others extol the moral disarmament of Europe and the services rendered by France to the idea of the European peace."

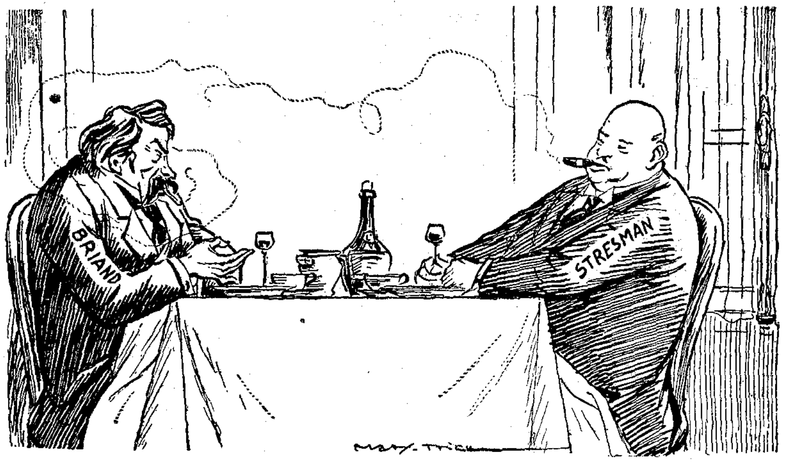
Says the *Hamburger Nachrichten* in melancholy tone:

> "Briand speaks in his interview of a change of atmosphere. But this change has taken place only in Germany. Hysterical articles seething with hatred and fear, which appear almost every day in the French press, prove that no change to speak of is to be observed in France.
>
> "It is for this reason that he has drawn the attention of his fellow countrymen to the fact that only France has profited by the Franco-German rapprochement. This is perfectly true. Both at Locarno and at Geneva Germany has sacrificed one thing after another hoping that she would secure thereby a certain improvement in her international situation. That so far this hope has been justified only to a very small extent, we have demonstrated more than once.

"Mr. Briand is certainly not right when he asserts that French troops can cross the demilitarized zone in order to give help to her military vassals. This right does not belong to France any longer. As everybody knows, this zone has been guaranteed by England and Italy against any French intrusion, just as much as against any German intrusion."

This journal also is alarmed by the French military reforms. It declares that the network of new, formidable fortresses which France is going to erect along her Eastern frontier, from Dunkirk to Belfort, is a menace to Germany, and it says:

"France's new military organization will be nothing less than the complete militarization of the entire French nation and State. So far no nation in the world has been ever militarized so thoroughly as France is going to be. Indeed, one must have a great deal of courage and *sang-froid* in order to carry out such a reform at a time when all the world speaks of disarmament. And this law has been carried through the Parliament by the so-called Left French Cabinet! And it has been defended in the French Parliament by Socialists, too, by men like Paul Boncour! And it is a French Socialist who said—characterizing the reform—that 'every citizen of the Republic must be a soldier on leave!' Indeed, one can not help blushing at the thought that our Social Democrats, including Mr. Scheidemann, are so blinded by pacifism that they see our only salvation in the complete destruction of the miserable remnants of military power which so far have been left to us."



FRENCH SARCASM FOR BRIAND

BRIAND: "To sum up, my dear Stresemann, that stupid business of 1914-1918 was only a slight misunderstanding from beginning to end."

—*Le Rire* (Paris).

As the *Koelnische Zeitung* gloomily views the matter—

"The French idea of peace has nothing to do with the idea of the brotherhood of nations. This peace is merely a one-sided peace which does not comply with the requirements of other nations. Mr. Briand concluded his interview with the following words: 'The guaranty of our safety lies only in ourselves, and it is up to us to make it a real guaranty. We shall not lose sight of the idea of peace, either; we will be able then to work for peace with all our energy without weakening our own strength.' Is this, however, not the old, prewar formula of peace: '*Si vis pacem, para bellum*'? The French words about an equitable peace can hardly be applied to this formula. Peace, as understood from the view-point of this formula, is but a silent submission to eventual violence."

The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* is ironically complimentary:

"We must be thankful to Briand for what he said. He has shown his enemies and critics what an enormous distance has been covered along the path leading to the rapprochement of the two nations. He is right, too, when he says that all the recent international treaties are inspired by the idea of defending the rights of France. This is, of course, very well, yet the rights of other nations also should be protected. And it is the equitable protection of Germany's rights that we are entitled to demand and expect."

One British view rather indorses some of the German opinions, and it is exprest by the Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, who writes:

"One thought that the aim of the Locarno policy was to make peace by preparing for peace. Mr. Painlevé shows that the only way to make peace is to prepare for war. Next July Mr. Painlevé announces that he will begin the construction of an immense system of fortifications on the frontier between Alsace-Lorraine and Germany, which will continue without interruption for several years; indeed, the duration will be limited only by financial possibilities."

JAPANESE IDEAS ON PROHIBITION

YOUTHS UNDER TWENTY-ONE in Japan are forbidden to drink sake, the fermented liquor made from rice in that country, and it appears there is now a proposal to raise the age limit to twenty-five. So it occurs to the Tokyo *Hochi* to consider Prohibition in various aspects, and it provides an interesting revelation of one Japanese point of view. First of all, this daily considers the economic life of Japan, which is imperiled by the rapid increase in population with the corresponding great national problem of the country's food supply. We are advised that:

"The people are perplexed by the annual shortage of rice crop to the quantity of 6,000,000 koku, but strange as it may sound, nobody complains about the short supply of sake made from rice. Moralists of the Mombusho school and sanitarians of the Home Office say that drinking is vicious to morals and health, and advise the general public to be temperate, whereas the Finance authorities are eager to see the consumption of sake increase. The tax upon sake in the sum of 200,000,000 yen annually is, no doubt, a great source of revenue. The abstinence from sake is a great question from the sanitary, moral, and fiscal points of view.

"Prohibition has long been in force in the United States. Several years ago Russia was a dry country, but it seems that she is now very wet. Alcoholic drink is now nationalized as a source of revenue. In appearance the Prohibition of the United States is a success chiefly because she is opulent, while her cultural life stands high. Russia was unsuccessful in the compulsion of dry life, because she is not wealthy and her people are semicivilized. The force of Prohibition depends upon economic strength and the advancement of culture as shown by the instance of the United States and Russia.

"Drinking is a habit deep rooted in human nature. The successful prohibition of alcoholic drink is next to impossible. Prohibition has long been advocated in Japan."

The *Hochi* goes on to relate that at weddings sake has been used from of old in Japan, but now some Prohibition supporters urge that water should be used instead, and it is pointed out, not without humor, that:

"It may be mentioned by way of information that water was used when samurai left home for war, meaning that they would never return home alive unless they were victorious. This traditional idea will not justify the use of water in place of sake. The sanity of persons maintaining that water should supplant sake even on the felicitous occasion is doubtful.

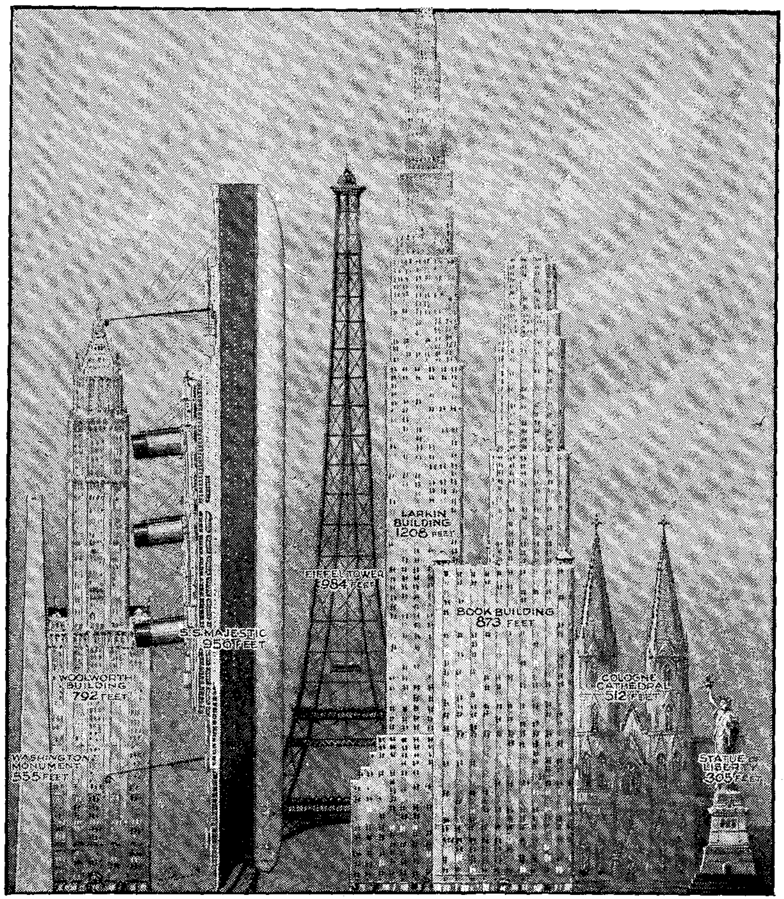
"The purpose of Prohibition is the promotion of welfare, which rests with healthy physique, economic competency and happy social life. Happy life exists in society where peace, order, and mutual understanding prevail. Economic competency results from the mental and physical exertion of men with high efficiency. Sound health is based on heredity, temperance, and self-control. These are fundamental principles for happy life which can barely be realized through mutual understanding and friendly cooperation, and this is the duty devolving upon civilized nations.

"The movement to prohibit young men under twenty-five from drinking is worthy. It is contended that the enactment of a law difficult of enforcement is nonsensical, but it is useful for the moral life of the ignorant. The law must apply to practical life, and its literary interpretation is objectionable. For persons of developed intellect and forceful character who abide by common-sense judgment, the law is unnecessary, but it must be in operation for the sake of illiterate masses."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE LIMIT OF TALL BUILDINGS

IN NEW YORK this would appear to be no less than 2,000 feet, without violating the local building ordinances, we are told by *The Scientific American* (New York). This is over two-and-one-half times the height of the Woolworth Building and nearly twice that of the proposed Larkin tower. Such a structure is never likely to be erected, we are told, not because there would be any difficulty, or because of any danger from weight or wind, but simply because of the undue space required for elevators. We read on:


WASHINGTON MONUMENT 555 FEET
WOOLWORTH BUILDING 792 FEET
S.S. MAJESTIC 950 FEET
EIFFEL TOWER 984 FEET
LARKIN BUILDING 1208 FEET
BOOK BUILDING 873 FEET
COLOGNE CATHEDRAL 512 FEET
STATUE OF LIBERTY 305 FEET

From a drawing made for *The Scientific American* by Arthur T. Merrick

HIGH BUILDINGS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

From left to right, placed to show comparative height or length, we see the Washington Monument, 555 feet high; the Woolworth Building, 792 feet; the steamer *Majestic*, 956 feet long; the Eiffel Tower, 984 feet high; the projected Larkin Tower in New York, 1208 feet; the projected Book Building in Detroit, 873 feet; the spires of Cologne Cathedral, 512 feet; and the Statue of Liberty, 305 feet.

"The maximum height of buildings in New York City is increasing by leaps and bounds. Altho the Woolworth Building, reaching 792 feet above the street, was built in the year before the war, it still retains its supremacy as the loftiest building in the world inhabited by man. The Eiffel Tower, 984 feet, overtops it by nearly 200 feet; but the tower is not a building.

"The era of the towerlike American office building was ushered in by the construction in 1907 of the Singer Building, whose topmost point is 612 feet above the sidewalk. It was designed by Ernest Flagg. Then followed, in 1910, the Metropolitan Building, 700 feet; only to yield the record three years later to the Woolworth Building.

"The question not infrequently asked is 'where is this sort of thing going to stop? Are there no limiting conditions which will prevent the extension of these steel-and-masonry wonders into the heavens?' The popular impression doubtless is that we must soon reach a limit at which the building must necessarily crumble under its own accumulated weight, or be blown down.

"As a matter of fact, the limit upon height comes neither from inherent weakness nor from the effects of the wind.

"With a view to ascertain to what height it would be possible to carry a building, we consulted Mr. O. F. Semsch, the engineer, who found that, subject to the legal limitation of fifteen tons to the square foot, and on a plot 200 feet square, it would be possible to carry a building up 2,000 feet. Mr. Semsch designed the steel work of the Singer Tower, and the weights and other calculations of this 2,000-foot, suppositional tower were worked out on the same general principles as were used in designing the steel work of that structure.

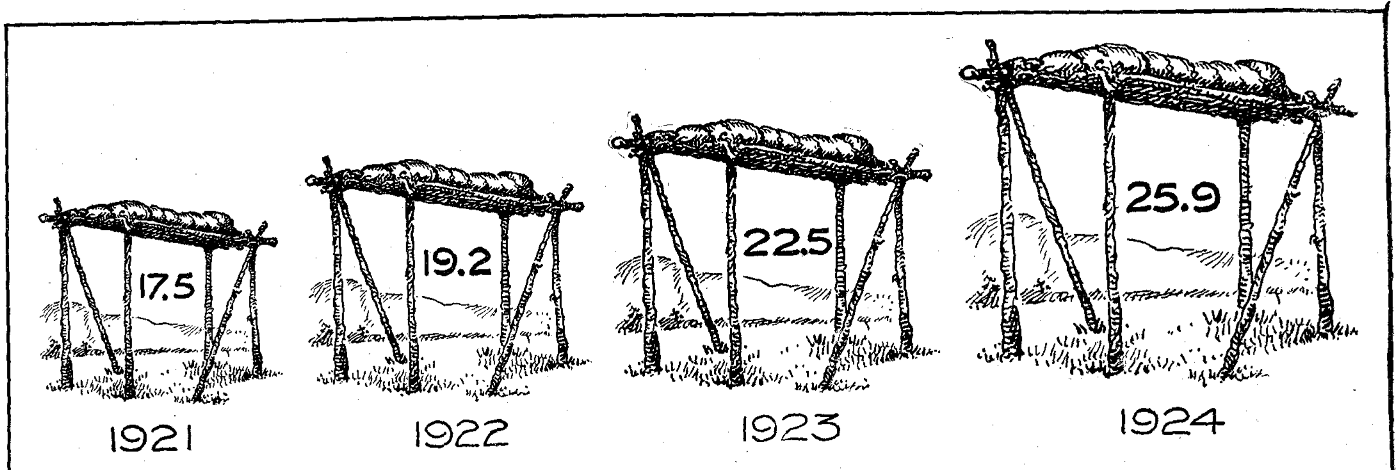
"The total wind load on one side of this building, when exposed to a heavy gale, would be 6,000 tons, and the center of pressure would be 1,000 feet above the street-level. The layman might well be excused for believing that a horizontal pressure of 6,000 tons applied 1,000 feet above its base must surely turn the building over; but the dead weight of the huge mass is so great, that it would require, as a matter of fact, seven times as much wind-pressure before the building began to lift on its windward side and overturn; for, opposed to the overturning moment of 6,000,000 foot-tons, there would be a moment of stability, due to the weight of over 36,000,000 foot-tons.

"It was the coming of the age of steel that made possible the lofty buildings of to-day. Before the era of steel, however, some astonishingly tall masonry buildings were erected. Thus, the Pharos lighthouse at the entrance to Alexandria, built by the Romans during their occupation of Egypt, was a massive all-masonry structure over 500 feet in height. In medieval times the cathedral builders raised some wonderful towers and spires. The twin spires of Cologne Cathedral are 512 feet in height, and the single spire of Ulm Cathedral is 525 feet. The loftiest masonry structure in the world is the Washington Monument with a total height of 555 feet.

"Recently, there has been filed with the Building Department of this city by John A. Larkin and his brother the plans for an office tower building that will overtop by 224 feet the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris. This tower stands on a gigantic base eighteen stories high on a plot 250 feet by 197½ feet in its maximum dimensions, above which will rise a central seven-phase tower of ninety stories. There will be two stories below the sidewalk and 108 stories above the street, the total height of the building above street-level being 1,208 feet.

"Structurally considered, the question of carrying the enormous weight of the building was merely one of increasing the mass of steel in the columns to carry, with a wide margin of safety, the enormous weight above. These weights are known, and the matter of determining the necessary sectional area of the steel at any given height in the building is one of straightforward computation. As in the case of every tall building in this city, the stability moment is so much greater than the overturning wind moment, that the building is absolutely safe against any disaster due to this cause. The wind pressure, however, especially in a heavy gale of wind, exerts a strong lateral bending stress upon the steel framework of any building.

"In the case of the Larkin Tower, a great deal of thought has been given to this matter, and a special design for the connections of the floor beams with the columns has been developed, which, in effect, constitutes at each floor, a series of massive and very strong knee-braces. These connections take care not only of the bending stresses but also of the severe torsional or twisting stresses to which a building of this character is subjected."



HOW THE INDIAN DEATH-RATE PER THOUSAND IS INCREASING

INDIAN DEATH-RATE RISING

ARE THE INDIANS DYING OUT after all? Recent statements to the effect that their numbers are growing, sponsored, it is charged, to some extent by government officials, are now being strenuously denied. Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of Public Health Administration in Columbia University, calls the U. S. Census to witness that the Indian death-rate is rising, and not falling. He says, in a press bulletin:

"I have the mortality tables before me, showing the deaths per thousand of Indians within the registration area. These tables show an increase of 48 per cent. in the mortality rate among the Indians in the four years ending 1924, the last year for which complete data have been tabulated. In 1921 the Indian death-rate per 1,000 of Indian population in the registration area was 17.5. In 1922 it was 19.2 per 1,000. In 1923 it was 22.5 per 1,000. In 1924 it was 25.9 per 1,000, or approximately twice the white death-rate.

"The above statistics are startling enough. But the tables show that the Indian death-rate per 1,000 in 1924 was 34.5 in Montana, one of the States with large Indian population, and whose Indians nearly all live on reservations under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In North Dakota the rate was 33 per 1,000. In Washington it was 34.5 per 1,000. And in Wyoming, whose Indians are under Indian Bureau jurisdiction, the 1924 death-rate was 86.1 per 1,000. These figures presage the extermination of whole great tribes, proceeding swiftly or slowly.

"I should explain here that the Census Bureau data is obtained from the Bureau of Indian Affairs; the Census Bureau and the Indian Bureau join in confirming this statement. The Indian Bureau data is checked by the Census Bureau against the death and birth reports of the State Boards of Health, duplicate reporting being thus eliminated. The Indian Bureau, in the face of the yearly census reports, and without referring to them or challenging them, continues to announce a steadily falling Indian death-rate, when the contrary is the fact.

"Two factors in the Indian death-rate call for particular notice. One is the infant mortality (deaths under one year, per 1,000 living births within the year). Such deaths in the population at large, in the birth registration area, were 70.8 per 1,000 of births in 1924. Among negroes they were 114.1. Among Indians they were 190.7."

Dr. Emerson concludes that either the expenditure on Indian medical service and health is excessively insufficient, or the administration of the Indian Health Service is excessively incompetent. As a matter of fact, he charges, a disinterested investigation would prove that both these conclusions are substantially correct. He goes on:

"The publication of any such statistics as those recited here, affecting any population in the United States of America other than Indians, would result in immediate action by State Boards of Health. No such result can follow in the case of Indians because the jurisdiction over their persons and property is federal. Hence it is only the United States Government which can act. The chief action of the Indian Bureau appears to be a propaganda action designed to allay the public mind and to present the Bureau as the sufficient agency working among rapidly improving conditions. The facts have long been known to the Indian Bureau; it would appear that there is no hope of adequate remedy save through action by Congress, preceded by an investigation."

Says *American Indian Life*, issued by the Indian Defense Associations of California (San Francisco):

"In public speeches, in printed documents, in news releases, and indirectly in many other publicity channels, likely to be given great credence by the American public, the Bureau of Indian Affairs is declaring that the Indian population of the United States is steadily increasing. The Bureau statements, varying somewhat in phrasing, are all similar in character to the words of the Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Edgar B. Meritt, who said to a number of audiences on his recent Pacific coast speaking trip, in his unhappy attempt to reply to Congressman James A. Frear's grave charges:

"'The truth of the matter is that the Indians in the last twenty-five years have been steadily increasing in population and are no longer a vanishing race. For example, in 1900, there were 270,544 Indians in the United States, and to-day we have 349,876. The Indians are increasing in population at the rate of about 1,500 per annum, which is the result of the work of the Indian Bureau along educational and health lines.'

"But the inquiring mind will find no adequate statistical support for these statements—they are assertions unsupported by records. In 1921 the Bureau of Indian Affairs ceased to publish any vital statistics. This renders it difficult to find access even to the data that may be available. But from what appears in print or in record form of some sort, scientifically minded persons are unable to accept without question the isolated statements of the Indian Bureau."

The same paper quotes as follows, from an official report by Gen. Hugh L. Scott, passages that it thinks may serve partially to explain the increasing death-rate. We read:

"It is inconceivable to me that Congress would allow such conditions to continue if the facts were fully imprest upon it, and I recommend that the Honorable Secretary of the Interior make a special effort to secure the funds he considers necessary to stamp out trachoma in one year, and to provide sufficient sanatoria to cover the Indian country. The present conditions are a reproach to our Government, and should no longer be allowed to continue.

"Among all the agencies visited it was noted that the vaccination for smallpox and the inoculation for typhoid fever were inadequate. These are preventable diseases, as shown by their elimination from the military service.

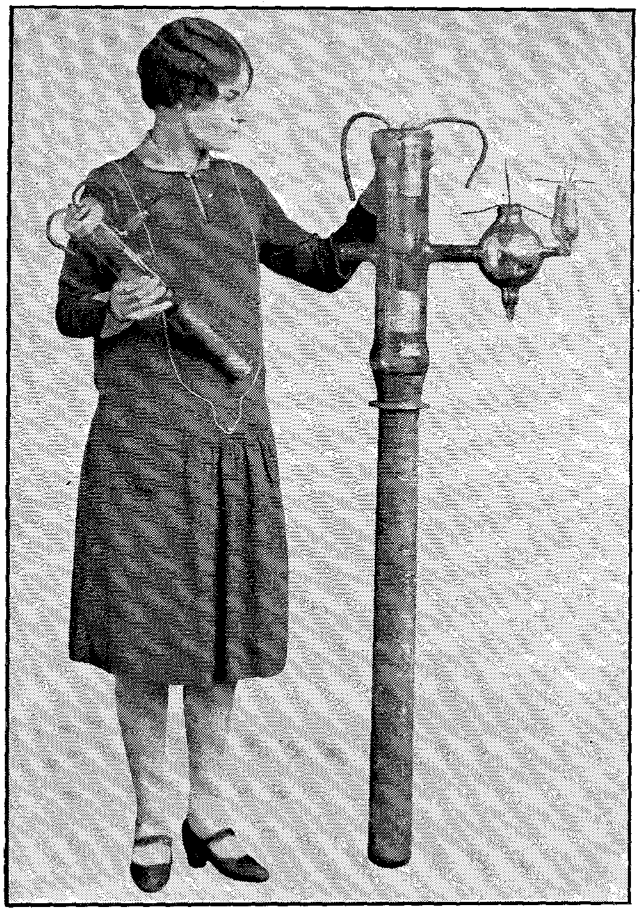
"The people who are on my mind are the superannuated, the lame and the blind, who are unable to earn anything. . . . They have a very insufficient ration given them at many agencies that keeps them undernourished and makes them the prey of every passing disease. I believe that many have died prematurely in the past from these causes. I note that this ration is being made adequate by the issue of horse meat at the Fort Belknap Agency."

Figures in the "World Almanac," supplied by the Indian Commissioner, give our Indian population in 1865 as 294,574, in 1920 as 333,702, and in 1926 as 349,964. But on another page of the Almanac the Indian population is given as 265,683 in 1910 and 244,437 in 1920.

THE BIGGEST BROADCASTING TUBE

A ONE-HUNDRED-KILOWATT VACUUM power-tube is now in use at station WGY, Schenectady, New York, operated by the General Electric Company. This, it is asserted by the company in a press bulletin, is the first practical use of a tube of this size by any broadcasting station. The tube takes the place of eight 20-kilowatt tubes in WGY's transmitter, and is five feet tall, and with its water-jacket stands seven and one-half feet high, and weighs 100 pounds. We read:

"With such a tube available, radio engineers will be able to carry on their investigations in broadcasting on higher powers than have heretofore been possible. Up to the present time fifty kilowatts in the antenna has been known as 'super power,' but with tubes of an output of 100 kilowatts at hand, investigations will be possible up to 500 kilowatts, or even more.



From the General Electric Company

"SUPER" SUPER-POWER FOR BROADCASTING

The new 100-kilowatt vacuum-tube used by station WGY Schenectady.

"The 100-kilowatt tube is used as a radio amplifier, fulfilling in the transmitter a use comparable with the radio-frequency stages in most radio receivers. In the receiver, a very weak, high-frequency oscillation is picked up by the antenna. This excites the radio-frequency-amplifier tube which amplifies the power or signal. In the transmitter, the output of one 20-kilowatt tube is amplified by the 100-kilowatt tube.

"In the development of the 100-kilowatt tube the vacuum-tube department and research-laboratory engineers had to devise an entirely new structural design to provide necessary strength and durability. Outside of its water-jacket the tube is five feet high, and two-thirds of this height consists of the copper envelop, four inches in diameter. The envelop serves a double purpose, for it not only contains the elements of the tube, but is, itself, the anode or plate of the tube.

"The upper third of the tube is made of glass, through which the filament-leads and the grid-lead find insulated entrance. The glass bulb is twenty-two inches long and four inches in diameter, and it is sealed to the spun-out end of the anode cylinder or copper envelop by a machine-process in such a way as to make the junction of glass and copper mechanically strong and vacuum-tight.

"The grid, within the copper envelop, is cylindrical and has an overall length of three feet five inches. The grid frame is a most ingenious structure of molybdenum and tungsten. Bracing, such as is common in steel-bridge and tower construction, is used in the design to provide maximum strength with a minimum of metal. Sufficient rigidity and strength are necessary in this construction to prevent short-circuiting from swaying or sagging.

"Uniform water-flow around the anode is necessary to prevent unequal heating, and for this purpose a new type of water-jacket has been designed. This consists of an ordinary jacket with an inner flexible jacket to direct the water by the anode."

TESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS

JUST HOW DRUNK must a man be to make him unsafe as a motorist? This is the problem that has been bothering British experts, as already noted in these columns. *The British Medical Journal* (London) tells us that for several years public attention has been aroused by convictions of persons charged with drunkenness when driving a motor-car, and apprehension was caused by the fact that in some of these cases the decision of the magistrate was not sustained. In the autumn of 1925 the Association of Metropolitan Police Surgeons requested the British Medical Association, which is representative of all shades of professional opinion, to take the matter up, and a committee was appointed for the purpose, including two police magistrates. Says *The Journal:*

"It was well known that charges involving an allegation of drunkenness were made in the police courts in a large number of cases not connected with motor-cars. The Association was concerned in two aspects of the position which had arisen: first, there was the diagnosis of drunkenness; secondly, the conflict of medical evidence. The committee had from the first to take into consideration the fact that the symptoms produced by alcohol, as by other toxic substances, vary in severity, according to the size of the dose, and, possibly, the susceptibility of the individual. The mere fact that it was proved, or admitted, that some alcoholic liquor had been taken a short time before the occurrence of the circumstances which led to the charge, was clearly insufficient.

"The committee studied the subject very thoroughly in all its aspects. It examined the tests in common use in this country to determine the fact that the accused person was 'drunk,' and came to the conclusion that there is no single symptom due to the consumption of alcohol which might not also be a sign of some other pathological condition. The committee attempted a definition of the word 'drunk,' which it considers 'should always be taken to mean that the person concerned was so much under the influence of alcohol as to have lost control of his faculties to such an extent as to render him unable to execute safely the occupation on which he was engaged at the material time.' The advice to the medical practitioner called in to such cases is that in the absence of any pathological condition a person may be declared to be definitely under the influence of alcohol if there is a smell of it in the breath, but only provided certain concomitant signs or symptoms are observed—namely, a dry furred tongue or excessive salivation, irregularities in behavior, suffusion to the conjunctiva, coupled with an abnormal condition of the pupil, loss or confusion of memory, particularly for recent events, and of appreciation of time, hesitancy and thickness in speech, and tremors and errors of coordination and orientation.

"An interesting clinical observation which has been made by many police surgeons is that when alcohol in toxic quantity has been consumed the pupil reflex to ordinary light is absent, but that to a bright light the pupil will contract and remain contracted for an abnormally long time, indicating delayed reaction. The committee was not able to recommend the estimation, by analysis of the blood, urine, or cerebro-spinal fluid, of the amount of alcohol consumed. This is also the opinion of the Danish Medico-Legal Society, after consultation with the police. Such examinations are not practicable in the circumstance in which an allegation of drunkenness is ordinarily made. A medical decision must be reached within a short time, and the committee recommends that in ordinary cases any person accused of drunkenness should be able to rely upon being seen by a doctor, if he so desires, within half an hour of the time at which he is charged.

> "After studying the procedure of the police in Great Britain, of the Royal Navy, and of the Army, and also in New Zealand, France, and the United States of America, the committee arrived at the conclusion that in order to obtain uniformity in the method of testing drunkenness some such form of certificate as that drawn up by the Danish Medico-Legal Society might with advantage be adopted when examining persons in this country."

HUNTING OIL WITH DYNAMITE

A NEW WAY TO LOCATE OIL-WELLS has been developed by geologists in the Gulf Coast Region, we are told by *The Hercules Mixer* (Wilmington, Del.), which gives credit for its facts to the Institute of Makers of Explosives. This plan, we are told, does away with the old costly hit-and-miss drilling, and also eliminates the ancient divining-rod man. We read:

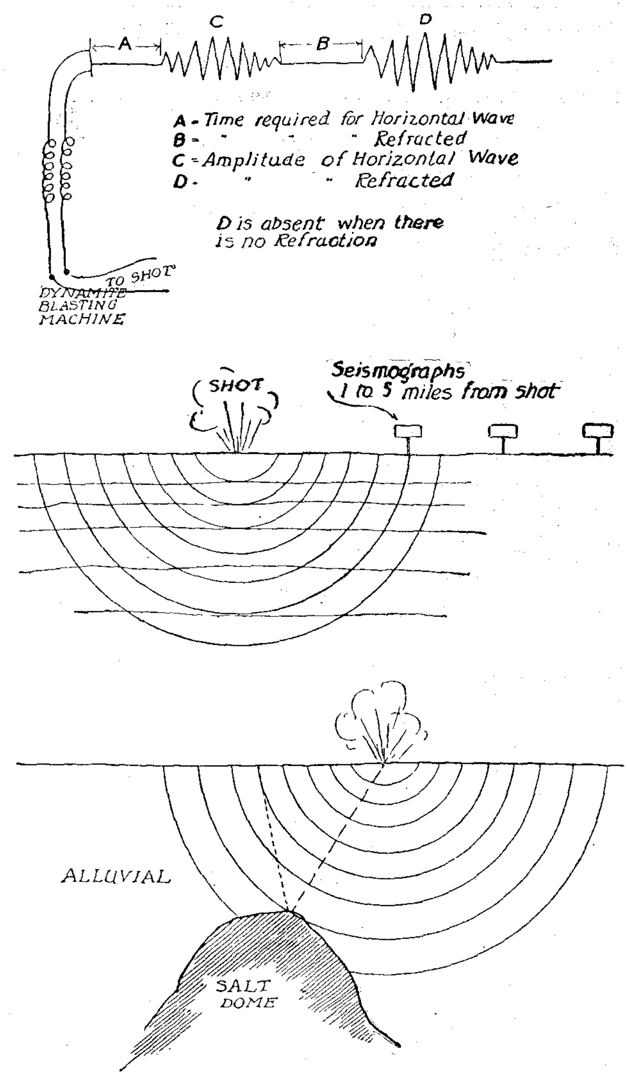
> "By the new method, which is scientific and accurate, the prospector takes dynamite and detonates it on the surface of the ground. The earth-shock created is registered on seismographs placed certain distances away. In the Gulf Coast Region oil is generally found under salt dome structures located beneath the surface and it is the aim of the prospector, by means of the dynamite and seismograph, to locate these salt domes.
>
> "This is possible because the difference in density between the salt dome and the overlying alluvial deposits is great enough to refract the shock waves when they strike the denser substance at the moment of the dynamite blast. The results recorded by the seismographs reveal the denser underlying structure and indicate accurately just where the dome is.
>
> "The new method is an outgrowth of the experience gained during the war, when the seismograph was used to locate the enemy's hidden or camouflaged heavy artillery. The process, however, is somewhat changed; for in locating the domes where they expect to find oil, the source of the shock produced by the dynamite explosion is known.
>
> "Over 2,000,000 pounds of dynamite have been used in oil prospecting by this method. Three oil companies used 730,000 pounds, and it seems probable that the method will spread quickly to other fields.
>
> "It is said that already a machine has been developed that has successfully located oil structure through a limestone formation in Mexico and, if this is true, it may open a new era in oil-production from Mexican fields.
>
> "There are different seismographs in use at this work. Some companies use one kind and some another. Their several advantages are being guarded carefully as company secrets. But broadly speaking, they all work on the same theory and they are all dependent on the detonation of dynamite on the surface for their information as to what lies beneath. The dynamite is set off by the use of electric blasting caps."

How the dynamite-seismograph method works is illustrated by the writer by the story of a recent development in the Gulf district. One of the oil companies there took over a section where there was believed to be a dome on the edge of the area. Experts in this new dynamite method were put to work in the vicinity and began their blasts and recording. They were unable at first to find any evidence of oil. However:

> "After some discussion, the company decided to give them a free hand and they were allowed to go prospecting in their own way. Finally, after some dynamiting, they mapped out a section where the company did not know a dome existed. They turned in a report estimating that there was oil there at a depth of about 2,500 feet. The company, placing faith in them, began drilling to substantiate their claims. Oil was struck at 2,400 feet. And at the first three drillings they struck the dome within 100 feet of where the engineers predicted.
>
> "In some fields the machines are used with radio and broadcasting outfits. Three of them, each loaded on a truck, are set up in triangular form within three to five miles of the shot which is in the center of the triangle, each machine registering the wave-length and making a picture of the result of the shooting. The man who sets off the blast, after making all the necessary preparations, posts the balance of the operators as to the time of shooting, and after getting all watches absolutely together by means of the radio click, the blast is pulled off to the fraction of a second."

In preparing for these shots, holes from ten to fifteen feet deep, made with a seven-inch hole-digger, are dug at the selected location. Then the hole is sprung, using from two to three cartridges. It is then loaded with dynamite, and tamped with a wooden tamping stick. These shots make a hole approximately thirty feet wide and eight feet deep, working out on a cone shape. It is afterward filled by hand. To quote further:

> "In one section of the region there is a place where at least one million acres are now under survey. This large tract is laid out in sections, staked off, and complete profiles and blue-prints made of it. This makes it easier for the engineers to follow up the shooting according to the maps. After making shots, they have a complete picture of the underground strata which gives them the information as to where to drill or not to drill for oil.


C
D
A
B
A - Time required for Horizontal Wave
B - " " " Refracted
C - Amplitude of Horizontal Wave
D - " " Refracted
D is absent when there is no Refraction
TO SHOT
DYNAMITE BLASTING MACHINE
SHOT
Seismographs 1 to 5 miles from shot
ALLUVIAL
SALT DOME

LOCATING OIL WITH SHOCK WAVES

At the top, diagram showing how the seismograph is used to tell whether or not the shock of an explosion has been refracted by striking one of the denser salt-dome structures near which oil is likely to be found. Below we are given an idea of the relation between the dynamite shock, the seismographs and the salt dome which is being hunted.

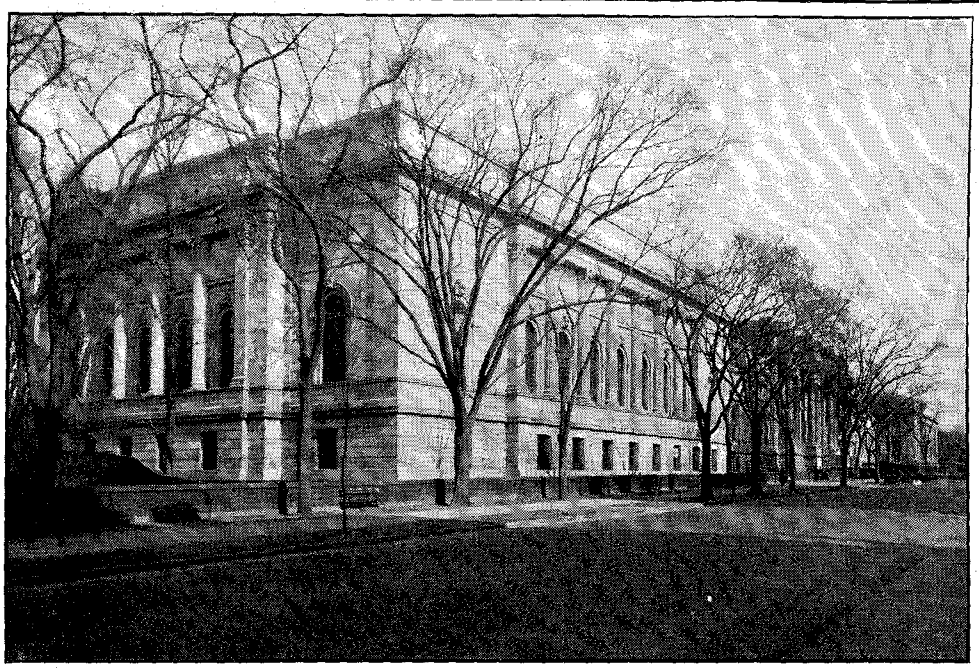
> Tests have proved that about 98 per cent. of all oil found in the coastal plain section is found either in a salt or sulfur dome.
>
> "It is not known yet if this method of dynamiting to find oil can be used everywhere, but there are some who know a great deal about the method who believe that it can be adopted for all sorts of fields.
>
> "It is perhaps impossible to estimate even roughly the millions of dollars that have been sunk in oil-shafts that never reached oil. But the discovery that dynamite and a seismograph can be used with scientific precision in the work of locating domes where oil is found is of the utmost importance to the oil industry, and if it is found capable of a wider development, may have a substantial effect on the future of the crude-oil supply and its effects be translated to the door of every automobile owner in the country."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

FOR A GREAT NATIONAL GALLERY AT WASHINGTON

HOW A NATIONAL GALLERY comes into being is something to pique our curiosity. All the great nations have them, but they "must have grow'd," like *Topsy,* for they seem always to have been in place in Paris, London, Rome, Berlin or Vienna. Of course we know that the Louvre, in Paris, the Pitti, the Ufizzi in Florence, were former palaces of the king or nobles. What we also know is that these galleries were not made "out of hand," but were the result of growth. Washington, the place for our National Gallery, must make it out of hand or out of pocket, and this is the duty urged upon the nation by William H. Holmes, Director of the National Gallery of Art of the Smithsonian Institution. The mention of the latter name shows that what at present exists is not an independent entity but a subordinate branch. While Washington is supplied with imposing buildings and artistic memorials, it still lacks the institution which gives the crowning certification to its cultural pretenses. "A National Gallery," says Mr. Holmes, is "of necessity the property and responsibility of the people in the fullest sense, and should represent by the perfection of its building and the character of its contents, as well as the manner of their presentation, the place held by America in the scale of civilization." Now is the great time to buy; yet Mr. Holmes sees this country holding its purse-strings, perhaps "hoping that some citizen may have a few millions to entrust to a beggar nation to build a monument to himself." In *Art and Archæology* (Washington) Mr. Holmes's plea continues:


Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

WHAT PRIVATE BENEVOLENCE HAS DONE FOR NEW YORK

The Metropolitan Museum in New York has grown prodigiously in the past twenty-five years, receiving millions in gifts, while Washington still goes begging as an art center.

> "Should the richest nation in the world not rather stand upon its dignity, declining gifts which, if accepted, would tend to postpone the erection of a real National Gallery indefinitely?
>
> "An enlightened people with unlimited resources should found its own great Art Institution as a culture nucleus and permit, if it likes, the assemblage within or without its walls of individual units of art, gifts or bequests, which shall take the names of the donors, serving at one and the same time the purposes of the national foundation and as memorials to the donors. The essential prerequisite of this foundation is a gallery building worthy of the nation. With such a building, Washington would attract art contributions of the highest order, enabling it in the near future to take a leading place among the art centers of the world.
>
> "But it should not be forgotten that provision for acquirement by purchase of art works of all classes is absolutely essential. Otherwise the collections, however vast, would remain an assemblage of more or less imperfectly related units.
>
> "Visitors to Washington who know the principal American cities, and who have visited the capital cities of other nations, each with its treasures of art and its splendid art establishment, must have a distinct sense of disappointment, and perhaps even of chagrin, when they realize that in their capital city, the keystone of the culture arch is missing—that there is no national art foundation, and that the nation as such does not recognize art, save incidentally. Altho monumental memorial art works are found on every hand, no attention has been given to art for art's sake. No adequate provision has been made for even the care of the gifts of art works already owned by the people; and, what is vastly more unfortunate, no provision is made for the reception and care of such contributions.
>
> "By a well-known law of culture gravitation, art drifts toward the center of wealth of a people; but Washington is not a center of wealth, and is thus of itself practically helpless. Unless the people generally awaken to their manifest duty to themselves and to the country, and assign this law to the scrap-heap, the remarkable inflow of art works from abroad, and of art production within, now prevailing, must pass ungarnered, and other cities having available wealth but local claims only will absorb it all. The capital of the nation will, from the lack of a gallery building, mourn a lost opportunity and remain indefinitely in esthetic poverty. Great buildings and monumental sculptures may in cases be masterpieces of art, but they exist primarily for memorial purposes or as embellishments for the cities' buildings and parks. All works of art belonging to the nation, save the architectural and the larger open-air monuments, should find a home in its treasure-house of the beautiful—the art gallery or museum of which we dream."

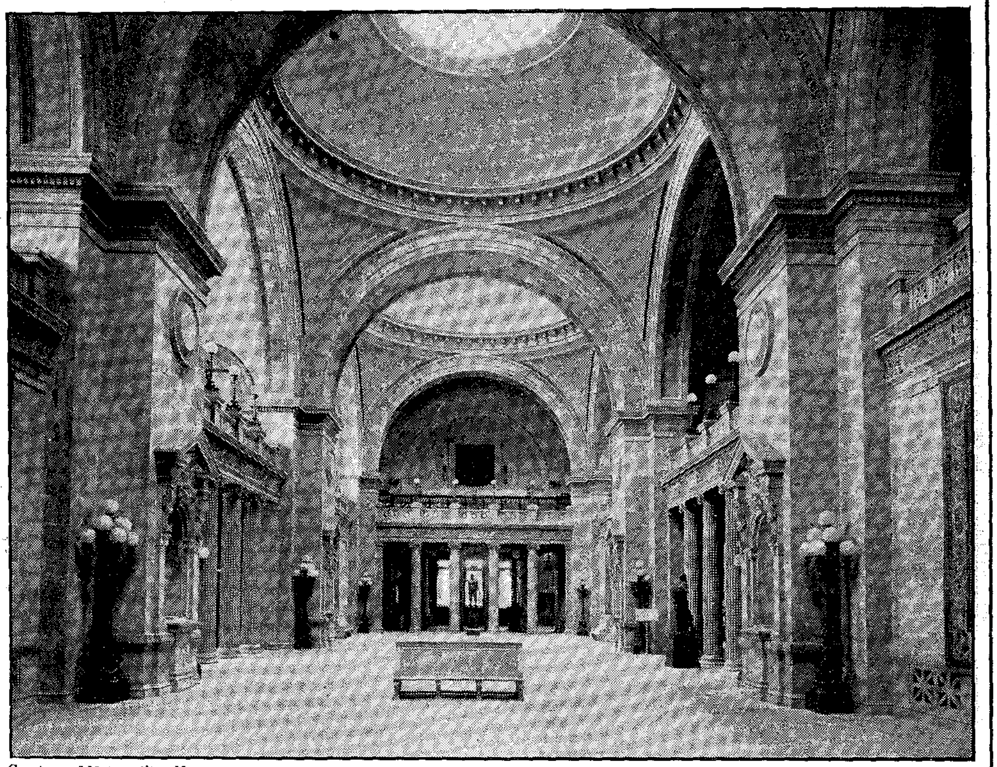
Washington has the nucleus of an art collection housed in the Smithsonian Institution. Other collections are to be found in the Natural History building. "For the twenty years from 1900 to 1920, the period during which space was obtainable by the crowding process, accessions averaged half a million dollars a year in estimated value." But—

> "Since 1920, due to lack of accommodations, little of importance has been offered or received, since no collector is willing, howsoever patriotically inclined, to entrust his treasures

to an institution which is not prepared to care for and exhibit them. With a gallery such as the nation should have, the Institution could count with certainty on accessions amounting to a million or millions every year. In ten or twenty years—let us lay particular stress upon this point—the loss thus indicated would amount to a sum sufficient to build the greatest gallery building in the world.

"Washington is fast becoming the Mekka of all Americans, and the facilities for travel by water, by rail, by the automobile, and by the flying-machine, make the pilgrimage a pleasure trip of a day or a week. With its splendid administrative and executive establishments, its monuments, its museums, its galleries, its libraries, and its research and educational institutions, it is bound, as the years pass, to take on something of the characteristics of a great university with a national and even a world-attendance.

"The present appeal is intended to bring a definite knowledge of the unfortunate state of our national art to the attention of the American people, who should know that not only are we without recognition of art as a national asset, but that we are far behind other nations in this particular department of culture which characterizes the highest civilization. It is sought to stir the pride of a people unaccustomed to take a second place in any field."



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum

WASHINGTON CALLS FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is called "America's greatest conception thus far of the meaning and functions of art in life." This view is the main entrance hall.

TROLLOPS ARE TRUMPS

CLEOPATRA is the sole Shakespearean woman finding favor with a certain literary class to-day. Using Muriel Stuart as spokeswoman, they find all the others "dull women." "Beautiful ice-cream blocks" is another phrase in the best modern journalese. *Desdemona,* according to her, "was the prototype of E. M. Dell's sugar-coated dolls," and "anything so spineless, so futile, demanded a pillow on her face." Miss Stuart, "who is said to be an English poet," is reported by the London correspondent of *The Bookman* (New York), who signs himself "Simon Pure." Her idea of the fundamental Shakespeare, according to this informant, is that he preferred the "splendid male-female, fellow fighter, fellow roisterer, fellow drinker; a tiger in her passions, a great royal jade." Yet it's added that Shakespeare drew only one such, unless we are to take *Lady Macbeth* as the type gone wrong. Any way, Simon Pure disowns such a view of Shakespeare, and reads Muriel Stuart a bit of a lesson:

"It is not my idea of Shakespeare, but he is for all time and presumably for all styles of judgment. I only quote the words because they are typical of the sort of stuff that is written by many literary women of to-day regarding the female characters in modern books. I do not really find among men any preference for the tiger and royal jade, but I do notice a great readiness among certain women writers to prefer the trollops to the decent women. Why it should be so, I can not understand. I wish the average literary woman did not write such a lot of silly guff about her own sex. We should be able to admire women, and love them (as we do), without having all this stupid propaganda rammed down our throats. It shows an obtuseness, an insensitiveness, among our feminine literary lights (such as indulge this pernicious habit) which is disconcerting to their warm supporters. Moreover, this preference for the trollops, to which I refer above, is responsible for a good deal of that falseness in literary judgment which such women bring to the task of criticizing current literature. It is now becoming difficult to put a decent woman in a novel, for example, without calling down the curses of one of these trollop lovers, who finds decent women colorless. She wants the adventuress and the *demi-vierge* all the time. But all women are not either adventuresses or demies. Surely it is time to check this silly convention. I recommend a dose of Jane Austen. It is a dose—or rather, a grand adventure—which I have been relishing since Christmas. I suppose I reread the works of Jane Austen entire each year, while 'Pride and Prejudice' and 'Persuasion' I read several times a year; and there is so much sanity in these supreme novels, that all the folly of the sex propagandist becomes extraordinarily tiresome by contrast. Is it not strange, indeed, that with all their talk, the literary women of our day have never succeeded in giving us a new Jane Austen? Let the thought be pondered. I say nothing about Shakespeare's heroines, who are good enough as women, and vital enough as women, for most of us. But I can think of several women writers at this moment, in England and America, who are taking such a line as Miss Stuart does, not out of a desire to shock the conventional, but from real egomania."

THE "DANGEROUS" CHARLESTON—Europe is more insane, if possible, over the Charleston than this country, where it is supposed to have originated. By revelations in the London *Morning Post,* however, we can only claim the honor of having brought it into the open. This informant points to South Africa as a country where the dance may prove "dangerous":

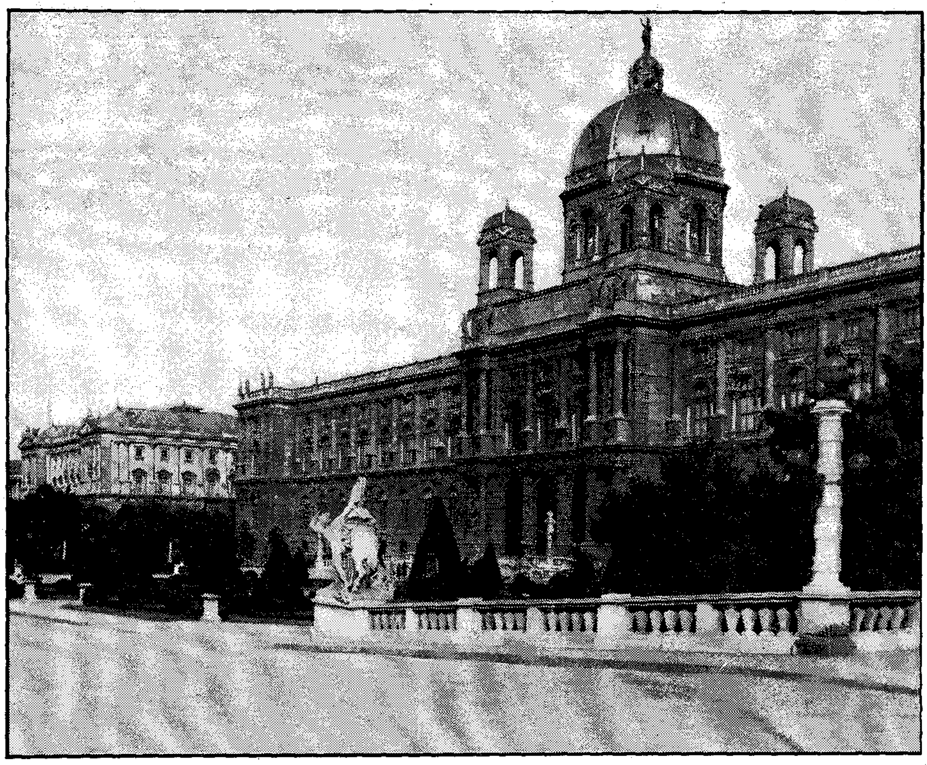
"A correspondent sends me a leading article from the Beira *News.* In this it is recounted how a Rhodesian woman was practising the Charleston with her husband, when a native servant appeared, and seemed greatly astonished.

"'What's the matter?' asked his mistress. 'Do you know this dance? Can you do it?' He answered, 'No, missus; me Bechuana, that Matabele dance.' Another native in Beira asked, 'Why are the white people dancing our dances now?'

"The article, which is fairly outspoken, goes on to point out the lowering effect of the dance on the dignity of the white man, which it is all important to preserve, and urges all white people to refrain from indulging in a dance whose steps 'are the basis of dances which, in their natural home, are far worse than indecent,' and to 'assist those who are seriously trying to uphold the white man's prestige in Africa.'"

WHO KNOWS WHAT *IS* "MUSIC"?

DOES MR. NEWMAN find himself condemned out of his own mouth? He damned jazz with such faint praise mixed with loud denunciation that we might have felt like hiding our heads in shame for having brought it forth into the world, were it not that Mr. Whiteman helped to prop us on our legs again. We recorded the debate between the English critic Ernest Newman and the American Paul Whiteman in our issue of March 26, and the New York *World*, in a subsequent comment, gave the decision to Mr. Whiteman. While this controversy is going on, Mr. Newman writes an article for *The Sunday Times* (London) on "What *is* 'Music'?" and falls foul of the French composer Debussy, in arguments that give an ironic gloss on his jazz debate. The whole French school of music doesn't say much to Mr. Newman any way, and he chortles when he finds Debussy in a posthumous volume calling himself "Antidilettante," for, to his view, Debussy "as a critic is the purest type of dilettante—a man with a palate that fits him for the intensive enjoyment of certain things, but makes it impossible for him to enjoy others, and whose easy method of dealing with people of another kind of palate is to say, *tout court*, that he is right and they are wrong." Mr. Newman gives himself a loophole in admitting that "we are all the victims of our own personal equation." And then he goes on to say, that admitting this is "not the end of the matter in esthetics, it is only the beginning." For—



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IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MUSEUM OF VIENNA

The princely home of priceless works of art. Washington's art is housed in a scientific museum.

"Esthetic theory is not a mere affair of temperamental liking or disliking, of personal reaction of a particular mind to a particular work. It should be a careful weighing of the evidence on both sides, and a verdict strictly in accordance with the evidence. If I am a juryman in a murder case, I may find the prisoner personally sympathetic or antipathetic to me, or I may feel a decided loathing for the woman in the case; but all this has, or ought to have, nothing to do with my verdict. I ought still to be capable of listening to the whole of the evidence and the arguments, and making up my mind, in terms of abstract justice, on the facts alone. And in music, while I may prefer one kind of music to another to live with, I am not entitled, merely on the strength of that, to declare that the opposite kind is a sin against art. For a great many people, whose intelligences are quite equal to mine, like this other kind of art as much as I dislike it, and I must ask myself what it is that appeals to them and does not appeal to me, and whether my insusceptibility to the art may not indicate a lack of something in myself.

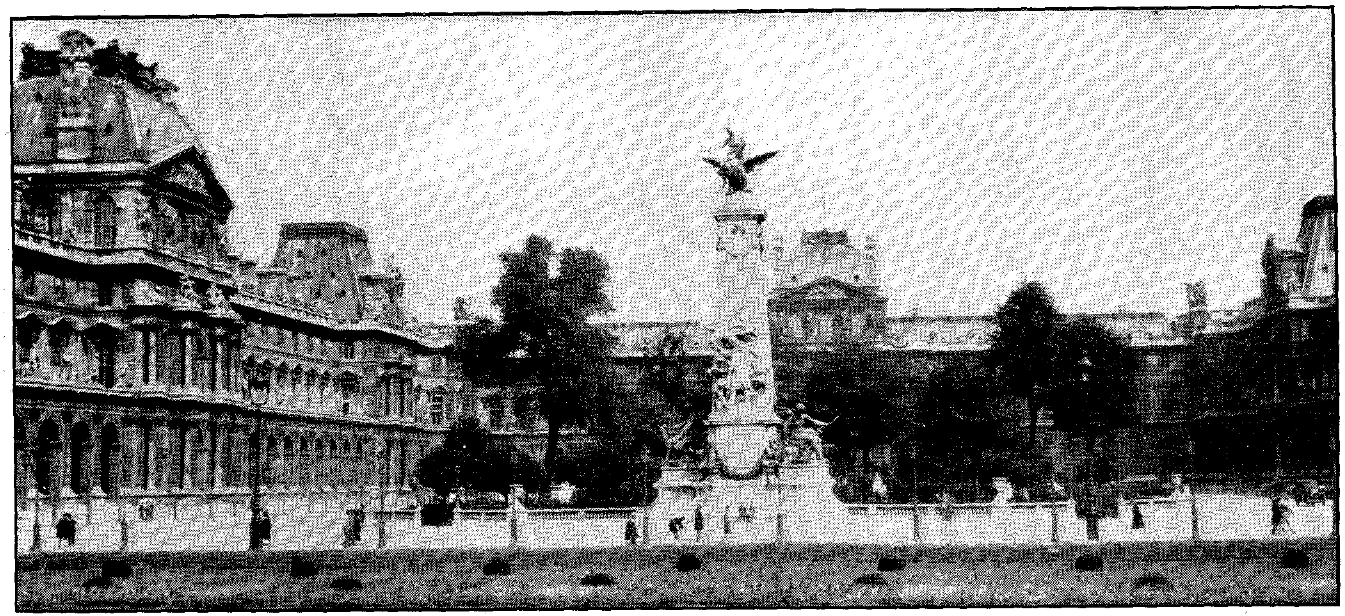
"Now it is difficult, at the best of times, to get musicians to go through any form of self-examination in matters of esthetics; and it is much more difficult when the form of art in question is one of yesterday. For it is only against yesterday's art, that anything that can really be called prejudice exists, for the simple reason that yesterday drags at to-day more than last month or last year can do. It is always against the great artist of the immediate past that the eager young man of the present rebels: a young composer of to-day does not feel Palestrina or Bach to be at all in his way, but he is overshadowed by Wagner, and must get out of that shadow if he wants a place of his own in the sun. And since Wagner's art is, in his own phrase, the fertilization of music by poetry, it becomes necessary for the man of to-day at all costs to prove—or at all events to persuade himself—that music should be under no obligations to literature. It is thus that we get the muddled esthetics of the moment, of which two perfect examples lie before me as I write—Debussy's note on the Ninth Symphony and the comments of an English reviewer on this."

Mr. Newman gets on safer ground for himself when he comes to the main point of his argument with Debussy:

"The latter sets forth the easy but superficial theory, of which we have heard so much of late, that music should not be 'literary,' and that 'literary musicians' are hardly musicians at all. This seems to me dilettantism of the purest kind. It is completely wide of the facts; there is no such dividing line as the people who employ these antithetical terms imagine. It is one thing to say that music has a logic of its own, and quite another to say that this logic can not work hand in hand, on occasion, with a literary plan. If a symphonic poem relies too much on its program to hold it together, it is *ipso facto* bad; but the failures of certain composers in the details of their work do not invalidate the theory that, given the right quantity and quality of brains, a composer may work in the service of a program, and yet be, as a musician, as perfectly free as if he were working in fugue or sonata form. It all depends on the program and on the imagination and technical skill of the composer. From this point of view a symphonic poem by Liszt or Smetana may exhibit all the vices of hybrid art, while a work like 'Ein Heldenleben,' for all that it is linked up at every stage with a literary idea, may be a masterpiece of musical logic.

"Only the esthetic dilettante could imagine that a complicated problem of this kind can be settled by a blind fulmination against 'literary' music, without a careful examination of all that is implied in that term—for only dilettantism would have the naive vanity to set up its own personal prepossessions against the obvious historical and esthetic facts. It is all very well for Debussy to say that Beethoven was never literary, and that the choral ending of the Ninth Symphony is merely the final form of a purely musical idea, present in Beethoven's mind for many years, to which words at last got tacked on somehow or other, and for the estheticians to aid and abet him in these easy superficialities. All this kind of talk leaves out of consideration the vital fundamental question—why did Beethoven want to write a choral ending at all? He was at least as much of a 'pure' musician as Debussy, had at least as comprehensive a sense of purely musical logic. If, then, he was obsessed occasionally with the idea of linking up his music with a poetic idea, may there not be a closer connection between 'pure' music and the 'literary' faculties than some people imagine?"

The following will be interesting to those remembering



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THE MOST FAMOUS ART GALLERY IN THE WORLD

The Louvre in Paris which was a palace in the days of the monarchy. On the reader's left is the section called the Pavillon du Richelieu. If Washington had anything to compare with this her art gifts might amount to millions yearly.

Debussy's revolt against Wagner, and his satirical account of the use of the *leit-motif* as similar to a man who goes about with his pocket stuffed with visiting cards which he hands out at intervals:

"The error of the dilettanti comes from their failing to distinguish between the particular and the principle. The choral ending of the Ninth Symphony happens to be, in large part, poor music, and program music, as we all know to our cost, has perpetrated a number of horrors and absurdities, from the 'Battle of Vittoria' and the quail and the nightingale in the 'Pastoral,' to Liszt's direction to the bassoonist, in his 'Hamlet,' to play a certain phrase 'ironically'—which is literarism run mad. But a general esthetic principle is not to be settled by a patronizing smile at its most absurd manifestations in the particular. What critical dilettanti like Debussy can never face is the plain fact, which no impartial student of Beethoven's work and his spoken utterance can doubt, that at some very deep-down layer of his consciousness, his musical imagination, and his musical logic occasionally touched on the imagination and the logic that we call literary. I do not mean that he consciously set himself to write what we call 'program music' in certain of his greater works; the problem is far too complex a one to be discust in terms so crude as these. But the mere fact that a Beethoven could be attracted by 'literature,' even to the extent of being misled by it, should make us think; for, as I have said, he was at least as 'musical' as Debussy.

"Who, again, would dream of denying the stupendous musical gifts of Wagner? If, then, a musical mind of this superlative quality chooses to work hand in hand with poetry, is the profound esthetic question involved to be settled merely by dilettantish declarations, that literature is literature and music is music, and never the twain shall meet? In plain words, what is Debussy, and what is any journalist of his camp, that they should presume to tell a Wagner that his whole life-work was based on a stupid misconception of the very nature of music? Nor is the humor of the situation decreased by the fact that this same Debussy is the composer of an opera in which the innate logic of music is made completely subservient to the word-by-word following a literary text!"

Mr. Newman soothes down the antagonists as one who stands outside the circle of belligerents and tries to see how much of truth there may be in what each is saying:

"Composers are always worth listening to when they talk appreciatively of a particular work or a particular aspect of music. They are less impressive when they disparage, for then we generally become only too conscious that their dislike of a man or a movement is merely a personal reaction which other people will or will not share, according to the nature of their own reactions."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

THE INQUISITOR IS NOW ABROAD in the land, probably to stimulate the languid faculties of the cross-word puzzler. Mr. Lawrence Gilman, music critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, sets a dish before his readers—perhaps to help them nourish a background for his musical criticisms. We show a few specimens of his quiz and will furnish the answers in a later number.

1. Who is said to have been the wife of *Parsifal* and the mother of *Lohengrin?*
2. What great composer spent a month in jail, and what was his offense?
3. Who is said to have been the first musician to compose at the keyboard?
4. What sixteenth-century composer anticipated Busoni, Haba, Carrillo, and other modern musicians as an experimenter in the subdivision of the octave into smaller intervals than a semitone?
5. In what relation does *Isolde* stand to *King Mark* after the first act of "Tristan und Isolde"?
6. How many piano concertos did Beethoven write?
7. How many versions of the overture to his opera did Beethoven write?
8. Who was the first composer to use the word "chromatic" as applied to harmony?
9. What tragic hero sings part of his death scene to a waltz rhythm?
10. What was the cause of Beethoven's death?
11. In what instance did Bach use a French love song as the music for a hymn?
12. What was probably the first French opera heard in New York in its original tongue, and when was it performed?
13. What was probably the first Russian opera heard here?
14. Who were Bach's favorite composers in his later years?
15. What Wagnerian hero, in the original legend, was menaced by a lady while in his bath?
16. In what respect is Thayer's great biography of Beethoven less than completely truthful?
17. What famous opera had to be revised after its dress rehearsal in Paris to spare the blushes of the French; and what did the revision consist of?
18. How many leading motives are there in the score of "Tristan und Isolde"?
19. In what composers of the sixteenth century will you find harmonic effects usually thought to be peculiar to Stravinsky, Schonberg and Debussy?
20. Which one of Beethoven's symphonies was his favorite?

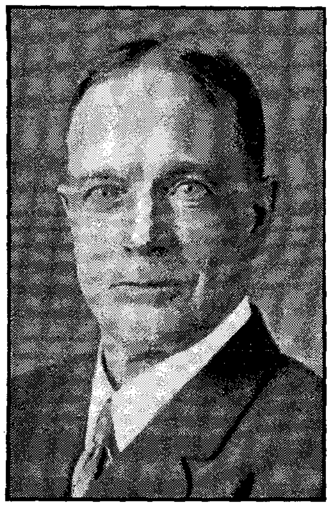
RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Who started the fuss with his "Elmer Gantry," whose chief character, a moral leper, achieves success as a seducer and eminence as a minister of the gospel.

H. L. MENCKEN

Who, much pleased, says that "Elmer Gantry" is "the most dreadful and perfect portrait of a man that has got between covers since Rabelais painted *Friar John.*"



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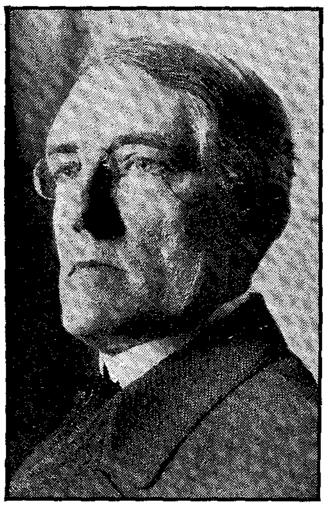
"BILLY" SUNDAY

Who tells us emphatically that had he been the Lord, he "would have soaked Mr. Lewis so hard that there would have been nothing left for the devil to levy on."



DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON

Who says the book is bunk and that Mr. Lewis has no plan or purpose "save the putrid purpose to besmirch God's prophets and to demean all holy things."

THE STORM OVER "ELMER GANTRY"

WHETHER GOD TOOK HIM at his word and struck Sinclair Lewis dead, artistically speaking, before he wrote "Elmer Gantry," as William Allen White says God did, must be left to the reviewers of to-morrow. But certainly, a host of ministers tell us, God had no part in the creation of *Gantry*, the bellowing bull who cavorts as an apostle of righteousness through 432 pages closely packed with seductions, irreverences, bits of the Higher Criticism, pot-shots at the preachers, and dissections of the denominations. The book, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, has stirred up a storm among the defenders of the faith. They assure us that the Church will still go on in spite of Sinclair Lewis and his satire, and that when "Elmer Gantry" is laid among the other dead on library shelves, men will still be found to make the mark of the cross on the young child, to bless the pair at the altar, and to say a prayer over the dying. Billy Sunday, noted evangelist and public cudgeler of the devil, says that, had he been the Lord, he "would have soaked Mr. Lewis so hard that there would have been nothing left for the devil to levy on." Dr. John Roach Straton, who reports himself to have been too wary to be snared into a lunch with Mr. Lewis, says the book is "bunk" and *Elmer* incredible. In Kansas City, where Mr. Lewis is said to have obtained laboratory experience, conducted Sunday-school classes for preachers and issued challenges to God and the devil, the book has been banned from the library, and Mr. Lewis is called everything from a genius embodied in a scholar to a cheerful Judas chasing bullion. On the other hand, H. L. Mencken, arch apostle of advanced and advancing thought, to whom Mr. Lewis plays the beloved disciple in his dedication, greets the book with becoming praise, and finds *Elmer Gantry* a typical, made-in-America man of God, and the book a lever which will begin moving Methodists, Baptists, etc., from the path of progress up which Mr. Mencken and others of the vanguard of civilization are so painfully toiling. Bunk or not, plausible or implausible, the book became a best seller overnight, and Mr. Lewis proceeded to Europe to escape the din.

Elmer Gantry has no redeeming feature, save that which a Freudian disciple might discover in the various complexes and urges which go to make up his bulk. He is a morally moronic monstrosity given over to the world, the flesh and the devil. Jockeyed into the ministry after a debauch, he becomes a preacher by vocation, and remains a drunkard and lecher by avocation. He steals his rhetoric—chiefly from Robert Ingersoll—with the same conscienceless abandon that he sneaks a drink in the pantry and a kiss under the pulpit. He lays siege to virtue instead of conquering vice. He has rare moments of seeming repentance and a few sparks of ecstatic inspiration. He has that fine genius for publicity possest in such marked degree by his creator, and good luck attends him through all his escapades in barroom and boudoir. His physical qualities are a gift of gab, a florid handsomeness and the bulk of a football hero. He has presence.

Gantry's adventures, beginning at a small, jerk-water college in the Mid-Western country, take him into the Baptist ministry, the loss of a pulpit following a debauch, into partnership with a feminine evangelist of glowing personality, and finally into the Methodist ministry, where, in spite of the trials and tribulations incident to his frailties, he organizes a great church, and becomes so eminent that a New York pulpit calls him, and the charge of a reform organization which is finally to combine all the reforms into one is placed in his hands and he is destined to become the spiritual emperor of America. He escapes a blackmail plot in the last chapter, and is left moving on to greater fortune. We may quote from one of his sermons, odorous with sanctity. *Gantry* has lost a chance at a pulpit because of a barroom exploit, and has entered into partnership with *Sharon Falconer*, a beautiful evangelist compounded of religious sentiment and erotic impulse, with whom he later consorts without benefit of other clergy. He makes his first appearance as an evangelist by posing as a business man who has been converted in an idle moment by reading a Gideon Bible. There is a familiar note in his concluding sanctimonious slush:

> "Oh, my brothers, my fellow business men, are *you* going to put off repentance till it's too late? That's *your* affair, you say. Is it? Have you a right to inflict upon all that you hold nearest and dearest the sore burden of your sins? Do you love your sins better than that dear little son, that bonnie daughter, that loving brother, that fine old father? Do you want to punish them? Do you? Don't you love some one more than you do your sins? If you do, stand up. Isn't there some one here who wants to stand up and help a fellow business man carry this gospel of great joy to the world? Won't you come? Won't you *help* me? Oh, come! Come down and let me shake your hand!"

From the book we learn that ministers are generally a poor lot who seek the Church for an easy living, that most of them are hypocrites, cowardly or futile, or all three, that the denominations are little more than ward-heeling clubs clinging to a creed as college graduates cling to their yell, and that the Church at large is lost on a riven Rock of Ages. It is true that there are some characters who attempt to answer the attacks on creed and church, but their voice is smaller than that of conscience. Over it all Mr. Lewis plays his savage satire with a hose.

And so the storm broke and the book sold, like peanuts at a circus, with the publishers reported 200,000 behind the orders. Mr. Lewis tells us on a fly-leaf, that no character in the book is the portrait of any actual person. It couldn't be, agree his clerical critics. Such a leper couldn't have escaped the quarantine squad. It is perfectly just to say, writes Dr. John Roach Straton, Baptist Fundamentalist leader, in *The Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*, that these fictitious persons "are not only figments of a disordered imagination, but that they are gross caricatures even of the low type of religious mountebank they are supposed to portray. There never has been an *Elmer Gantry* or a *Sharon Falconer*. Both characters are preposterously impossible, not only religiously, but psychologically as well." The book has no plot, plan or purpose, says Dr. Straton, "save the putrid purpose to besmirch God's prophets and to demean all holy things." Dr. Straton had expected something at least challenging in the book, "but it is only a further sublimation of the sensuous—the apotheosis of the absurd! . . . Behold, all is merely vulgarity, vanity and vacuity. The mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse." Kansas City, too, is disappointed—and indignant. Lewis was there, writes Dr. William L. Stidger in *The Dearborn Independent*, "to obtain material to buttress an idea he had of preachers and the Church, and he would not admit any other type of evidence." Dr. Stidger is pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church in Kansas City. He was in Mr. Lewis's so-called Sunday-school class while the author was in Kansas City. The preachers there, says Dr. Stidger, looked to Mr. Lewis to understand his theme, but he has disappointed. While he was among them, says Dr. Stidger:

> "We played the game with him. We showed him the inside and the outside of our churches and homes—clean, pure, hospitable and friendly. We took him with us to call on the sick and to bury the dead. We had him with us at family prayers, and prayer-meetings. We had him with us when we kneeled to pray with dying men and women. He saw all sides of the minister's life. But he forgot the better side."

"Hell-cat"—*Elmer Gantry's* nickname—says Robert Littell in *The New Republic*, is "the stepchild of an author's hatred." Mr. Littell is unable to believe in any such person as Mr. Lewis's elephantine monstrosity, "put together by Frankenstein Lewis to serve in his war against an Old Testament God, against literal interpretation, puritanism, Methodism, hypocrisy, bigotry, cruelty and dollar evangelism." The image of *Elmer Gantry*, as the *New Republic* reviewer sees it, "is a pincushion, a pitiful figure bristling with the hatred and burlesque mockery which Mr. Lewis volleys over the lower planes of organized religion and its commercial preachers. *Elmer Gantry*, an effigy, rather than a character in a story, is roasted anew in every page with such zest that we end by feeling in this instance that Mr. Lewis is not a novelist, nor a crusader, nor even a propagandist, but simply and solely a witch-burner." Nowhere, comments Michael Williams in *The Commonweal* (Catholic) does Mr. Lewis show that he has any understanding of what organized religion, "even in its grotesque variations and fungoid growths, means." To Mr. Williams it would seem that Mr. Lewis must have collected at least a thousand clippings descriptive of the hundreds of clergymen of all sects who have followed a scarlet ribbon, "and then distilled from them a concentrated essence of lubricity and lust, of lying, hypocrisy, cruelty, degradation of the deadliest, to inject into the veins of his *Elmer Gantry*." But as *Gantry* is merely a Guy Fawkes figure, "made only to be hanged as an effigy, or burned, or vicariously tarred and feathered, there is no blood into which to inject the potion, and the endless series of sexual acts and crimes through which *Gantry* is led becomes simply incredible, and almost incredibly tedious." Others of a lengthening list find *Gantry* unconvincing, the story too unrelieved in its long trail of lubricity by virtue's glowing taper, the infidelities to home and church too numerous to have successfully escaped Dame Grundy's peering eye.

"Elmer Gantry" goes to the editorial desks as well as to the reviewers' studies, and among the editors, too, are ranged those who see in *Gantry* a literary perversion, and think that Sinclair Lewis was more occupied with spreading propaganda than with finding truth. "Somewhere, indeed," observes the Pittsburgh *Sun*, "there may be such a monstrous man of the cloth as Lewis has drawn. No walk of life is free of such lepers. But to suppose they are representative is a fatuity to be indulged by depraved imaginations." The American people, we are told, "are not likely to accept the sensational novelist's sensational preacher as typical of anything except of the character of much of the present-day literary excrudescence."

Let no one doubt, however, that Mr. Lewis is captain of many literary souls other than his own, and that there are those who believe they have seen *Elmer Gantry* in the flesh. H. L. Mencken is knocked "clear over the fence" by his friend's book. And in *The American Mercury*, which is Mr. Mencken's own vehicle, he writes that "Elmer Gantry" is "American from the first low cackle of the prolog to the last gigantic obscenity —as American as goose-stepping or the mean admiration of mean things. And out of it leaps the most vivid and loving, the most gaudy and glorious, the most dreadful and perfect portrait of a man of God that has got between covers since Rabelais painted *Friar John*." And out of his enthusiasm the Baltimorean writes:

> "I am no prophet, but it seems to be quite possible that this simple (but far from idle!) tale may accomplish at one stroke what ten billion kilowatt hours of argument and invective have failed to accomplish. It may awaken the Americano to the dangers of the Methodist tyranny, as 'Babbitt' awakened him to the imbecility of the Rotary-Kiwanis blather. In six months every Wesleyan spouter in the land may be jeered at as a *Gantry*, as every gabby tradesman is now sneered at as a *Babbitt*. The book may turn out a bugle-blast to topple over the evangelical wall, now so high and frowning. It may be the bomb foreordained to blow up the citadel."

Gantry and his crowd are plausible also to Joseph Wood Krutch, who reviews the book for *The Nation*. *Elmer* has no virtues, and his career, thinks Mr. Krutch, "is an indictment of the Church as a whole, at least in so far as it shows how the mechanism of the Church permits the rise of such a man and demands of its servants no qualities which viciousness can not convincingly imitate. . . . In a manner that seems to be merely the almost too literal truth, but which manages nevertheless to contain its own criticism, Mr. Lewis has" in his trilogy "Main Street," "Babbitt" and "Elmer Gantry," "recorded a reign of grotesque vulgarity which but for him would have left no record of itself because no one else could have adequately recorded it."

THE GOOD NEWS FROM THE VATICAN

LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD should welcome, and do, the good news from the Vatican that the jazz age is passing, and that the flood of immorality which lapped every shore is receding. Civilization is returning to normalcy, custom is becoming sane, Governments are checking orgiastic vices, religion everywhere is remustering its depleted ranks. It is a most encouraging note, agree a number of our own observers, and as the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph* reminds us, "it is based on reports from trained observers. It should hearten all who are working in the cause of public decency and righteousness the world over."

Not only is Christendom affected, it is announced in Vatican circles; but Turkey has taken steps against immoral dances, and Japan against the social evil. The Vatican does not proclaim a victory, but there is no doubt, a spokesman is quoted in dispatches as saying, that "all Governments, confronted with a general collapse of standards and wholesale confusion of ideas, are occupying themselves more and more with the task of checking immorality and seeking to destroy or, at least, limit its cause." The Conte Della Torre, who is said usually to speak for the Pope, remarks that "the sight was terrifying when the people whose eyes had gradually returned to normal focus saw the moral pit into which they had fallen after the war." In consequence, it is said, the so-called modern ideas are in retreat all along the line. Belgium and Czechoslovakia have taken official steps against immorality posing as art. The United States, England, and Canada are showing signs of awakening to the danger of immorality on the stage, while Italy, Spain and other Mediterranean countries are cooperating with the Church in defense of the traditional ideas of sanctity of the family. Advocates of birth control and easy divorce are losing ground. Dress fashions and dance vogues are becoming less absurd and bizarre. Even the Bohemian colonies in the capitals of Europe, where the self-styled apostles of freedom and modernism daily proclaim the same old revolution, are losing their rhetoric and forgetting their causes.

It seems generally conceded that the moral let-down was a result of the war, when a sort of fatalism seized the people and they ate, drank and made merry because civilization might be dead on the morrow. "The most charitable thing to say of that period is that people were scarcely responsible for their actions, so shattered were their nerves, and so bitter the sorrows they had to bear," comments the Providence *News*. Most deplorable was the physical destruction of youth in the war, "but even worse was the moral destruction that followed on the peace. It is to be hoped," continues *The News*, "that this will be kept in mind by persons who take the pagan view that in some mysterious way war is a blessing because of the heroic qualities it brings forth on the battlefield."

THE SUNSET-HORN FROM CAERLEON

By J. Corson Miller

All day the sentry guarded the gates of iron,
That hung above broad stairs of Kentish stone.
The velvet flower of the blue autumn, fading,
Was drenched with dust of battle, seaward blown.

Armored and mailed in the pride of Arthur's order,
And holding aloft the jeweled horn of evening,
Fashioned from elephants' tusks and a stag's jaw-bone,
He stood alone.

And the moat heard, and the fields and the vales of Avalon,
And the waves on the coast, ere they broke into feathers of foam;
And the oaks of the north—the gulls, the eagles and blackbirds,
And the savage pagan hordes, under hut and dome—
All heard, as the sweeping music scoured the gloam:

One rolling, golden flare for their faith in the Father,
One swimming, silver stave for their love for the Son,
Then a blend of strains for their hope in the Holy Spirit,
And the sunset-horn from Caerleon was done. . . .

The great gates, closing, sang in their iron might,
The iron heels of the sentry merged with the night.

—*The Commonweal* (*New York*).

CHARITY RISING ABOVE CREEDS

TAKING A LEAF OUT of the books of Catholics and Jews and leaving their creeds at home for the purpose, seven Protestant denominations have combined forces in New York to form the Protestant Charities Aid Association, which is to act as a vehicle for interdenominational philanthropy. It is to do for Protestant denominations and their charities what the Catholic Charities and the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies do for their institutions. The cooperating denominations are the Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran and Unitarian. As conditions were before, it was impossible for a wealthy man to make bequests for Protestant undertakings generally. He had to name a particular institution in making his gift. Now bequests may be made to the association just formed, the funds to be distributed as conditions require, to this Presbyterian hospital or to that Lutheran social-service organization.

As set forth in the articles of incorporation, the purposes of the Protestant association are "to aid, support, advise and cooperate with charitable, benevolent, correctional or educational corporations, associations or other agencies, now or hereafter existing, primarily conducted for the benefit of persons of the Protestant and Evangelical Christian faith in the city of New York, and to bring about a better coordination of their work and the avoidance or elimination of duplication of effort." Funds received will be distributed according to the requirements of public authority or in conformity with the wishes of donors. Waste and duplication, we read, will be avoided through the use of a cooperative organization, and there will also be a reduction of expense incident to collection for philanthropic purposes. While at first this organization may suggest a divisive movement, comments the New York *Times*, it is in purpose, and it undoubtedly will be in practise, an aid to the wider coordination sought through the existing Welfare Council. "It supplants no existing institution or organization. It simply offers to those who wish to avail of its services a medium for contributing to the philanthropic and charitable work of this great body of Protestant institutions as a group." But, says *The Times*, "it will undoubtedly lead to coordination within the group and also toward a closer interchurch relationship." Of course there are many difficulties, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Creeds divide, and misunderstandings are easy. Even jealousies are possible.

> "But cooperation will check duplication of efforts; will coordinate work of hospitals, asylums, homes, schools; will facilitate the raising of money under responsible auspices; will go far toward the elimination of appeals from exploiters of sentiment.
>
> "That in itself is worth aiming for. That comparison of notes with the Roman Catholic workers and the Jewish workers will accomplish something in producing a fuller understanding of the mental and soul attitudes of non-Protestants by Protestants is an optimistic suggestion that is not unimportant."

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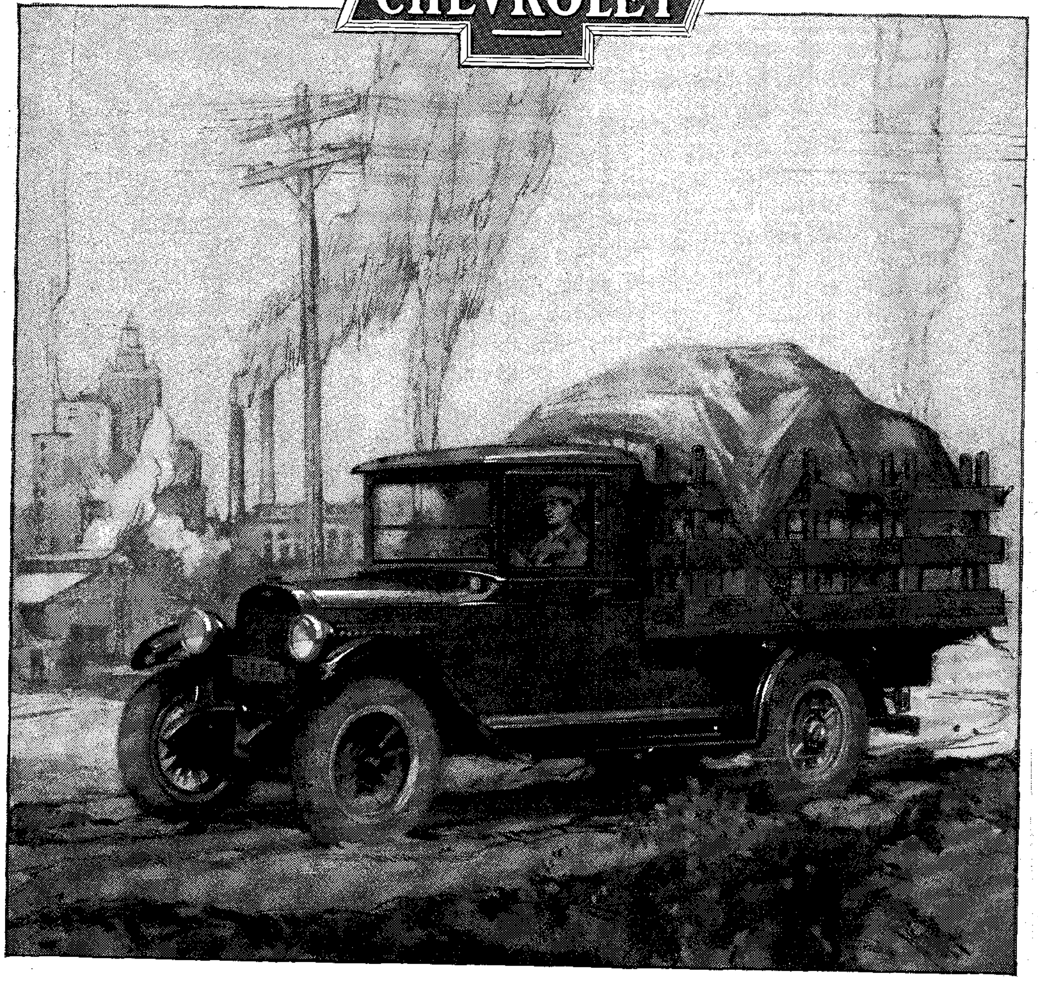

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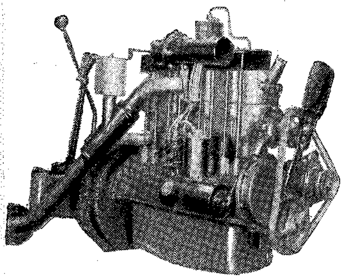

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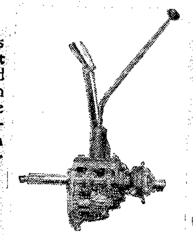
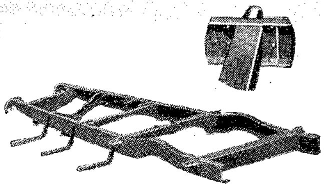
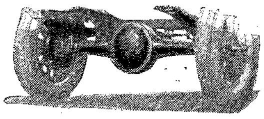


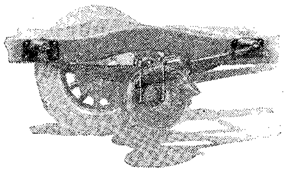
A modern, 3-speed transmission provides proper gear ratios for maximum power.



A husky, 6″ channel steel frame contributes to long life and performance.



The rugged Chevrolet rear axle possesses strength and stamina for the heaviest haulage duty—giving faultless performance under every condition.



Heavy, extra-leaved, semi-elliptic springs effectively cushion the load and chassis.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF GEARSHIFT TRUCKS

CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE pity of frustrate life rings through this in *Scribner's*:

SOLDIER-DEAD

By Gilbert Emery

O Beautiful Young Dead!

Still, still I see them pass,
So gallant and so young, so gay,
Down their bright, terrible and unpremeditated way.
Still, still I see them pass,
Laughter and lightness on their lips—
Each lad a battle-flag that breaks and dips
In morning wind
Full with the Spring and sun and sea and upper hills.
Good lads, clean, strong and straight;
For soon or late
I think Lord Christ forgave them all the sins they'd sinned.
Still, still they pass;
Their beat of marching feet along the street still thrills
In the heart-breaking music. . . .

. . . . . .

Now rest they, well beyond life's need.
Nor lonely eyes;
Nor any voice; nor stars; nor deeps nor hills
Shall call and they give heed.
The homely light that fills
An evening window; children with happy hands;
Dear women soft and warm
To hold and shelter from the night and storm;
All the familiar dream which lies
Within familiar ken of the bright lands
Of youth—denied.
Lord Christ, be merciful to those that died!

. . . . . .

Still breaks the Spring
And still the orchards bloom;
The twilight valleys flow again
With tranquil tides of blue;
Belovèd birds up-wing
Shrill singing. . . .
Nights are sweet with rain
And the wet fragrance of sown fields;
Lilacs and sunny morning at the open door. . . .
And Love. . . .
So the strong loom
Of earth weaves mercifully and new,
And men beget what death shall claim once more.

. . . . . .

O Beautiful Young Dead!

Landlubbers who look up at air birds whirring overhead may wonder how it's done, and this in the New York *Herald Tribune* tells them:

FORMATION FLIGHT

By Deane Whittier Colton

How I remember those old flying days! . . .
The field, blurred in the dawn, with ships on line
And watch fires heaped against the cold and haze
Of March! We pilots listening for the whine
Of Rocker arms as sergeant's spin the prop,
Smoke brief, red cigarets behind the cowl . . .
We pull the stick against our breasts, and drop
Feet to the rudder bar. "Contact!" we growl,
And "Contact!" screams the crew; the motor roars;
Tremendous sparks hiss toward the ground and bite
The meager turf; the free, right hand explores
The Marlin gun to see if all is right.
"Pull out the blocks! . . . Stand clear!" We give her the gun—
And one more squadron mocks a risen sun
And storms the monstrous ridges of the day!

The idea is not exactly new, but the metricism is simple and sincere, and a credit to a college magazine like *The Union Alumni Monthly* (Schenectady):

THE HARBOR

By Charles Ballard, '99

Hither come ghosts of ships, whose bones
Lie strewn on the ocean floor,
Or scattered along wet, jagged rocks
Off many a pitiless shore.

Slowly the shapes come sailing in,
Without sound from sea or land—
Silent all, as the anchors fall
Or the keels slide up on the sand.

Quiet sailors draw on shadowy ropes
Or mount on skeleton spars,
Silently furling gossamer sails
Under the yellow stars.

And ever about the bay there floats
The wraith of a sailor tune,
Liquid with tender, dreaming notes,
Under the yellow moon.

All night that bos'n's pipe will play
The end of toil and fears,
Here in the last still haven home
Beyond the unsheltered years.

There is peace across God's harbor bar,
Where the stars hang low, and the moon;
And sure, though the way is hid from me now,
I shall come there, late or soon.

A thing like this in the London *Spectator* makes us feel our poverty in place names and the poetry and romance that they call up:

A TANGLE OF BELLS

By H. Lejeune

And there are four old bells at Marston,
Marston by the Dove,
There's "Glory be to God on high"
Tossing its cup toward the sky,
Three centuries have known the swing
Triumphant of "God Save the King,"
And still the country folk obey
The Blending Bell* on Pancake Day.

But of all the bells at Marston,
Marston by the Dove,
The sweetest is the Angelus bell;
Close on six hundred years can tell
Its tones at summer noon.
And those who reap the sun-warmed grain
Or tramp beside the winter wain,
Or cut brown hedges in the spring
May hear to-day the Angelus ring,
O'er meadow and stream to Hilton;
And across the reeds to Hatton,
From Marston by the Dove.

*Rung on Shrove Tuesday morning for mixing the pancakes.

Something whimsical is in the idea of "feud" between two such unequally matched forces. Fundamentally it is the hare and tortoise fable. In *The New Republic* (New York):

LONG FEUD

By Louis Untermeyer

Where, without bloodshed, can there be
A more relentless enmity
Than the long feud fought silently

Between man and the growing grass?
Man's the aggressor, for he has
Weapons to humble and harass

The impudent spears that charge upon
His sacred privacy of lawn.
He mows them down, and they are gone

Only to lie in wait, although
He builds above and digs below
Where never a root would dare to go.

His are the triumphs till the day
There's no more grass to cut away,
And, weary of labor, weary of play,

Having exhausted every whim,
He stretches out each conquering limb.
And then the small grass covers him.

Post-war epithets have indicated a drop from this idealistic attribute of the youthful feminine, but *The Spectator* (London) implies that there is no real substitute:

PRETTY GIRL

By Barbara Euphan Todd

In copses and woodland soft wings were astir,
'Mid budding of larches and shadow of fir,
And a blackbird was whistling, out in the rain,
Just over and over and over again—
"Pretty girl! Pretty girl! Pretty girl!"
He whistled it low and he whistled it high;
He tilted his bill to the grey of the sky—
"Pretty girl! Pretty girl! Pretty girl!"

There must have been somebody somewhere about—
A nymph or a dryad, who danced in and out
Of green-golden shadows, whoever the maid
She'd thrill to the lilt of his gay serenade—
"Pretty girl! Pretty girl! Pretty girl!"
The birches were tossing their necklets of spray,
And still he kept singing—that troubadour gay—
"Pretty girl! Pretty girl! Pretty girl!"

Through hundreds of Springs, since the world was quite young,
The minstrels have chanted and poets have sung
In praise of their maidens, and sought to invent
New ballads and measures, but all of them meant—
"Pretty girl! Pretty girl! Pretty girl!"
And so sang the blackbird, right over the trees,
His shiny, black feathers all fluffed by the breeze—
"Pretty girl! Pretty girl! Pretty girl!"

A reading of life as seen by many is this in the Freemason's monthly, *New Age Magazine* (Washington):

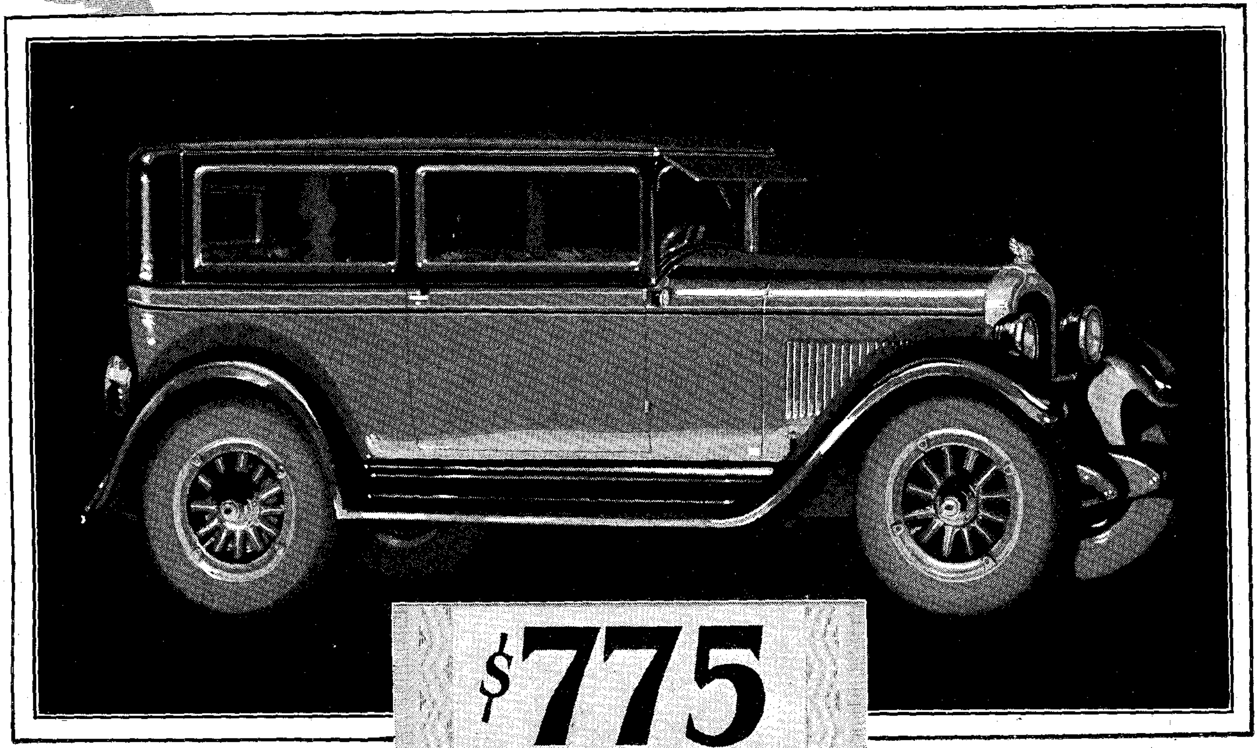
AT EVENING

By Audrey Linkhart Terry

At dawn, oh Lord, Thou gavest into my hands
A perfect page,
Pure in its unstained whiteness,
Yea, a gift of Thee
From boundless Ages!
Straight from Thy throne by myriad angels borne to me
A treasure fair,
Bidding me write with careful hand to Thee, and true
A record there.

And now though dark blot, and stain, and ragged tear
Its beauty rack,
Marred by the best my nerveless hands could do
I give it back.
Take it and bind it in Thy book of life,
And close it, never more
To open be
'Till it shall stand a witness Lord,
Twixt Thee and me.

A *Great* Car made even *Greater*



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The New and Finer

PONTIAC SIX

‥at New Low Prices

Only by utilizing the tremendous resources of General Motors could Oakland produce such an amazing value as the New and Finer Pontiac Six at its new low prices ‹ ‹ ‹ Such arresting beauty and style appear in no other low-priced six—for none other has the advantage of bodies created and built by Fisher ‹ ‹ ‹ Such spirited performance and dependability characterize no other six of its price—for none other was developed on the General Motors Proving Ground and incorporates the discoveries of General Motors Research Laboratories ‹ ‹ ‹ The distinction of the New and Finer Pontiac Six is emphasized by narrowed body pillars—by longer, lower contours—by heavier, more sweeping crown fenders—and by a deeper, more modish radiator ‹ ‹ ‹ Its smartness is accented by fresh and original combinations of Duco colors—ranging from Beverly Blue and Satin Black on the Sedan to Cherokee Gray and Brevoort Green on the Sport Cabriolet ‹ ‹ ‹ And its mechanical excellence is increased by the addition of such unexpected features as foot-controlled tilting-beam headlights, longer transmission and brake levers, larger steering wheel with aluminum spider, and an even smoother, more powerful clutch ‹ ‹ ‹ The New and Finer Pontiac Six towers over its field as a monument to the vast constructive influence that only General Motors commands—for in no other six of equal price is such dazzling value revealed.

Coupe - - -	$775
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DeLuxe Landau Sedan	975
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De Luxe Screen Delivery - - -	760

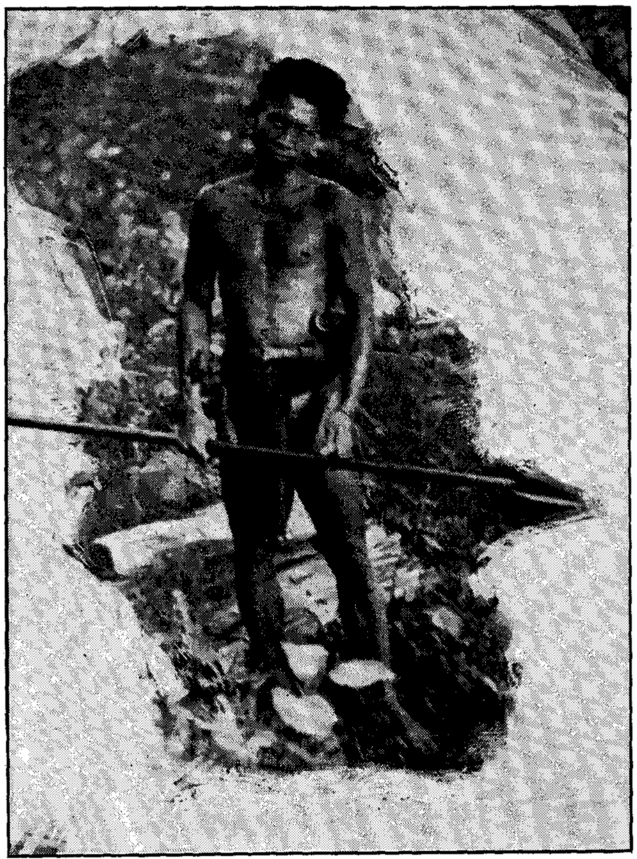
Oakland Six, $1025 to $1295. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

HOW BEEBE CHUMMED WITH BORNEAN HEAD-HUNTERS

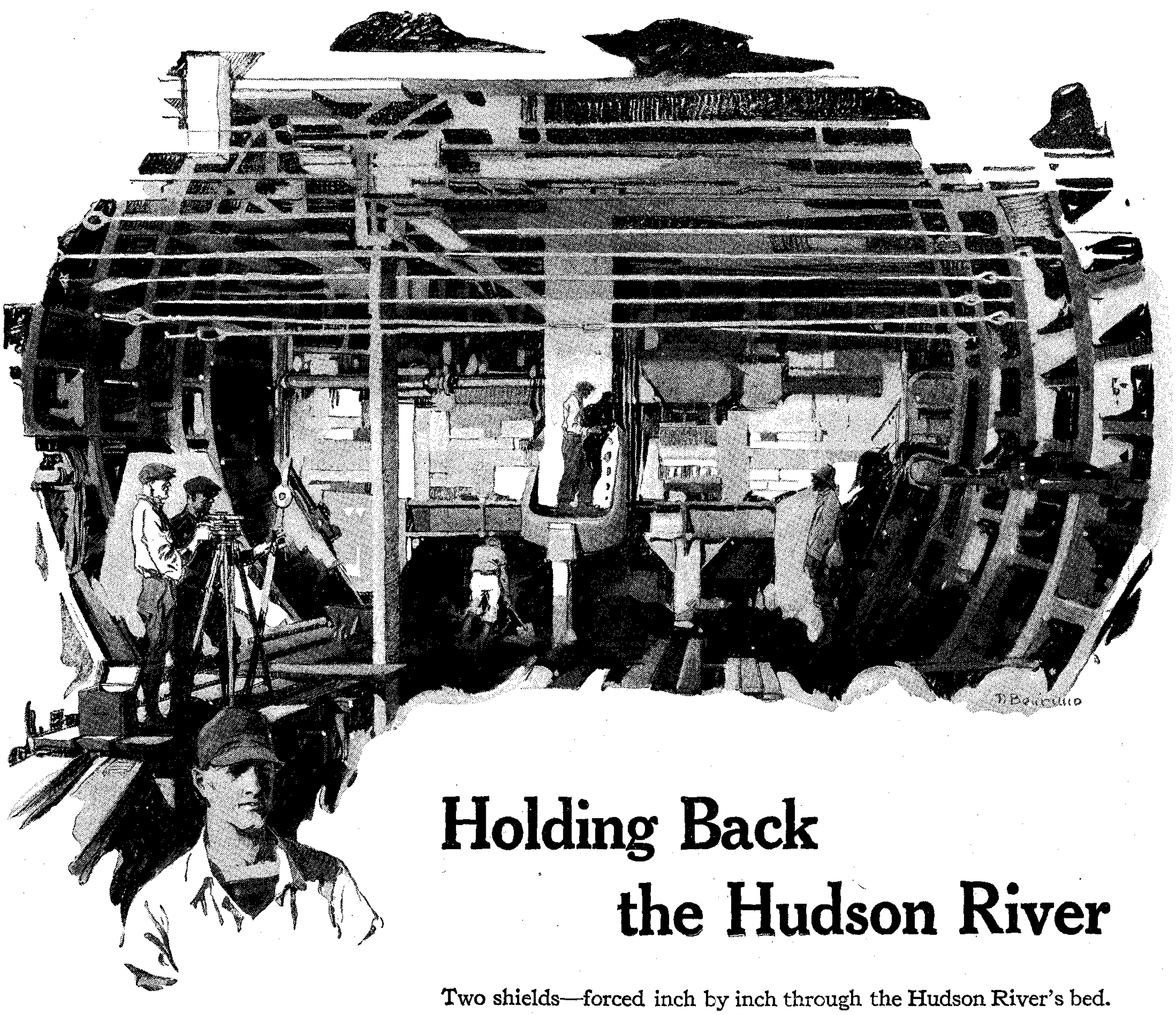
IN A WAR CANOE with thirteen paddlers—Dyaks every one—William Beebe made his way up the Mudyong River, which has its origin on the slopes of Mount Tjemarse, in the Dutch territory of Borneo. The intrepid naturalist, whom lovers of literature have found to be much more than a naturalist, was officially searching for the rare pheasants of the country, while unofficially he was absorbing, with his sensitive artist consciousness, a richly colored string of miscellaneous impressions which he now gives to the world under the title "Pheasant Jungles" (Putnam's). His expedition covered a great part of the Far East, and he tells us in a preface that it was his first important scientific undertaking as Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. Its scientific results have been duly recorded in a scientific way, and now we get the human embroidery of it. Intensely human, in particular, is his account of the head-hunting Dyaks who formed his retinue throughout the Borneo part of his expedition. Mr. Beebe makes no secret of the fact that he has a soft spot in his heart for those formidable persons—especially one Drojak, "the gentlest and kindliest of all the great savages in Borneo, who worked for the success of the trip with patience and loyalty." And the gentle naturalist's esteem for this noble savage does not appear to have been alloyed by the fact that Drojak returned to the camp one day, after a little expedition of his own, when it was observed that "eight heads were hanging from his girdle." To be sure, the admirable Drojak had been attacked. "Twelve men from a Dutch tribe" had set upon him when he was far away from the camp, and he had performed prodigies of combat excelling those credited by American frontier legend to "Wild Bill" Hickok. Four of his assailants had escaped by flight, while eight had given up their craniums as trophies for Drojak's championship belt. And from that hour, records Mr. Beebe, "he was no longer Drojak, paddler, but Drojak-no-spear-can-touch him." Mr. Beebe pictures this hero for us as "a quiet, slow-thinking man who liked to sit in silence watching the camp-fire, where the light played over his dark skin and turned it to bronze, and made two little bright spots of flame when it touched the heavy brass earrings which hung almost to his shoulders." However, there were times when he could be coaxed to reenact, like one of Homer's heroes, the exploit by which he had won glory and a new name. At such times, says Mr. Beebe:


Photographs from "Pheasant Jungles," by William Beebe (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

THE "WILD BILL" HICKOK OF BORNEO

He was just Drojak, the paddler, before he killed eight men out of twelve that attacked him; but with their heads hanging at his girdle he became Drojak-No-Spear-Can-Touch-Him.

> His quickness was marvelous, his hands and his arms moved faster than the eye, every lunge and thrust was the very essence of savagery.
>
> He was a great actor and his audience would wait in absolute silence watching him. And the audience was as picturesque as it was appreciative—my Malay cook, superstitious and filled with awe at such a sight, Matelly, Umar, Din-din and eleven Dyak paddlers and hunters. They would sit in a half-circle about the camp-fire, with the Malay hovering fearfully in the background. I was always given a place of honor a little at one side. Behind us the jungle rose like a black wall, and beyond the camp-fire the river reflected its higher flames in watery lightnings.
>
> First Drojak would walk slowly up and down, showing tall and black against the yellow flames, wearing only his narrow loin cloth, and the long brass earrings. This was the prelude—an imitation of the way he had walked through the forest on the morning of his battle. Then he would stop, peer cautiously from side to side, lean forward listening. He would give quickly, with gestures, with short, broken twanging words, the advance of his enemy—the advance of twelve men creeping toward him through the thick underbrush. Then, with his sword raised above his head—the same carven, hair-decorated weapon which hangs before me in my studio—how he had run out to meet the enemy. He would show the ugly details of the fight, how first one man went down before him, and how another body was thrown across the first, and how he stabbed a third in the back, when he had tript over a root. We knew how each of these men had died, one with his hands held up before his face, another with his hands caught behind him and his head prest down. Luck and accident and chance must have aided him as well as his own strength and agility, which were greater than I have ever seen combined in any one man. Otherwise such unfair odds would have been hopeless.
>
> There were times, I think, when Drojak forgot that we were watching him. At such moments his face was terrible to see, filled with cruelty and hate. But I believe that his battle was fought honorably, according to his codes. Twelve men trailed him, attacked him. It was a question of his life. He killed eight of them and drove four of them back into the forest. It must have been, by any standards of warfare, a magnificent battle. My mind kept going back to the last fight of Umslopagaas.
>
> He showed us how the four ran away, how one of them threw his spear into a clump of bushes, where it fell, point downward, so that it struck deep into the ground. It remained upright, swaying a little from side to side. Such minor details gave to his whole recountal the stamp of truth. He showed us, too, the way he had cut off the heads of his enemies, and we could not mistake his hint that two were not quite dead. Then, in pantomime, he tied them one after another to his belt, quietly, deliberately, taking great pains with each knot. One apparently came undone and rolled a little way down-hill before he recovered it.
>
> At the end he would straighten up, put back his shoulders, and wipe his hands. The deep lines around his mouth and his forehead would disappear suddenly. Then he would look at his audience in a manner that I could never explain, turning slowly from one face to another until he had completed the half-circle. This done, he would put his feet together so that his heels



Holding Back the Hudson River

Two shields—forced inch by inch through the Hudson River's bed. Nothing but compressed air to prevent water from rushing in and drowning the "sand hogs".

That's how the twin tubes of the vehicular tunnel under the Hudson were built.

Air for breathing, for keeping back tons of water, for drilling, mucking, hoisting and lining. Unfailing air! Back of the air stood all that is summed up in G-E Motorized Power—dependable motors coupled with air-compressors and hydraulic pumps, unfailing control equipment.

A special demand on G-E Motorized Power, to be sure—one which illustrates its dependability when continuous service is vital. But such service is part and parcel of G-E Motorized Power—supplying power for any of the thousands of applications required in modern industry.

One after another the power problems of industry have been studied and met by G-E engineers. There are now more than 2,000 definitely known ways in which G-E Motorized Power can be economically and dependably applied in mills and factories and homes with motors ranging from 9,000 h.p. to the fraction of a horsepower. G-E Motorized Power can be adapted to any task, just as it was adapted to tunneling under the Hudson River.

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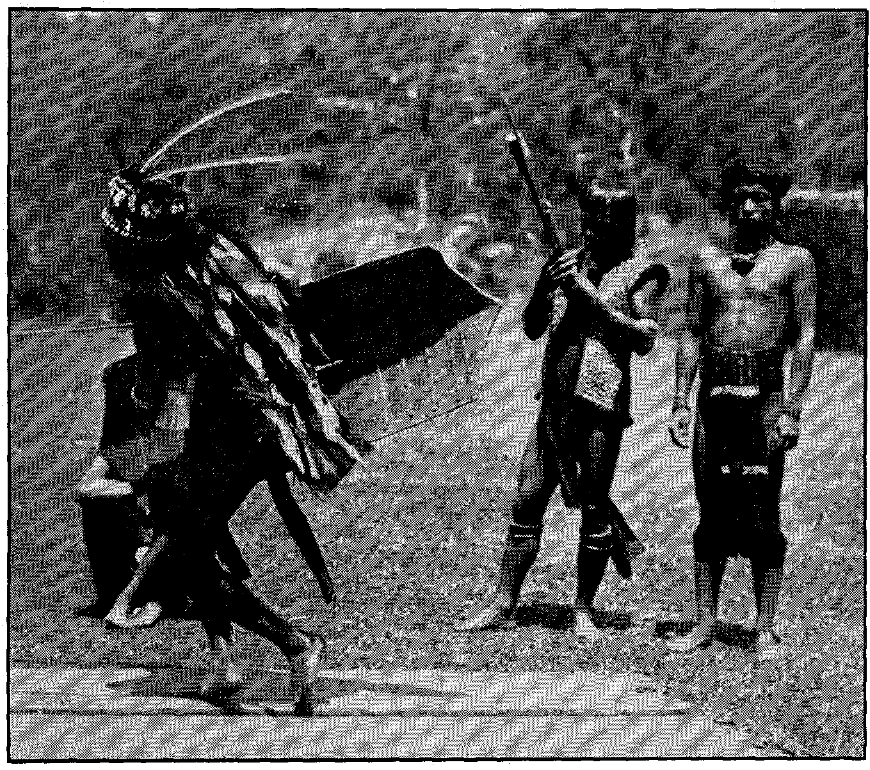
touched, straighten up and burst into a hearty laugh. There was something contagious about his laughter. It was so loud and so genuine. And it was without fail the signal for Mutt, the Cookie, to reappear from the bushes where he took refuge during the second act of Drojak's drama. For the Malay sometimes became arrogant over his cooking pots—and criticized the customs of the Dyaks rather openly. And he seemed to find much food for thought when he saw Drojak killing so many men single-handed before the fire. I believe he did not like the light in Drojak's eyes, and once when it was all over, and Drojak playfully made as tho to throw his spear in Mutt's direction, he took refuge behind me and in hoarse whispers and absolutely unintelligible Malay express himself to himself—doubtless his forcible opinion of Dyak humor.

A number of native settlements were passed on the journey up the river. Of these we are told:

At every Dyak house to which I paid a visit I was received with the greatest courtesy. There was but one tribal house which did not make some advance and offer some friendly salutation. This particular communal dwelling of hostile Dyaks was built at the foot of a steep hill, so that low trees overhung the roof, and gave the structure a fictitiously peaceful air. We had been warned against them, and so passed them by within a discreet radius. My own Dyaks were not wholly at ease as we paddled by on the opposite side of the river. I had them stop for a while and drift, while I rested my most powerful glasses on the gunwale and raked the whole building. In a score of places I could see armed Dyaks peering through the chinks at us, and near one end were the rifle-like muzzles of three blow-pipes pointing our way, with whose poisoned arrows I was already acquainted.



THE DANCE OF THE HEAD-HUNTER

Narok "circled like a great bird with outstretched wings—and the bird was a bird of prey, whirling about a victim for whom there was no escape."

This inhospitality was more than made up at other villages, where often an orderly program of events was presented in my honor, and the chief and his wives would wear their most precious decorations. I remember with great vividness the day when we landed at the home of Narok, one of the younger men of my crew who had earned considerable distinction among his people as a dancer. On this particular day two men had gone ahead in a fast canoe to give word that a war-canoe manned by thirteen paddlers, and carrying various gifts as well as a white man, would appear in the early evening at an appointed time. At dusk, therefore, when our boat grated against the pebbly beach bordering the jungle where Narok lived, a crowd of men, women, and children, and a still greater host of mongrel dogs, rushed down to greet us. These men and women were like very polite boys and girls at some great celebration. I do not believe that they had ever seen but one white person, and certainly every article included in my equipment, even down to the pots and pans, as well as the last minute detail of my clothing, filled them with unparalleled curiosity. I even think that secretly they were a little amused at such manifestations of an alien culture. But they made no sign to show it. Instead, those of the proper caste came forward silently and gravely to greet us.

This Dyak greeting holds true to the old, primitive ideal that a guest must be welcomed with a gift. This gift is a very modest one, but it is also very valuable. It is an egg. Throughout the whole country, if you find favor in the eyes of a tribe, you are formally presented with an egg on the day of your arrival in their village. And in the heart of Borneo, where food is in the nature of things a more or less undetermined quantity, the possession of an egg is a matter of profound gratitude. Particularly a fresh or proper egg, as Mutt would call it, because at times the Dyaks show a marked preference for high game and preserved eggs—an instinctive, almost racial, preference not easily acquired by a more sophisticated taste. There is always the chance, however, that the gift egg will be a good egg. So the presents of Narok's tribesmen found great favor with us when they were ceremoniously prest into our left hands, and in exchange we offered our small supply of scissors, mirrors, beads, and flat chocolate wafers wrapt in tinfoil. These wafers did not fail to bring forth sounds of delight, but at the same time they did not fail to provoke a great indecision in the minds of those who had fallen sudden heir to them, because nobody could bring himself to destroy the beautiful, smooth, shining contour of his silver disk, in spite of the chocolate within. It was remarkable to see how momentous this question was to them; to see the real emotion brought out by these scraps of cheap, bright foil that had been of so little value to the civilized people who had produced them.

Narok's home was like all other Dyak communal houses, a wide, covered veranda with an open porch in front and a series of single rooms extending all along the back, the whole raised on poles ten to twenty feet above the ground—this to guard against sudden attacks. Each room sheltered a family, and the chief of any village, as we must call these horizontal apartment-houses, was known as the Chief of Twenty, or of Sixty Doors, as the case might be.

When the ceremony of landing was fully and properly completed, Narok led me to his tribal house, where, one by one, we all climbed the steep, notched pole that formed the sole roadway between the earth and the lofty veranda, about twelve feet up. I felt most convincingly like a chicken going to roost. This bamboo-floored porch gave directly upon a low-roofed corridor which ran the full length of the dwelling. At intervals resinous fires burned in shallow bowls before a long row of barred doors. Behind these doors the individual members of the tribe lived out the daily routine of their lives in some semblance of seclusion. I would have liked to see the personal possessions gathered in these rooms, but I was conducted to a seat of honor in the direct center of the long corridor, where I sat down on some spotlessly clean mats and awaited the program which was to welcome our coming.

Directly above the naturalist, "suspended from the roof by slender strips of bamboo fiber, hung a circle of dried human heads, each one equally distant from its neighbor." Of these uncanny decorations, Mr. Beebe records:

White, wooden eyes had been placed in the eye-sockets of these heads—white eyes unnaturally large and distended. The expression was a bewildered, quizzical one—they were all staring at something which was hidden in the dark shadows of the inner roof—something inside those mysterious, barred rooms.

Immediately a huge circle formed about us. From first one door and then another and from the shadows of the gallery beautiful bronze figures like shining, polished statues, great and small, moved with the noiseless tread of the savage, and came and squatted about me, until the circle grew, ring upon ring, like the section of some giant tree. Every eye was fixt upon me in curious, fascinated gaze, and every tongue was busily discussing me in the deep, guttural language of which I understand a word here and there.

The young girls of the tribe put before me all the paraphernalia

"For three years I dragged along —*half sick*"

"DAILY HEADACHES—*tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.*

"I had read often of the wonderful results others had obtained with Fleischmann's Yeast, but for a long time I did not think of Yeast in connection with myself.

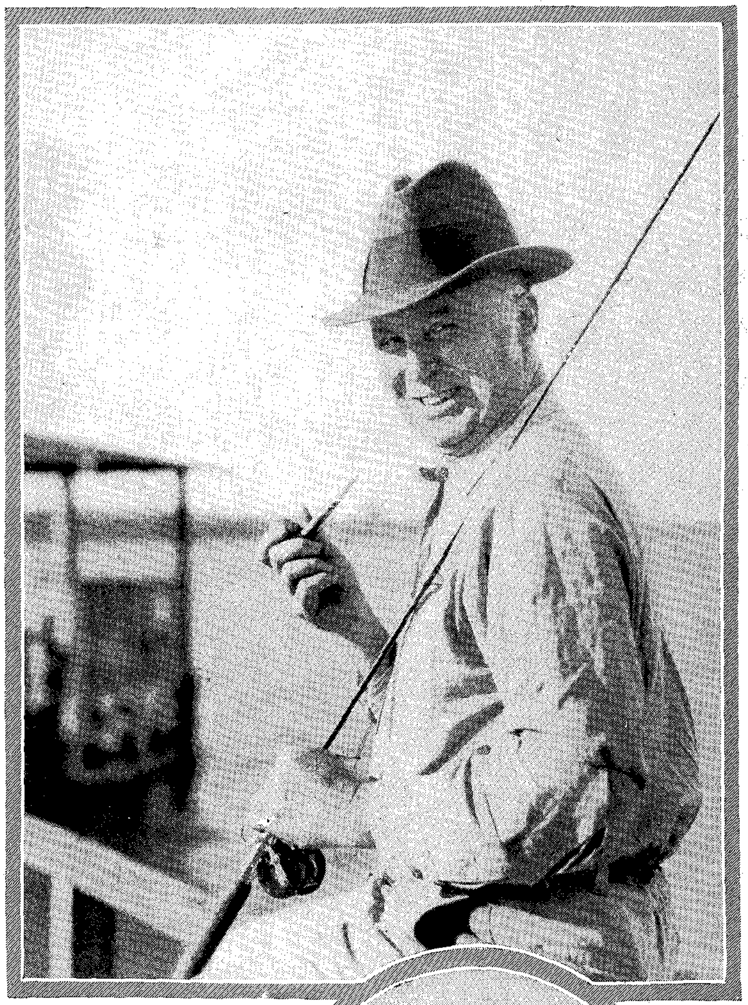
"Finally I decided to make the trial. It turned out to be very easy and simple. Today I am a strong robust man. My ailments have disappeared. I weigh 186 pounds of pure bone and muscle and feel a picture of health and happiness."

A. L. DIXON, Dallas, Texas

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—a food, not a medicine—keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake remove the poisons of chronic constipation, and restore the muscles of elimination to their normal strength. Your skin clears, your digestion becomes normal, your old listlessness vanishes. You are really well again.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple, natural way to counteract intestinal poisoning. Eat it regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-96, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



MR. A. L. DIXON *taking "time off" near Dallas, Texas. Once he was not able to enjoy life like this. He tells above how easily and naturally he got rid of his ills.*

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Editor, Dept. of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.*

"I WAS of course familiar with the fact that fresh Yeast has nutritive and therapeutic properties. But, curiously enough, it had not occurred to me to eat it myself until a physician suggested it at a time when I was much run down. It proved so efficacious in correcting my fatigue, nervousness and loss of appetite that I have since taken it whenever work began to make especially heavy draughts on my vitality. By aiding digestion Yeast creates a healthy appetite."

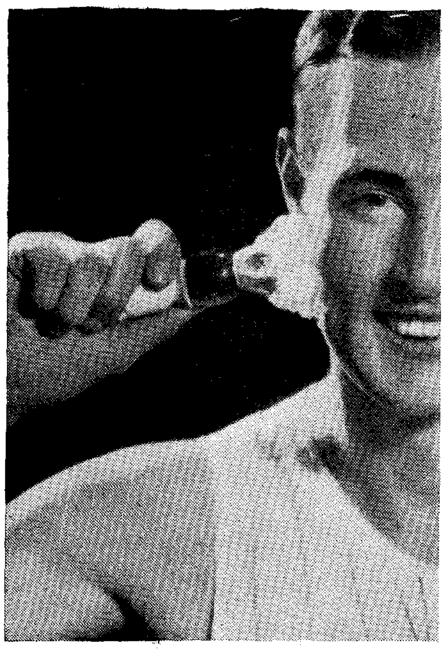
SARAH FIELD SPLINT, New York City

This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"GIRLS AVOIDED ME because of the unsightly pimples on my face and I was subjected to many embarrassing remarks. It was with difficulty that I could shave. I became grouchy, unhappy. I tried many suggested remedies but with no results. I was urged finally to try Fleischmann's Yeast by an old friend who had used it long before it became a national remedy. After three months I was entirely free of skin trouble just by eating two cakes of Yeast daily. My skin is smooth and easy to shave. And I have a much better disposition."

WESLEY J. PIERCE, Richmond, Va.



Soaks the beard SOFTER

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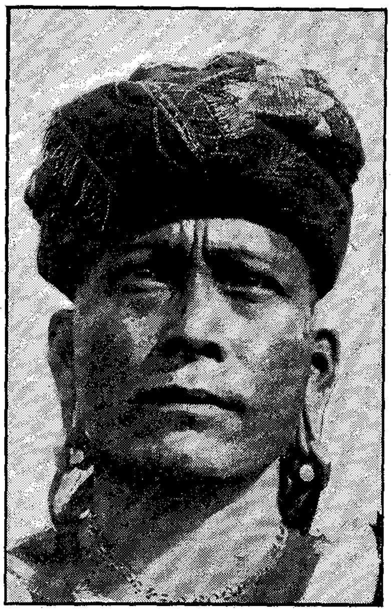
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of betel-nut chewing and a bowl of native tobacco, which they proceeded to roll into plantain-leaf cigarets. I chose the lesser of the two evils, and found the tobacco not at all strong or rank. The circle of which I was the hub had become so vast that I could not have left, if I had desired to do so. And now I closed my eyes for a moment, playing my usual game of what I might call intensifying an experience, and said over and over to myself that this was not any make-believe, nor abnormal, temporary Dahomey or Dyak village in some World's Fair, but the real thing, the only real Borneo, the actual, wild, savage Sea-Dyaks. And also, as usual, when I closed my eyes, my other senses became dominant, and the smells reinforced my assertions—the heavy, not unpleasant, and not negroid odor of the Dyaks themselves, and sifting through all the aromatic fragrance of the burning resin. An overwhelming realization of alien, primitive man, of the elemental vitality of exotic savagery possest me. For a while the veil was lifted between the present and the far-distant past, and I sensed keenly the life of my savage ancestors, with all its superstitions, its cruelty, and its fitful emotionality.



A DYAK ARISTOCRAT

"Chief Coe," an untamed savage of the Borneo jungle, but "intelligent, gentle, with caste," says Mr. Beebe.

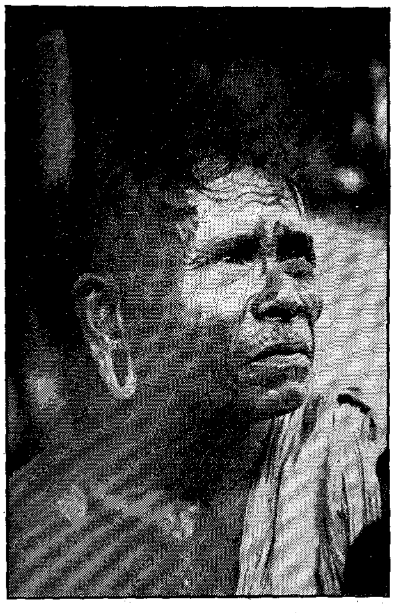
Without my knowing when it began I became aware of two low throbbing tom-toms, the beat faint and often drowned by other sounds, made by the tapping of fingers on the stretched skins. Then three men struck up the mournful, monotonous music of the native reed flutes, and two little boys strutted in, drest in all the war regalia of grown-up Dyaks. Never was anything more stately and serious than the bearing of these children. The instinct for war is born in them, and from boyhood they are taught to revere and practise it as they do nothing else. Taking from the children the war-coat of bear-skin and hornbill feathers and the cap of red and gold beadwork, with its long, ocellated plumes of the argus pheasant, Narok began to dance. Heretofore I had known him only as one bare back among the other paddlers now I realized that in his profession he was a great man in his race.

The tom-toms now rose to a deeper and stronger tone, the flute music increased and was as intricate and exact as it was alien to my ears. A rooster among the rafters overhead stirred and crowed sleepily, and this drew my eyes upward. There was no wind, no slightest breeze, but there, close above me, the heads were swaying at the ends of their tethers, and to my startled eyes they seemed to be moving in some terrible rhythm, in time with the war dance which had started.

The tattooed, coppery body of the dancer took a hundred difficult and graceful poses, the spots of light on the hornbill feathers of his coat dancing before my eyes until all my being was concentrated on his swaying, sinuous figure. The great circle ceased to exist for me; nothing seemed to have any reality save the dancer, the sobbing music, and the heavy, alien odor—and always these eternally waving white spots. The spirit of the savage was now embodied in music and the dance. Above my head—I did not need to look up to see them, I could feel their presence—swung the dry and blackened human heads, one of which, I imagined at my last glance, had shifted and now stared vacantly down upon us through white, wooden eyes.

The dancer now sank almost to the ground, his body leaning so far back that the long argus feathers swept the floor. Never ceasing for a moment the swaying, swinging rhythm, with almost imperceptible movement he picked up his great wooden shield and drew his gleaming sword from the carved sheath at his side. Circling on one foot, the other drawn up above the knee, he spun round and round—faster and faster—until, with a resounding blow of sword on shield, and then a straight outward thrust, he sank to the floor.

This was the beginning of a terrific battle with an invisible adversary, and the dancer had just parried a fatal blow. Gradually rising, he circled like a great bird with outstretched wings, and the bird was a bird of prey, whirling about a victim for whom there was no escape. The dancing figure whirled and swayed eternally, drawing near and retreating, sinking low to the earth,



"A KINDLY SOUL"

So we are told of this blighted looking member of his war-canoe crew. His whole face, explains the naturalist, "was distorted by desperate near-sightedness."

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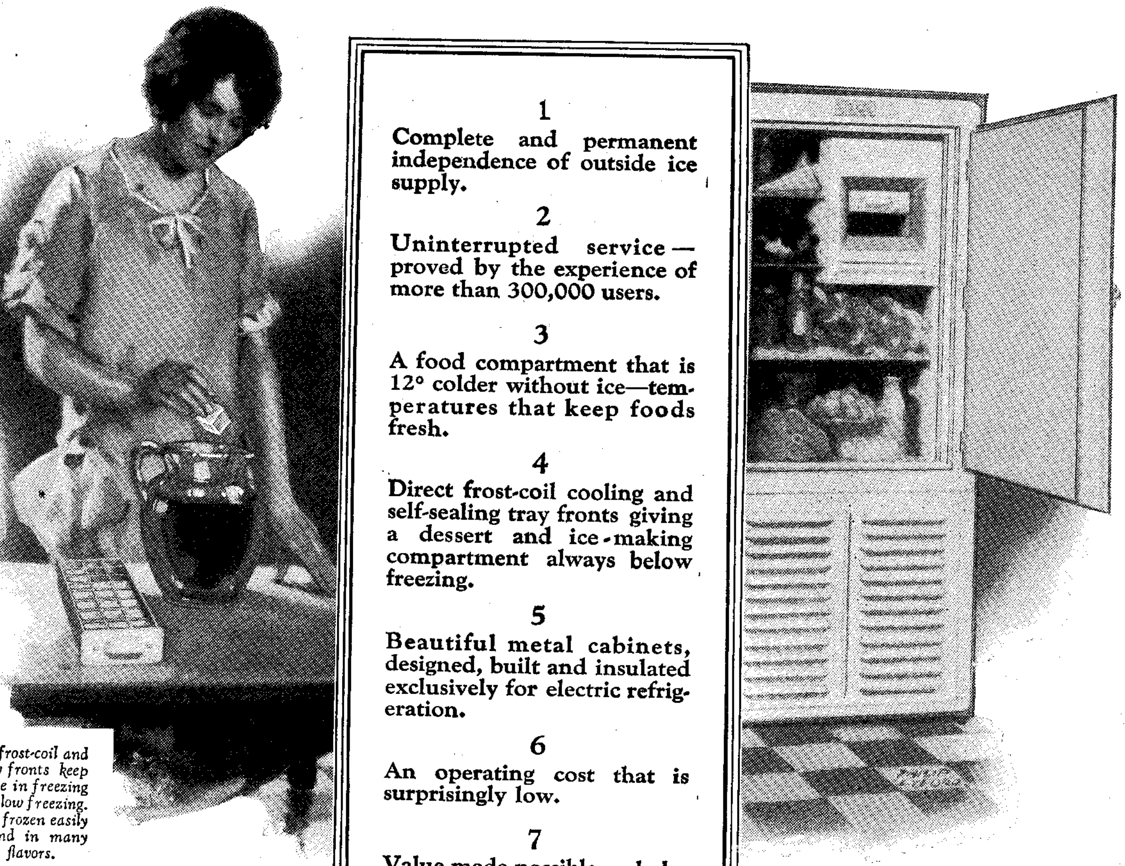

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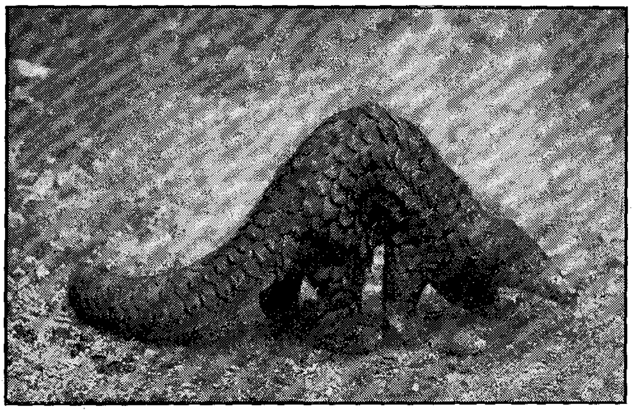
only to rise again with renewed clashes of sword and shield. I felt a strange drowsiness creeping over me. I knew exactly how Kim felt when he gazed at the water-filled shards of Lurgan Sahib. What was it about which the dancer hovered, whose shape was so illusive that I knew not whether it lay desperately wounded with knife and shield fallen useless beside it, or whether it stood bound to a post? But always its eyes—wooden and white—were fixt upon the swaying figure, and always the white feather spots danced before me, and deep within my brain the blood pounded in tune with the tom-toms. I had a weird sense of feeling all that the shadow figure might have felt. Always it seemed motionless, stunned, fascinated, with a vague gratitude for the hypnotic dance that made the dread end so much easier; the dance which dulled every sense, even the hope that the sword was sharp and the wielder skilful. And then suddenly its face seemed to grow black and shrunken—even as that of the swaying head above me. The dancer sank exhausted to the floor. The music ceased. I glanced sideways at the mass of faces which I had forgotten, and all were staring open-mouthed at the heaving back of the fallen dancer—the spell had been as strong on them as upon me.



BRER PANGOLIN TAKING A STROLL

You'd never suspect this reptilian-looking monster, which buries itself in ant-hills, of being a mammal, but that's what it is.

A wretched Dyak cur yelped as he was kicked out of the circle, and we were all crying *Bagus! Bagus! najak!*

Only the grim heads above me remained a reality of my strange fantasy, to make me wonder how large a part hypnotism may play in what to us seems a horrible, savage practise—the head-hunting of this people. I was told later that a Dyak is sometimes quite mad for days after taking a head. I realized the infinite tact and strength with which the two English Rajahs of Sarawak—Sir James and Sir Charles Brooke—have striven to abolish this practise, the greatest passion of the Dyaks, having its roots in courtship, and in their ideas of immortality and filial affection.

It was late, for the moon had dropt down below the topmost branches of the jungle, when I went back to the canoe, which was no more than a long, black shadow on the little beach. The men took up their paddles and pushed off, because we had a good distance to cover before morning, and the Dyaks wished to be well down river from the village of hostile savages which we had passed earlier. I stood up amidships and watched the lights of Narok's house become smaller and smaller until they were no more than pin-points of flame in the darkness. I remembered the tribesmen and women who had come to the beach to welcome me, and who had given of their best of hospitality and entertainment to please me. I thought of their simplicity, their utter unsophistication toward life, and compared them with peoples who had learned more complex ways of living. For some reason the simplicity seemed enviable.

I thought, too, of all the many people who had furthered the progress of the work which had brought me to their countries; I thought of Ceylon and the white, curved beach of Hambantotta; of the Singhalese fishermen and their great, unwavering faith in the kindness of the sea; I remembered the Veddahs who had worked so zealously for the success of a trip whose purpose was so obscure and meaningless to them, and I thought that the money paid to them was a very small recompense for their services; there came to mind the jolly Tibetans and the pathetic Hillmen of the western hills; the diverse peoples of the hinterland of Burma and Yunnan, some of them hostile, but others who will live in our kindliest memories forever. And then I looked around with deep sadness at the dim figures of these savage friends, for we were on our homeward journey, and in a few days we would separate.

My mood brought home to me the tragedy of this part of all my expeditions; the meeting with people, alien and strange; the passing through stages perhaps of suspicion, of readjustment, of appreciation, often to real affection; their lives and mine bound closely together for a brief space by ties of interest, respect and danger; to part soon afterward, and live out the remainder of our lives with the round earth between. In civilization friends may go and come again, but when the jungle reaches out and reclaims its people, the whole delicate fabric is unraveled and can not be woven again. One can never return and find these relations unchanged; life moves swiftly and inevitably, with no sentimental repetition of its successes or failures. As if in proof of this, I looked back and saw the lights in Narok's house go out suddenly—all of them at once, as if a gust of wind had blown them out, while the sudden blackness there seemed to spread slowly toward us, over the trees, and then close down, darker even than night, over the purple stretch of river behind me.

Of course Mr. Beebe made many animal as well as human friends in Borneo. Consider, for instance, the shy and shrinking pangolin, of which he tells us:

Hidden deep beneath the surface of the ground in the Bornean jungles are thousands of great reptile-like creatures, some fully six feet long, covered from nose to tail-tip with a complete armature of scales; lizards in appearance, mammals in truth, orphans in relationship. The first pangolin I ever saw, my Dyaks and I dug out of a burrow near camp. The name sounds more like a musical instrument than an animal, but in reality it has been twisted by Anglo-Saxon tongues from the native takjiling. Under his armor of scales the pangolin or scaly ant-eater conceals a bodily structure as confusing to the scientist as is his general appearance to the layman. In common with other toothless, or nearly toothless, devourers of ants, the pangolin has usually been classed with armadillos and hairy ant-eaters. But his structure is so peculiarly pangolinian, his resemblance to other living creatures so slight, and the absence of fossil relatives so complete, that he has finally been assigned to a special order of his own—Pholidota.

Throughout the days of violent sunshine or tropical downpours not one of the host of pangolins ever shows himself; but in the dusk of evening the round, shingled ball stirs in its underground chamber, unrolls, stretches, and the earth gives up its race of scaly ant-eaters. They come forth timidly, hesitating long at the entrance of the burrow before daring to shuffle forth on their quest for food. The lizard appearance is, as I have said, only a superficial resemblance. The helmet of the deep-sea diver recalls the helm of the medieval knight; yet one is intended as a protection against a yielding liquid, the other to withstand the blows of metal. In the unborn pangolin the scales are little more than a mass of felted hairs, which harden after birth.

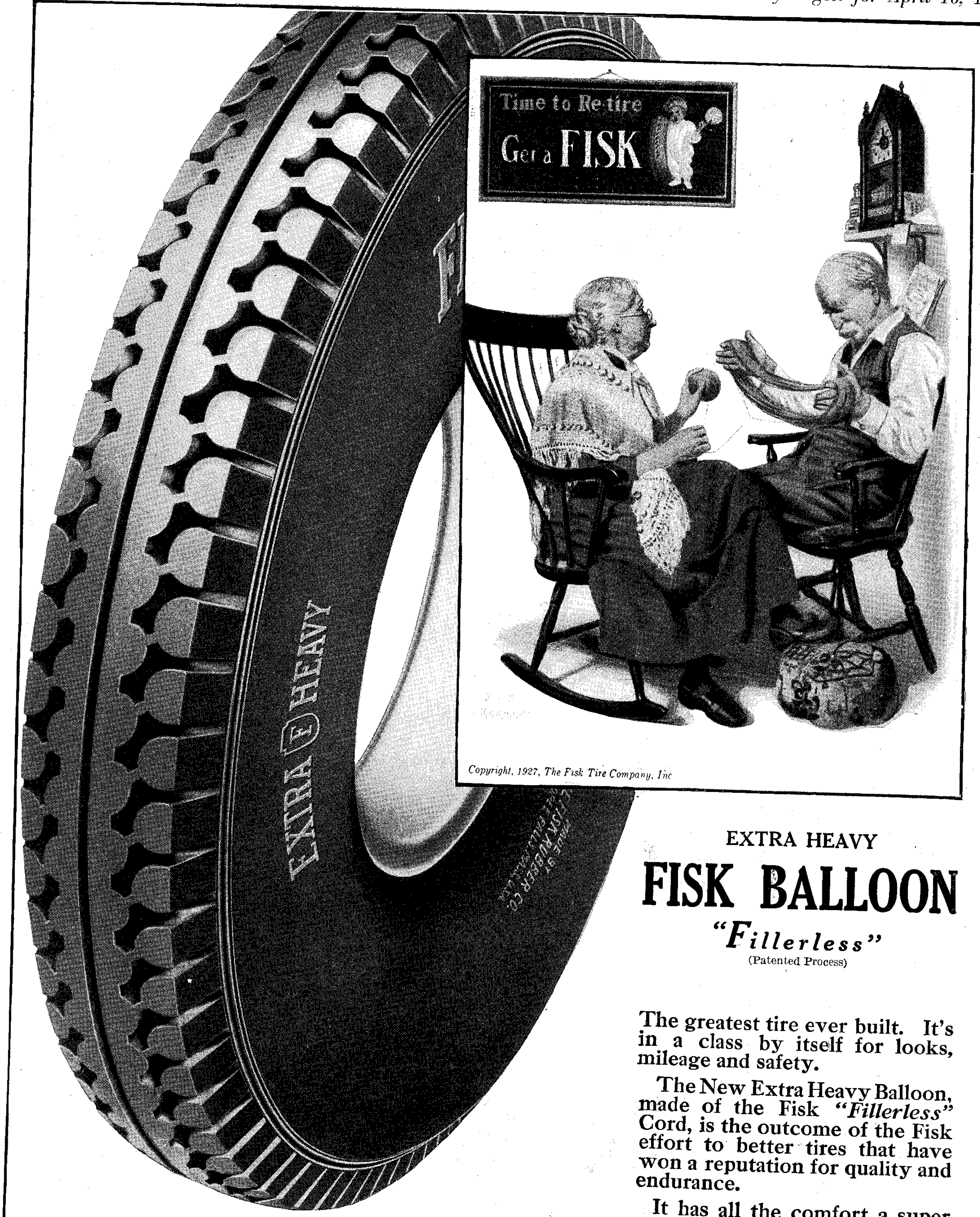
The world of night into which the pangolin enters is a world of conflict and fear; there is food in abundance—fruit, berries, mice, sleeping birds at hand, or there are hosts of larger creatures to be overcome and devoured. But the scaly one asks nothing of these. Peace to go his way, a populous ant-hill and a burrow to which to return—this plumbs the depths of a pangolin's desire. His armor is for defense alone, his muscles impel no offensive blows, his powerful claws are only his implements of trade, the picks of a sapper and miner.

The last heave of my shovel rolled my pangolin out upon the forest floor as inanimate as a glacier-worn boulder in a New England field, or like some gigantic, malformed pine-cone. There was absolutely no vulnerable point of attack. A rounded back dwindled gradually into a long, tapering tail, with part of a hind leg to fill up every intervening crevice. The tail muscles were as rigid as steel. Even with the spade and a Dyak's sword as leverage hardly an inch of the perfect circle could be disturbed. From the jaws of a leopard the scaly ball would have slipt harmlessly away.

Left quiet for five minutes, the only sign of life was the lifting of some of the leaflike scales of the hip. One imagined that there might be eyes beneath; in such a strange creature any weird distribution of the sense of sight would be credible. This raising of the scales proved to be in the nature of a trick, an invitation to a waiting enemy. Any attempt to seize one of those temptingly lifted scales resulted in disaster; like the jaws of a steel trap they snapt down with such force as to bruise the finger cruelly, or actually to pinch off a bit of flesh. One's enthusiasm for scientific investigation in this direction was satiated at one trial, which was also sufficient to prove Bergson's theory of humor and laughter applicable to Dyaks as having its basis in cruel lack of sympathy.

If the second setting of the scale trap in the succeeding few minutes remained unsprung, the next sign of the evolution of the

(*Continued on page 45*)



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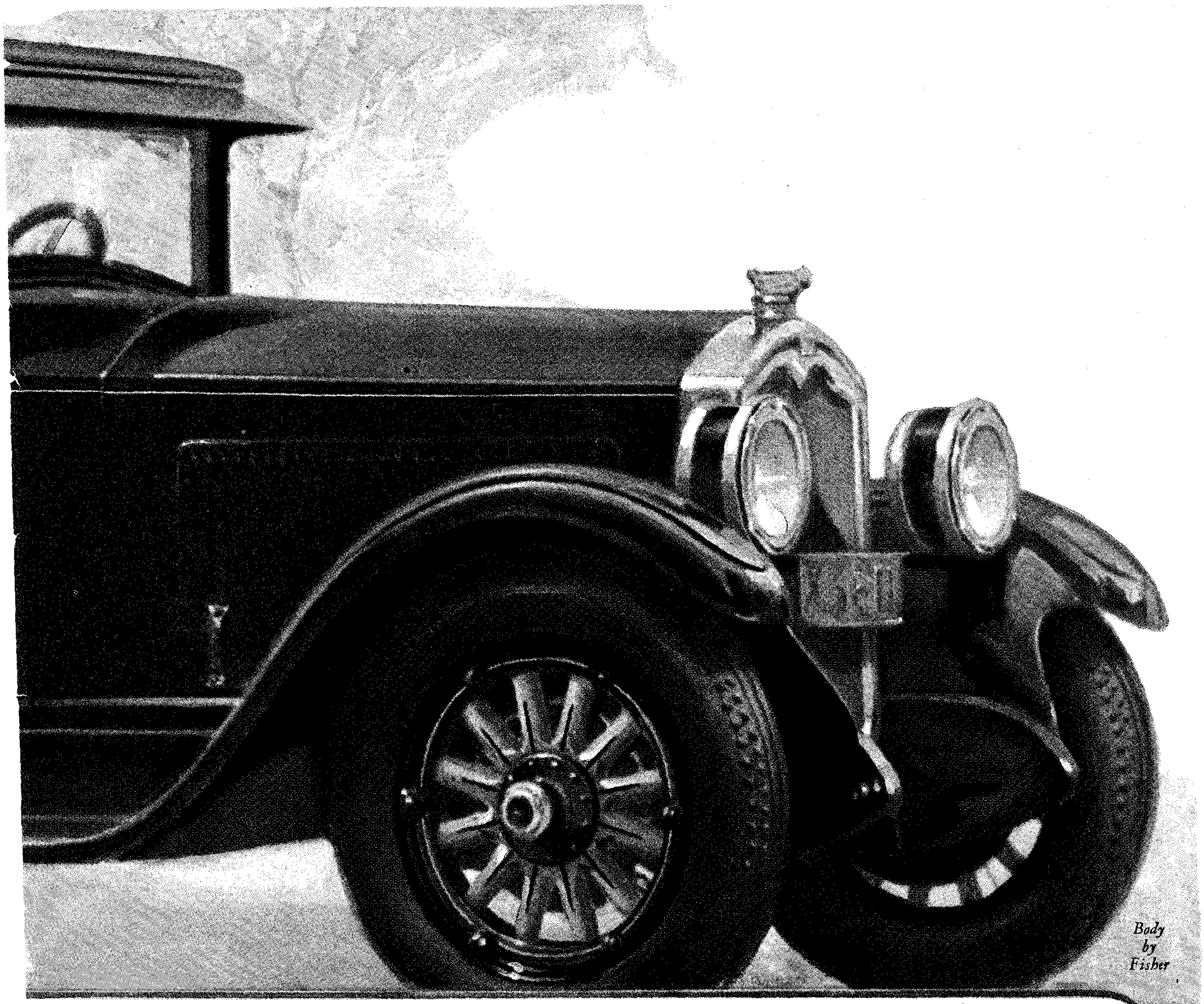

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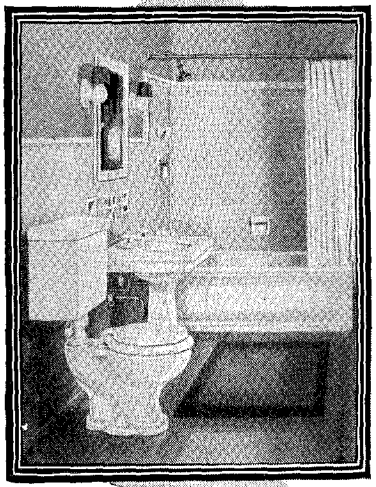

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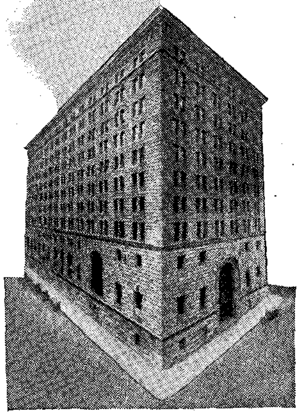

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(*Continued from page 40*)

pangolin was the gradual drawing forth of his head, always with his forepaws held tightly across his face just below his eyes, like a boy cheating at blind man's buff. The little dull eyes looked around, then the long, mobile snout came into play with its much keener sense of smell, and the ears with their sense, the most valuable of all to this animal. If the coast seemed clear, the tail swung around, the short legs gathered themselves together and the creature ambled off. With such perfection of defense, flight is needless, so his fastest gait is a man's slow walk. And his normal position on the march is very unlike that conceived and executed by the average museum taxidermist. His tail drags, his head is held low, and his back is steeply arched, reminding one of the old Stegosaurus of Jurassic days. Swift flight is indeed as impossible as it would be for a man in full medieval armor.

The pangolin is made for ants, and ants alone; without them he would starve at once; with a goodly supply it is difficult to conceive of his dying, except from old age or overeating. The mouth is tiny, as only ants pass in, the tongue is very long, serpent-like in its mobility, and covered with glutinous saliva. Why it does not englue as much earth as ants it is hard to explain. To attempt to subsist on the ants found wandering about the forest would be like harvesting wheat grain by grain, so it is necessary for the pangolin to go to the metropolis for supplies. This is almost the most important work of its life, and we find it admirably adapted for this. Twenty very strong claws, backed by muscles of immense power, suffice to tear through the ant-hills, hard almost as concrete.

Brother Pangolin "can neither ensheath its claws like a cat, nor carry them raised above the ground like the screamer," remarks Mr. Beebe, "so it folds them back, doubled up like jack-knives, beneath the soles of its feet, and thus walks upon them, the edges and the points being kept unblunted." And we read on:

Home is a chamber at the end of an underground tunnel. Occasionally a pangolin achieves Nirvana by burrowing into a giant ant-hill and there sleeps away his days and eats away his nights, until death relieves him of the sheer monotony of living. Such an accusation may be unjust, however, for in common with all organic beings, his safety and nourishment are but means to an end, and to continue his race he must find a mate.

Ants, both stinging and harmless, form his entire food, altho we must extend this general term to include the neuropterous termites or white ants. I have counted five hundred fire-ants in the gizzard of a pangolin, their bites and stings powerless against the sticky, merciless tongue which played and played again among them, each time sweeping away scores. Lacking teeth, the pangolin swallows tiny pebbles which, as in a chicken, aid in crushing the hard bodies of the ants.

My temporary zoo in camp, besides the flying lemur and the pangolin, contained other beings quite as strange. I gathered many specimens of the pheasants, including the almost unknown white-tailed wattled, as well as exquisite little wood partridges, giant cuckoos and brilliant, rainbow-hued pittas. At one time we were the rather embarrassed owners of a leopard, and there was mutual relief when he escaped during a nocturnal storm. In other cages were zebra civet cats, tupaias or tree-shrews, mouse-deer, spiny rats, and porcupines. A white moon-rat was one of the most astonishing, and when this escaped the excitement rose to boiling pitch. The Dyaks were proud of this capture and determined that it should not get away, and the general result must have closely resembled Drojak's battle with twelve men. A dozen naked Dyaks leapt and ran and tumbled and yelled, splashing into the shallows or squdging through the mud to head off the poor creature, others waving blow-pipes and swords from the jungle side, until at last the moon-rat in uttermost despair ran back into its cage.

When I acquired my first live argus, the Dyaks never tired of watching and feeding it and showing it off to visiting savages. Again and again they begged me not to go near it at night with my electric flash, for they believed it would die if it ever saw a light at night. When I disobeyed them and it lived, I was accredited with still greater powers over creatures of the jungle.

The most delightful of all pets was a tiny sun-bear cub, not more than six inches high, black as jet with a perfect orange circle on its chest. We named it Kapit, and even when canned milk would become scarce in camp, I would hear the demand from my Dyaks to Mutt, *Kapit mow soosoo*, and it always got a saucerful.

When I returned to Singapore Kapit had gained one whole inch in stature. One day Admiral, then Commander, Eberle called to see my collections. He was in full uniform, and this was in the good old days before governmental terror at possible aristocratic display had ripped off all the gold lace and beauty from these uniforms and clad the officers in the blue serge of the common peepul, thus making democracy and drabness safe. In spite of the glittering uniform, the infant mite of a bear flew at the tall naval officer and fiercely mouthed the end of his scabbard. Taken up in the hand its fury changed at once to resentment at having its ferocious attack spoiled, and thereafter it ceased not to suck its paws and sing dismally to itself. If ever there was a flesh-and-blood Winnie the Pooh, it was Kapit. It steamed safely back to New York and lived long and happily in the Zoological Park.

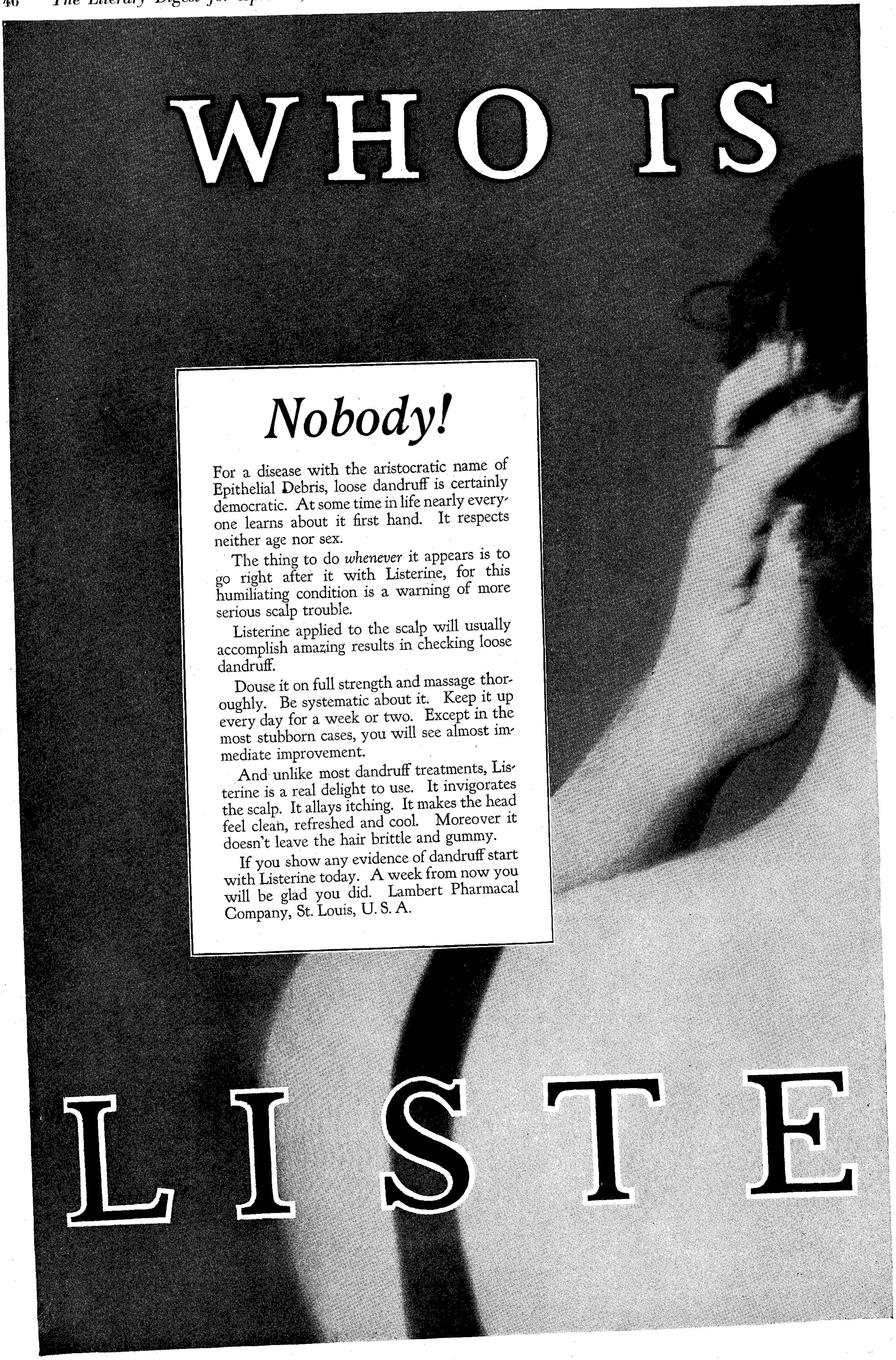
Some of the dead argus pheasants brought in were in perfect condition except for having their throats cut, and later I learned how these birds were taken. During the season of courtship the male clears and keeps free of all leaves and jungle débris, a circular dancing arena in the heart of the woods, where he displays his gorgeous feathers to his prospective mates. Into the center of this arena the savages drive a piece of split bamboo, with its characteristic razor-like edges. Along comes the argus, hurrying up the path which leads to his ballroom, with his heart full of the joy of mere physical existence and of the bliss of dancing before his lady. He pauses suddenly at seeing his sanctum defiled by the piece of bamboo, and postpones his loud summons to any hens within hearing until he has cleared the ground. Sooner or later in his struggles with the offending bamboo, the poor bird executes himself, commiting gular hari-kari with the sharp edges of the upright splinter.

I have spoken of ants, and I had to think of them many times before I left these jungles. In one spot I had the Dyaks dig me a carefully concealed pit in the ground close to a used dancing arena, and here I waited patiently for the coming of the owner. I heard the bird call near at hand, and finally a rustle in the underbrush drew my attention, and I was prepared to see the splendid bird step forth and claim his jungle playground, when the fire-ants found me out. These villains work almost wholly at night, and when they discovered my dark hiding-place, it must have seemed some wonderful dispensaton of the god of ants. Here was a ready-made hollow, filled with a store of living food. Three or four ant scouts located this manna simultaneously and proceeded to take possession at once in approved fire-ant fashion. The great sharp jaws take the firmest kind of a bulldog grip, and close fast, giving a splendid purchase for striking full force with the poisonous sting at the opposite end of the body. I am a trained ornithologist; to learn a new fact, to ferret out some hidden habit, I would undergo much pain and cramping of body and limb. But I am also a human being, and the coming of the said pain must permit an appreciable amount of anticipation; must allow at least an instant's bracing of the will, a moment of conscious determination to resist stoically. When one is crouched underground, tense with excitement, with one's whole being concentrated on the external world, and lighted matches are applied simultaneously to several portions of one's anatomy, I doubt if the enthusiast lives who could avoid rising from such a grave without dignity or delay. I think I broke the world's standing high-jump record, and as far as I know the argus pheasant is running yet.

Among other of the versatile naturalist's experiences with crawling and creeping nature, the following shows us the author, and a snake, both in a happy mood:

It was late afternoon in the heart of the great island of Borneo. I had tramped all day through the jungle and now, at the very end of my trek, had located what I thought was an old dancing arena of an argus pheasant, on a hillock only fifty yards from the bank of the Mujong River. I walked on, located my tiny dugout, and ridding myself of my jungle-hued clothing, slipt over the gunwale into the dark chocolate waters. In and out of the overhanging roots I swam, every pore of me drinking in the coolness. I clung to a half-submerged vine and let the current sway me back and forth, and searching with my eyes for a chirping insect on an old fallen tree near by I suddenly saw close to my face a six-foot serpent coiled on a branch which still kept its bark above water. I did not recognize it, but it was manifestly a "hot snake" as my Dyak interpreter called poisonous species. I thought how exactly this scene would typify the deadly tropics to my stay-at-home friends. And yet here I was swimming amid the shadows of a strange tropic river, with a venomous serpent watching me, and was probably quite as safe from harm as I would have been in any millpond at home. In such a pond a snapping turtle might, in the realm of possibilities, amputate a toe or a foot, or it is far from inconceivable that a rattlesnake or a copperhead might be coiled under my clothing on the bank; I might have to climb out through a mass of poison-ivy and in my progress disturb a wasp's nest.

The serpent and I watched each other for a time with respectful interest and then I swam back to my craft and drifted slowly down-stream toward the great war canoe which was my present home.



Nobody!

For a disease with the aristocratic name of Epithelial Debris, loose dandruff is certainly democratic. At some time in life nearly everyone learns about it first hand. It respects neither age nor sex.

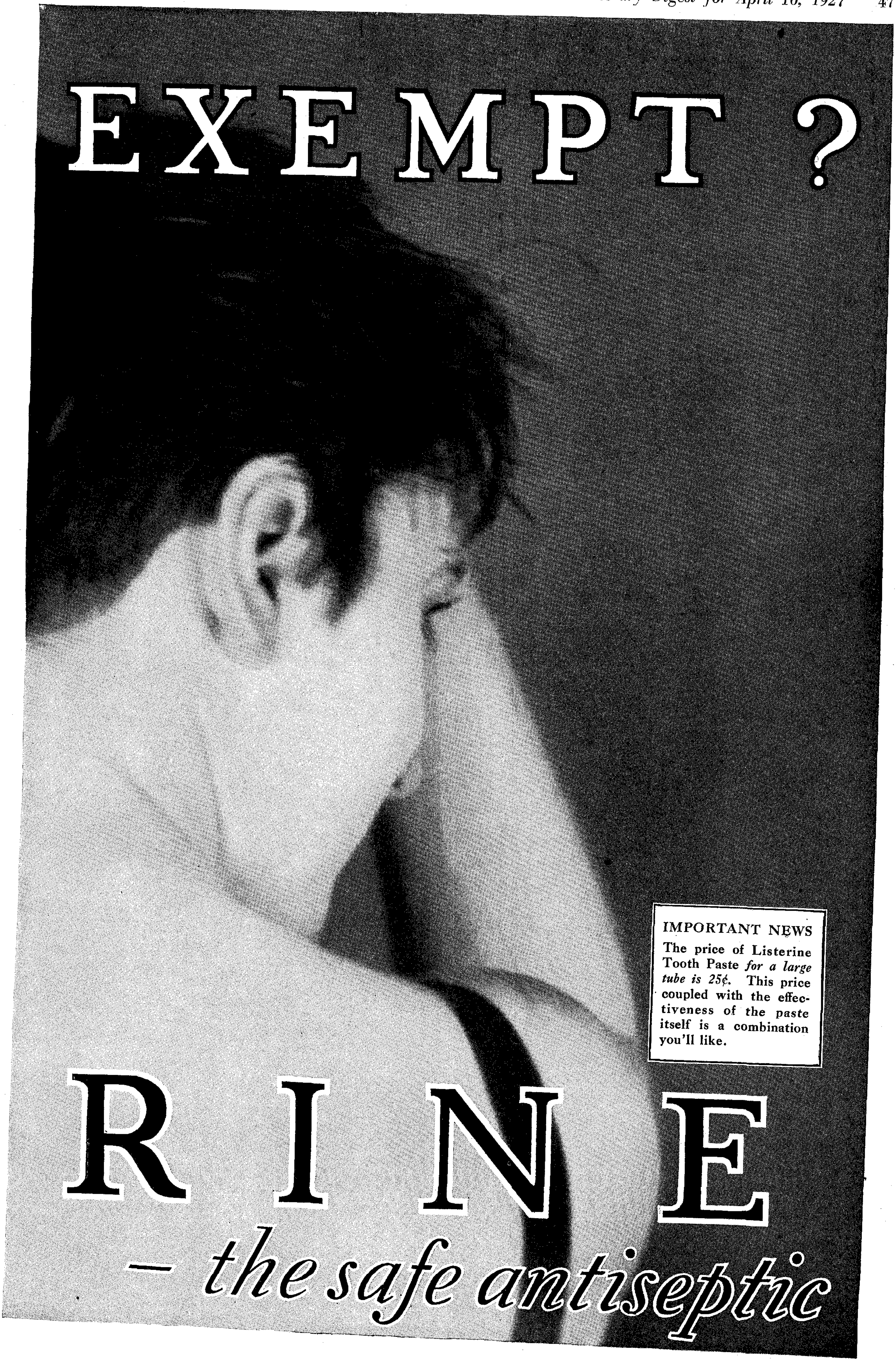
The thing to do *whenever* it appears is to go right after it with Listerine, for this humiliating condition is a warning of more serious scalp trouble.

Listerine applied to the scalp will usually accomplish amazing results in checking loose dandruff.

Douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Be systematic about it. Keep it up every day for a week or two. Except in the most stubborn cases, you will see almost immediate improvement.

And unlike most dandruff treatments, Listerine is a real delight to use. It invigorates the scalp. It allays itching. It makes the head feel clean, refreshed and cool. Moreover it doesn't leave the hair brittle and gummy.

If you show any evidence of dandruff start with Listerine today. A week from now you will be glad you did. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.


EXEMPT?
RINE
– the safe antiseptic

IMPORTANT NEWS

The price of Listerine Tooth Paste *for a large tube is 25¢.* This price coupled with the effectiveness of the paste itself is a combination you'll like.

LIGHT AS A FEATHER!

©G. S. R. C.
1927

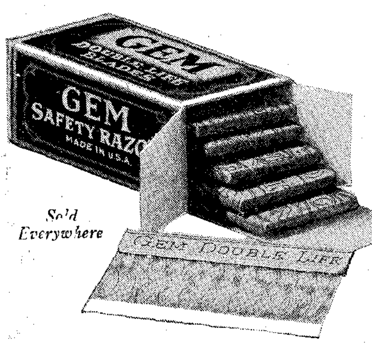
The *Light-touch* shave comes through clean

THE *new* Gem blade is so keen that the lightest touch—little more than the weight of the razor against the face—is all that is needed to remove the beard.

It shaves you so smoothly—it eliminates scratching, scraping and pulling so completely—that you first think the razor is passing *over* the whiskers instead of *through* them. What a thrill to discover that *every* hair is off *clean!*

But Gem not only has a miraculously keen edge—it *holds* that edge. It's a sturdier type of blade—thicker, heavier—reinforced with a solid steel backbone—so that it won't "give" to the "fightingest beard in town".

If you really want to shave this better way, if you are tired of using a razor that has given you the "poor blade habit"—try the Gem De Luxe Models, $1 complete at all dealers.



Want proof? All right, we'll prove! Write us, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover mailing, and a standard Gem Razor and test blades are yours with our compliments. We're glad to discuss your shave problems.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GEM *Double Life* BLADES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

I-SEE-O, THE PEACEMAKER

ALONE among his hostile red brethren stalked I-See-O, messenger of peace. For a Messiah had arisen among the Plains Indians of the West, inciting them to rebellion by his alluring prophecies of an Indian heaven on earth where there would be no white men. With great eloquence, I-See-O persuaded the Comanches and Kiowas not to participate in the subsequent uprisings, which were quelled only after considerable bloodshed, and we read in an editorial in the New York *Sun:*

The aged I-See-O, or, as the white man knew him, Plenty Fires, who died a few days ago in his tepee on the Fort Sill Military Reservation, was the last of the Kiowa Indian Scouts. It is said that he was the first of his tribe to enlist in this red man's organization, which became so valuable an arm of the cavalry service, and so long as it existed he rode boot to boot with the blue-coated troopers. At the time of his death he was the oldest active soldier in the Army. But, strange as it may seem, the special act of Congress by which he was raised to the unusual position of a regular sergeant for life was not in recognition of his military service but as a tribute to his work as a peacemaker.

He was scarcely more than seventeen when the great pow-wow of Medicine Lodge was held, yet he was one of the members of his tribe to present the Indian's side of the boundary dispute to the United States Commissioners. His counsel for a peaceful settlement of the conflicting claims prevailed; in a few years he was known to the Army and the settlers as the strongest conciliatory force among the Indians of the Great Plains. In the '80s and '90s of the last century, when the Messiah craze broke out in Nevada and spread rapidly throughout the tribes of the Northwest, its "missionaries" endeavored to arouse the Kiowa, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and other tribes to rebellion. At first they met a measurable success and the Indians of the plains were talking of reprisals and the warpath. To send an armed forced against these Indians would increase the tension, possibly cause an Indian war.

Gen. Hugh L. Scott, then a lieutenant, whose study of the red men and whose interest in their behalf had inspired their confidence and trust, undertook to visit the principal Indian villages of the southern plains. He chose I-See-O as his companion. They traveled through the Indian country, Scott using all his influence in favor of peace, I-See-O, stalking often alone into the Indian "ghost dances," gaining the attention of the hostile red men and turning them by his eloquence away from their fanaticism. In the Northwest the Messiah craze was put down only after massacres, great loss of property and finally by the disastrous battle of Wounded Knee. General Scott in a letter written in 1918 said: "It was largely through I-See-O that I got under the surface of things. He and I went about together or alone wherever the excitement was the greatest, and between us we pulled the southern Indians through that troublesome time without firing a shot."

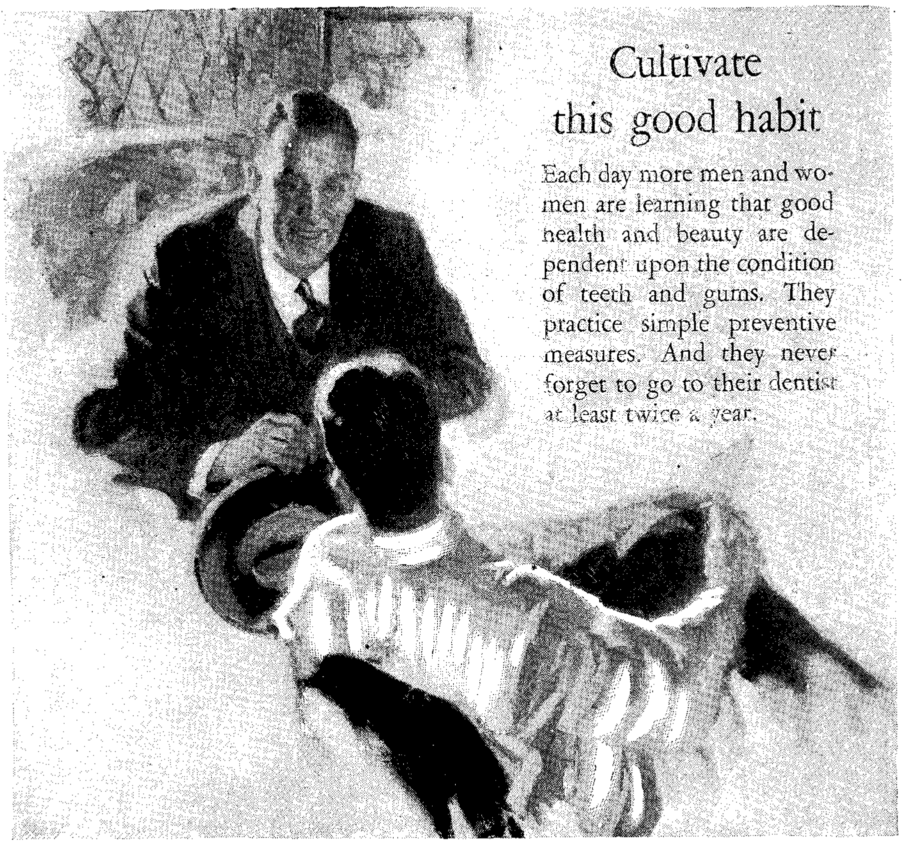
It was General Scott who came to the

relief of his old friend by recommending his appointment as sergeant for life. The position carried with it a house at the post, but I-See-O chose to live in a teepee in the shadow of Fort Sill. He donned his sergeant uniform when official occasions demanded, but he wore his hair in two long braids and in his own teepee he cherished his old blanket and the eagle feathers of the Kiowas.

SAVING THE TEXAS LONGHORNS

TEXAS longhorns are nearly extinct. The thundering herd has joined the buffalo, the six-shooter and the brass rail as a vanished part of the more or less wild life of the old West. A few specimens of "the most spectacular domesticated—or semidomesticated—animal that America has produced" will be preserved by the Government in the Wichita National Forest, Oklahoma, says *The Outlook*, and we learn further from an editorial in the New York *Evening Sun* that:

> The range set apart for the longhorn reserve herd is in what was the Indian Territory, where there are still thousands of authentic red Americans. Old-time cattlemen of the Southwest, familiar with the longhorn in its mightier day, will select the individuals to compose the herd and be a monument to a strain of taurine excellence to which the sturdy cattle upon a thousand hills give testimony.
>
> It seems only yesterday that longhorns were so numerous as apparently to be able to defy extermination. It was not only their number, great as that was, which seemed to guarantee their endurance; their hardiness, their ability to care for themselves on the range even when grass was sparse, their spirit, all combined to make superb animals of them. Survivors they were of many a long year of life in the rough country, and they seemed destined to outlast the centuries. No person who has ever seen a great herd of them thundering across a prairie, their fine horns flashing in the sunlight, would have dreamed that as a species they were destined to an end so near. Their throng seemed inexhaustible.
>
> Descendants of cattle brought to America by the early Spanish colonists, they had developed qualities which enabled them to flourish in a wild state. Their long and sharp horns equipped them to protect their calves from forays by wolves, panthers and other beasts of prey. Minimum requirements of food and water enabled them to thrive even in times of comparative drought and on pastures where cattle of less sturdy breeds would have starved. The very things which served them best in a wild state, however, served them ill in a state of domestication. After man had cleared the range of beasts of prey the long horns of the longhorns only caused them to injure one another, particularly when they were stampeded. The better food they were ultimately able to get went to building up additional bone and muscle rather than fat and milk.
>
> Curtailment of range and increased demand for heavy beef cattle caused breeders to experiment with various crosses, especially those of longhorn cows with shorthorn bulls. The result has been greatly improved stock, beasts which retain much of the hardiness of the old rovers of the prairies and exhibit the flesh-building qualities of their cousins.



Cultivate this good habit

Each day more men and women are learning that good health and beauty are dependent upon the condition of teeth and gums. They practice simple preventive measures. And they never forget to go to their dentist at least twice a year.

4 Out of 5 Pay Pyorrhea's Price

Unless a vigilant guard is kept, Pyorrhea steals into the mouth and starts its deadly work. Its poison creeps through the system. In its wake may follow rheumatism, anemia, stomach troubles and even distressing facial disfigurement.

It takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after 40 and thousands younger.

Don't fear these uneven odds. With a little care you can protect yourself against Pyorrhea. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination, once every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night.

It is the one dentifrice specifically designed to combat Pyorrhea. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for years specialized in the treatment of this disease.

Start using Forhan's for the Gums, tonight. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its course if used regularly and in time.

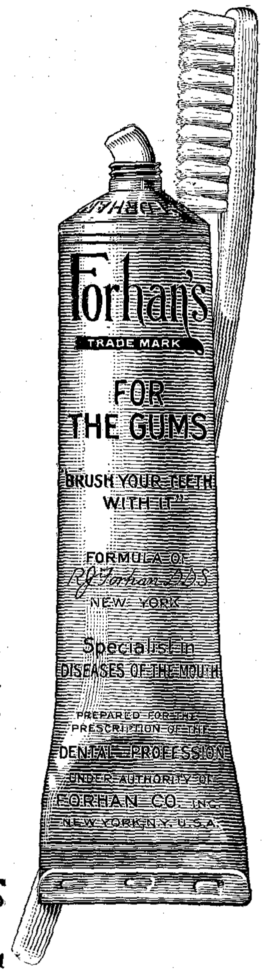
It firms gum tissue and keeps it sound. It keeps teeth snowy white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

As health insurance and protection against Pyorrhea, use Forhan's. Teach your children this good habit. Get your first tube, today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

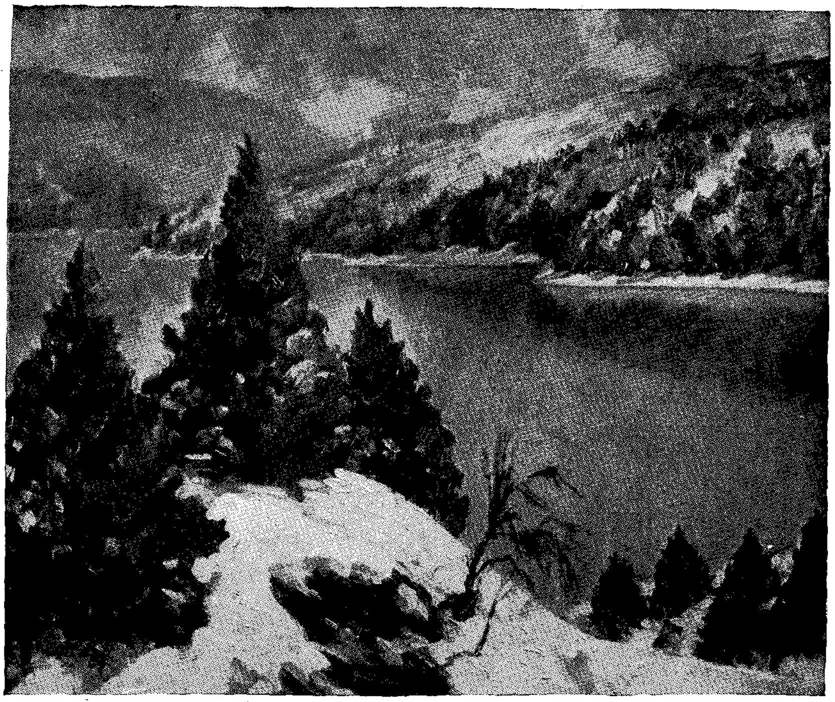


We Make This Promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their telltale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it.

FROM WOODLAND TO HOME

Pure Drinking Water



The Water Supply of a Metropolitan City

TO give you a steady supply of clean water our reservoirs are guarded with infinite care.

Pure water from woodland springs and rivulets flows sparkling into the storage basins and eventually to your home. Fir trees planted around the watershed retain moisture and help to regulate the supply. Constant vigilance keeps it clean.

When your drinking water runs from the faucet, is it *still* clean and sparkling, with a reminiscence of the woods?

It is, if your home is BRASS-piped.

Corrodible pipe takes the sparkle out of drinking water and discolors it.

Rustproof BRASS pipe gives a full clean flow of water all the time.

BRASS pipe for a $15,000 house costs about $75 more than the best corrodible pipe—and you never have to replace it.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway—New York

Write for "THE END OF RUST TROUBLES"—No charge.

METALS THAT NEVER RUST—COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

GIVING BRUIN A GOOD CHARACTER

BEARS, the common or garden variety, are not predatory animals, it would seem. First-hand information garnered by F. J. Clifford from several northwestern farmers more or less exonerates the much-maligned bruin from murderous charges, and this neglected truth is chronicled in the *Dearborn Independent*. Senator Banker, the first rancher Mr. Clifford questioned in his impromptu search for evidence, answered thus:

"My candid opinion is this: The kind of bear spoken of is a long way from being a predatory animal. Tho omniverous by nature, their main diet consists largely of berries, tender plants and green grass. I have many times seen them quietly grazing with our cattle in green mountain meadows. They did not molest the cattle, and the stock seemed little afraid of them.

"Originally, their carnivorous propensities only carried them to the eating of small animals, insects, bugs or any carcasses they might find. Through changed conditions brought about by the last several years of unprecedented drought that has curtailed much of the bear's natural forage, and the presence of dead sheep and occasional cattle that have died from wild-plant poisoning or accidentally, there are some of the big old blacks and browns that have undoubtedly turned killers.

"In the twenty-five years we have ranged cattle here, the bears have generally been very numerous. But we have never to our knowledge lost any by them until the spring of 1925, when a four-year-old cow of mine was killed by an old black bear, or it may have been some variety of grizzly. The hide and bones are at the rendezvous ranch up between the forks.

"We employed a local hunter, Jim Dodd, to watch the carcass. This is the only way we know of to find out with any degree of certainty who the guilty party is. The first two visitors were two small inoffensive-looking bears. But they were soon chased away by a big black bear. To test ownership, Dodd stept toward the carcass. The bear immediately showed fight so it was shot. By comparing claw and teeth marks, one tusk being gone, we were convinced that the right bear had been killed. As no other cattle have been killed since, we are quite positive of it.

"People who are not close observers, when finding bear feeding on carcasses, are often led to think they have discovered the real killer, when the reverse might be true. I certainly do not think common black or brown bears are predatory, neither do we have sufficient evidence at the present time to condemn them or warrant their extermination."

It might be well to mention here that Senator Banker fathered a law whereby any one in the State of Washington who finds a bear predatory can kill it without further ado.

Another man in this frontier town of Winthrop whose graying hair shows the passage of many winters is Roma Johnson, forest ranger during the summer months but hunter of coyotes and mountain lions through the winter-time. When asked if he considered the bear a predatory animal, he set aside the pack he was preparing for a trip into the smoky peaks as he answered, "I've almost lived in the forests for the last twenty-five years. I know of no instance where the common black or brown bears have killed either sheep or cattle.

"I have watched them dig out groundhogs and other burrowing animals, and have seen them roll rocks and tear rotten logs apart in search of bugs and insects—have seen them frolic and play, doing the most crazy things like the clowns they are. I don't want to see them exterminated any more than I would the deer. They are quite as timid and I find them just as harmless. They are too noble an animal to be swept from the face of the earth."

Twelve miles beyond the ranger's station was the Boswell ranch, Mr. Clifford's next stop. Its owner has many furred and feathered visitors from the wooded mountains, we are told, and—

Asked how much damage bears have done him, he answered, "Practically none, that I know of. They are rather timid animals unless made bold by hunger. At such times they may become somewhat of a menace. I am not very much for or against them."

Beyond his homestead winds a forest trail. It meanders along tumbling waters, around beetling cliffs, through virgin forests that lie as they have for hundreds of years—twelve miles of it brings us to a government forest camp. It is headquarters for the trail-builders. Beyond is nothing but a sea of mountains. The foreman at the camp is A. J. Rawley, weathered and gray, but able to outwalk and outpack many a younger man.

"I'm not much interested either way," he replied, in answer to my question concerning the bear. "The bear is not much good for eating. I've tried to make a meal on bear meat at times, but the more I chewed on a mouthful the larger it got. The hide is valued mostly as a trophy. I don't think they do much harm nor can I see where they are of much value to us."

Another man on our list is R. W. Wallace, of Spokane, one-time sheepman.

"Bears may kill sheep," he said, "but they have never killed any of mine that I know of, in all the years I ran my flocks in the mountains."

Only one dissenting voice was raised, that of U. E. Fries, a Danish settler, who is quoted as denouncing Bruin in these round terms:

"The bear is no good. The Biological Survey men will do the right thing in proclaiming the bear a predatory animal and ordering its extermination. The bear is predatory on birds or any defenseless animal. They are very much like hogs. They killed two cattle for me. I could tell it was they by their work. I have lived here for thirty-seven years, and yet fail to see where they are any good. In Norway it is a great honor to kill a bear at any time. They can not understand why the animal should be protected here. I believe they should be exterminated as I can not see where they are of any use to us."

The last interview was with Billy Robinson, of Lost River. He is a close student of nature, prospector, ex-hunter and a trapper of predatory animals only. He used to trap bears, but their evident timidity and general harmlessness so imprest him that he traps them no longer. He much prefers to watch their almost human antics. Once in a great while he manages to engage them in conversation, mostly one-sided, of course,

You are 70% Liquid—

IF YOU ARE NORMAL

It is dangerous to let your body fall below 70 per cent liquid. You become an easy victim to germs and disease. You cannot have good health.

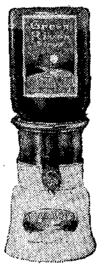
You could live without food for many days. Lacking water you soon die.

"First on life's bill of fare is water," says George A. Dorsey, Ph.D., L.L.D., in "Why We Behave Like Human Beings."

When you consult a doctor, usually he says, Drink more water, more bottled waters, more good soft-drinks. Drink oftener between meals. You will be healthier, more alert, more vital. Remember this.

Colds and constipation trouble us more than other complaints. Drink plenty of water and "soft-drinks" to offset them.

Cordley Syrup Dispensers, Cordley Beverage Coolers, and Cordley Water Coolers remind you and make it convenient for you to *drink often for health.* The gleaming, shining container of syrup or fruit juice on the soda counter—remember it? The shapely polished glass reveals the rich, appetizing color of the tempting drink. It displays the name of the drink. Certainly you order the drink it displays. You are helped to a healthy habit. You choose a standard beverage, well made, carefully distributed, properly and hygienically dispensed at the counter—get a good drink.

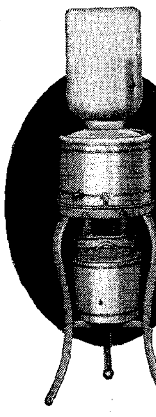


The attractive Schoenhofen Co. beverage container for Green River Syrup.

Drink more water and soft-drinks

Cordley Water Coolers are clean and inviting. Their looks promote the beneficial habit of drinking plenty of *water*—so refreshing. They are standards of health, economy and convenience. The Cordley Cooler saves ice; cools water quickly to a palatable and healthful temperature — without plunging into it ice that you can't be sure is good enough to drink. Cordley Water Coolers don't rust or leak or drip.

Mostly we do not drink enough water, because water is not always handy. Cordley Coolers make drinking water convenient.



Sometimes the Cordley Cooler displays the name of an ice company or of a bottled water famous for its good drinking qualities. But always it proclaims pleasantly and persuasively the healthy habit of drinking plenty of water.

Cordley & Hayes make water coolers in sizes for the home, as well as for factories and institutions. Ask the hardware, house-furnishing or stationery dealer in your town about Cordley Coolers.

CORDLEY

"20th Century"

Water Coolers

Soft Drink Dispensers

CORDLEY & HAYES, 2 Leonard Street, New York

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IPANA

every morning

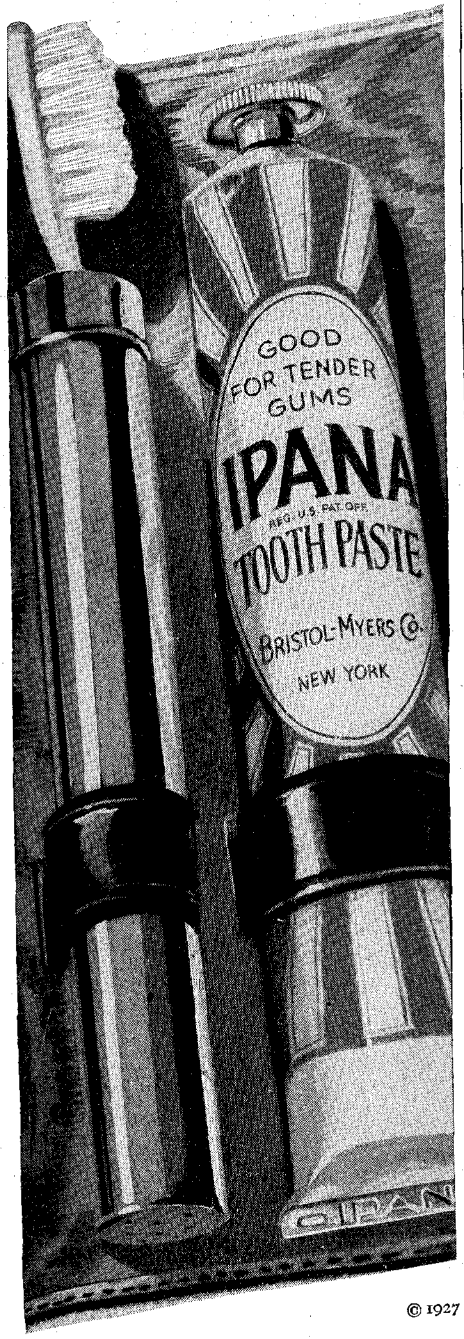
IPANA

every evening

FOR just one month brush your gums and your teeth twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

First, your teeth will become whiter, brighter and more brilliant. Next, you will see a decided improvement in the health of your gums—for Ipana's ziratol content tones the gums, making them firm and resistant to disease.

And all the while, Ipana's delicious taste and refreshing flavor will make every session with the brush a treat rather than a task!



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BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

> as their answers generally consist of shuffling about or side glances from their small sharp eyes; or squatting down with mouths stretched into silly grins and red tongues lolling, they prick up stubby ears at his loquacious remarks.
>
> "The common black or brown bear," said this disciple of the outdoors, "is not by nature a predatory animal. They have been known to kill young cattle or sheep when driven to it by hunger, and only then after becoming used to feeding on the innumerable carcasses of domestic animals that died from eating poisonous plants or were accidentally killed. Where actual killing is done, it will generally be found to be a mountain lion, timber wolf or coyote, depending on the size of the victim.
>
> "I can see no reason for condemning bears as being predatory, and certainly do not want to see them exterminated."
>
> From many years of personal observation of bruin and his work, I am convinced that he is not by nature a killer, but a creature of circumstances. He is too much of a clown, too good-natured, too indolent, to be the villain pictured in news reports. Early in the spring of 1925 an excited rancher called to say that a bear or mountain lion or something had killed a cow on top of the mountain a few miles to the north. It was rather late in the evening, but I drove there and found a young heifer dead from plant poisoning. A quantity of hide and flesh was eaten from head to shoulder, evidently the work of dogs.

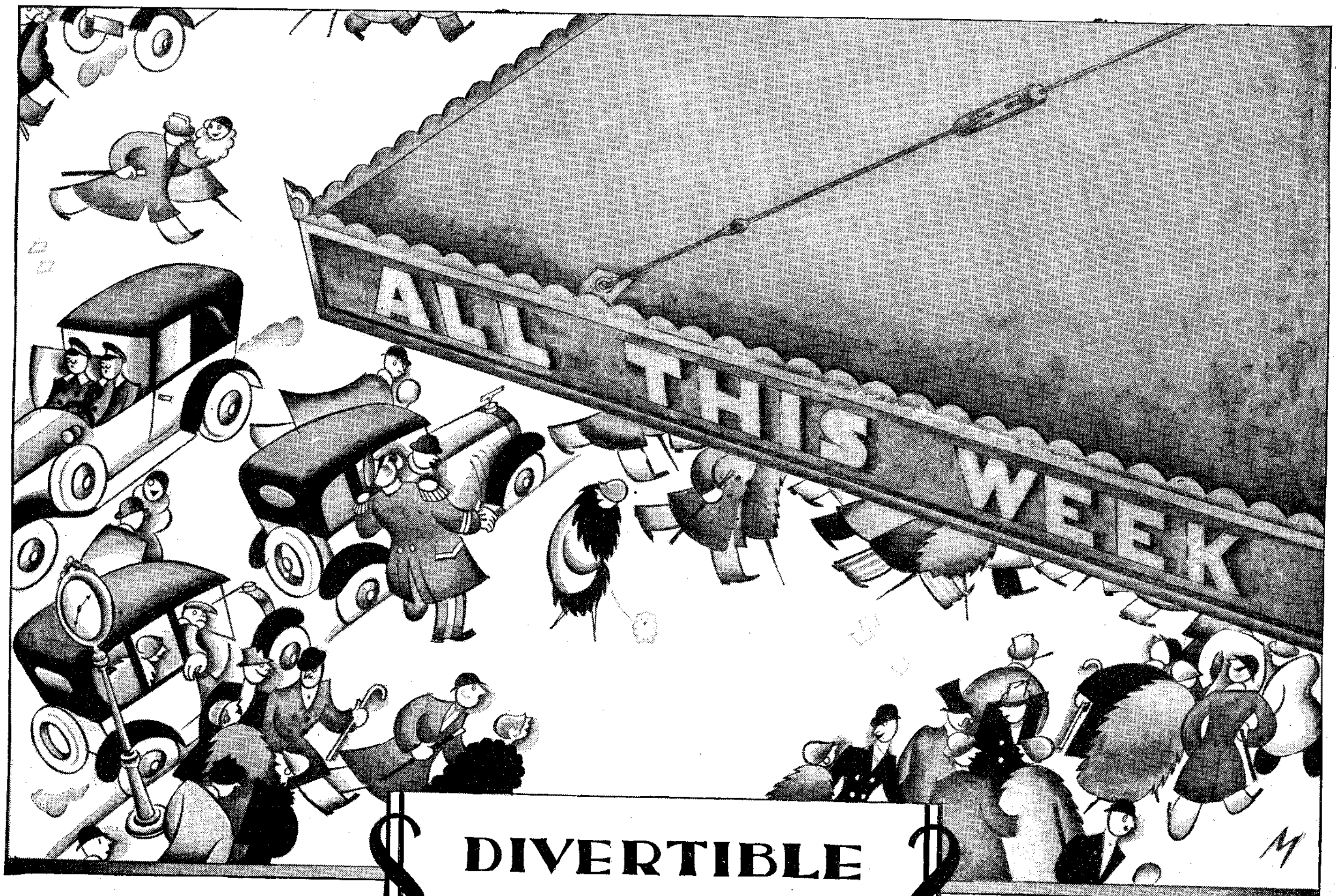
HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE YOUR POCKET PICKED

YOU are in a crowd at a street-car terminus, let us say, or a corner where many passengers wait to be picked up. When the crowd begins to surge into the car, the man just ahead of you proves to be a very awkward, fumbling, stumbling fellow, and you have no sooner begun to notice this fact than he makes a false step and half falls back on you—a clumsiness for which he apologizes with seeming sincerity but unnecessary humility. If by chance you know something of the ways of "dips," "tools" and "stalls," you will divine that you have been chosen as the victim of a pickpocket gang, and that the "awkward" fellow in front of you is one of the "stalls," while the master craftsman, the stealthy and light-fingered "tool" or "wire" is somewhere close behind you, waiting to administer the finishing stroke. But it is much more likely that you don't give a thought to pickpockets, concentrating all your irritated attention on the shambling booby in front of you. What follows is of the essence of smoothness. As described in the New York *Herald Tribune* by a judicial officer who has tried scores of pickpockets—Chief Magistrate McAdoo, of New York:

> Then the man behind him puts two fingers in the victim's pocket, pressing outwardly on the cloth so as not to touch his person, and pulls out whatever is there. Sometimes he has made a mistake and only gets a bunch of keys in a folder. A quick shift is then made to the other side of the man's person so as to locate his pocketbook or other valuables. This shift is generally made where there are three thieves. On a signal the third man comes up and operates on the other side, looking for the pocket containing the money or valuables. If they are working five-handed they practically surround the victim, so that his whole person, as it were, is scientifically explored.
>
> There are many types of pickpockets. A beginner is usually what is called a "patch-pocket worker." He works on women in certain seasons of the year when they carry their pocketbooks in their outside pockets. These are mostly young lads, and it is experimental work, something like those colleges for barbers, where you pay nothing for a shave and your beard is removed by a surgical operation at the hands of an amateur who is learning the profession.
>
> The first lad looks for a protrusion in the pocket. He is taught to have keen eyes and good judgment as to whether or not this bulk is valuable or otherwise. The second fellow feels the pocket to judge of its contents. The third fellow, who is the field teacher and has experience, will approach the woman, possibly with a paper or coat over his hand and extract the contents of the pocket.

If you ever had your pocket picked, did you report the fact to the police? The Chief Magistrate asks the question, and hazards the conjecture that the victims answering it in the negative would be numerous. He continues:

> In all probability you had not the slightest knowledge as to who did the stealing. You remember that you got on a crowded car or attended some public assemblage. Or rode in a subway. Possibly you recollect that at some time and place you were pushed by a very polite man who apologized for stumbling against you. There is nothing you could tell the police which would lead to the capture of the thief.
>
> There are, therefore, no accurate figures by way of statistics as to the number of people in large cities who during the year have had their pockets picked or lost rings and jewelry from their persons. We know, however, that the total losses, especially in any large American city, in money and valuables amount to a great sum. Were it otherwise, there would not be so many men and women professional pickpockets who are successful enough to afford expensive lawyers, high bail and idle and expensive living, aside from the money they throw away on gambling and other vices.
>
> Pickpockets are known in the underworld as "dips," and a pickpocket who specializes in picking from women is known as a "moll buzzer." All policemen are known to pickpockets and other crooks as "bulls." The victims are known as "chumps" and "suckers." Crooks in general are known as "guns" and "cannon." When operating, the pickpocket who actually inserts his hand in the pocket or bag is known as the "tool." The man who shades him while he is operating, so as to prevent detection, is known as the "stall." Others are known according to the position they occupy while the pocket is being picked as "wires" or "hooks."
>
> When a pickpocket is put on the stand, as a witness, it is my practise to make him show his hands. When he tells me that



$ DIVERTIBLE DOLLARS ¢

YOU can see them any night drawn to the glittering door of a moving picture theatre . . . you can see them waiting in long, patient lines before the opera . . . crowding around train gates . . . jammed in stadia . . . or even sitting on soap boxes in the dawn, long hours before the World Series starts.

Escaping from the circle of every-day life, eager for the softening touch of romance or the excitement of sport, millions of people gladly pay enormous sums every year at their chosen gateways to happiness. They are willing and eager to pay the motor-car and railway companies to carry them to new and fascinating places. They keep a single drama alive for years. They buy their way, multitudes of them, into the silent audiences of the radio. They have spent money in theatres in such quantities that the amusement industry now ranks seventh.

And this is only the icing on the cake. These are luxuries. Long before a motor trip can be taken, a fur coat worn to a football game, or a beautiful pair of slippers go dancing down the aisle of a moving picture theatre . . . other and less entertaining demands of life must be met. And here, between the luxuries and the bare necessities of life, is an enormous reservoir of spending money, divertible money . . . going for food, for household devices, for furniture, education, homes, insurance and dozens of other practical purposes. And in this enormous middle field of buying, advertising, by its power to attract and divert this money, again completely justifies its place as one of the most important factors in modern business promotion.

Manufacturers and merchants who sell in this middle field of buying use advertising with boldness and with skill. And they keep everlastingly at it. They advertise steadily, and their advertising is continuously interesting and attractive. For they know that the name of a coffee or tea can be made as popular as the name of a movie star, and with a much more faithful following . . . that a brand of cereal can be advertised in so convincing and pleasant a manner that it is half-sold before it is even seen or tasted . . . that the name of an ironing machine can be made synonymous with leisure. And that stores, as well as theatres, can be filled by capturing the imaginations and stirring the hearts of the people next door.

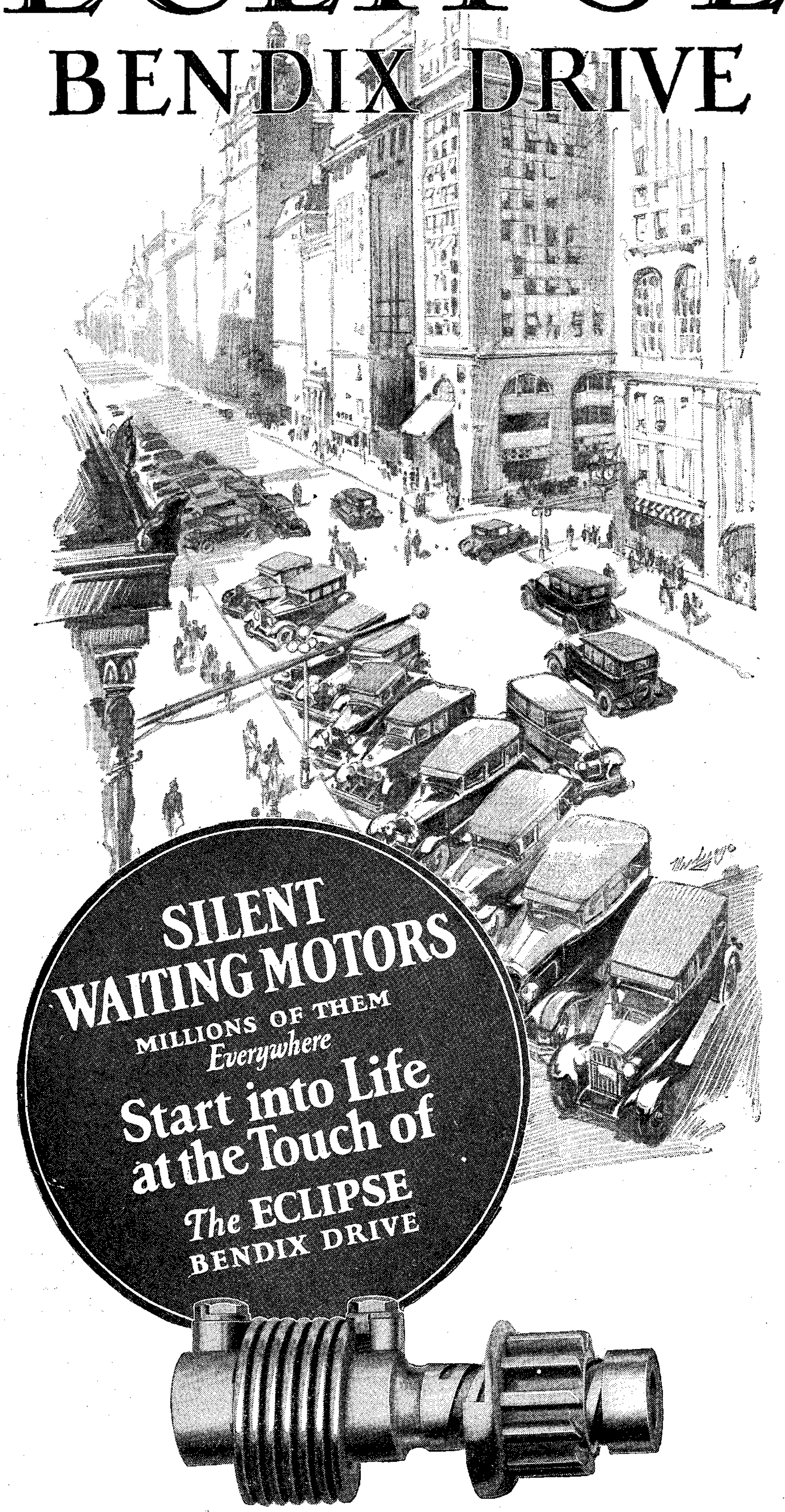
N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

ECLIPSE

BENDIX DRIVE



"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

he is a blacksmith or a carpenter, his soft, carefully kept, uncalloused hands and flexible fingers always betray him.

How and where do pickpockets operate? The subways invite pickpockets because of the congestion and comparatively dim lights. Here is the way two pickpockets will operate. One pickpocket, having located the pocket in which the victim is carrying his pocketbook, takes his stand by the man on the side where the pocket is located.

The "stall" stands behind him so as to shade him while he is operating and prevent people back of them from seeing the pickpocket's hand at work. Then, after the man called the "tool" has picked the pocket he quickly passes the book to the "stall," who at once goes off with it. If the victim discovers his loss he grabs the first man behind—the "tool," who immediately expresses himself indignantly and demands that he be searched. By this time the man carrying the pocketbook has disappeared.

In the department stores most pickpockets are women. In the five-and-ten-cent stores both men and women work. A woman pickpocket has a better chance in a department store because she is naturally a slower buyer than a man. She can examine articles, stand around the counter, and drag out her inspections indefinitely without arousing suspicion, whereas a man is a comparatively quick buyer. In the five-and-ten-cent stores, which are generally well filled, both men and women pickpockets have an equal chance.

At matinees, in theaters and motion-picture houses the pickpockets are mostly men and they operate on the women either in the audience or outside on public conveyances that take people to the theaters.

A woman gets into a motion-picture theater probably about two o'clock or a little later in the afternoon, when the picture is beginning and when the house is not well filled. If there is a vacant chair next to her she will sometimes take off her hat and coat and lay them upon it, with her pocketbook. A man or woman pickpocket takes a seat behind her, puts a foot up and tilts the seat on which she has placed her valuables.

Of course, the pocketbook, which is the heaviest of the articles, falls to the ground. Just before it drops it is caught and passed to a confederate—man or woman. If the partner is a woman she places the bag over her arm and together the partners walk to the next theater to repeat the operation.

Does a professional pickpocket ever reform? I doubt it. I have never known one who had deliberately embarked on such a career of crime to become permanently reformed.

The pickpocket has deliberately trained himself to picking pockets with as much care as a professional pianist or other instrumentalist. He has trained all his senses, and especially he must be supple and deft in the use of his hands.

Once a boy or girl, however young, has trained himself or herself for this style of pilfering or stealing, I believe they should thereafter be kept in more or less continual custodial care.

When I was in London some years ago I was told by a gentleman that there was then a school for pickpockets in full operation, and that I should see it in action. When it was discovered that I was a former Police Commissioner of New York, the invitation was canceled. He told me, however, that on one occasion he saw there a woman whose dress was covered entirely with very small bells, which were also attached to her handbag and pocket. The students practised upon her, opening a bag, pilfering her pocket, extracting its contents and brushing against her without alarming her by the tinkling of the bells.

HOW ONE LOCOMOTIVE CHASED ANOTHER—STOLEN BY RAIDERS

WHEN the northbound train stopt at Big Shanty, and its passengers and crew alighted for lunch, the Andrews raiders uncoupled the "General"—such was the proud name of the wood-burning engine that hauled the train—and rode away at top speed to burn the bridges and destroy the communications of the Confederacy. And the mad pursuit of the stolen locomotive by another one was one of the picturesque incidents of the Civil War, a familar story to the older generation. It is recalled in the Atlanta *Journal* by Willard Neal, who writes:

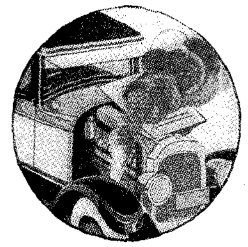
> Living in Atlanta is a man who saw the Andrews Raiders hanged here in 1862 as spies.
>
> He is Charles S. Jones, of 140 South Pryor Street, and at the time he was an employee of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Later, he was put in charge of the Georgia records and archives when they were removed to South Carolina for safe-keeping.
>
> "There were two executions," he said, "and nearly everybody in Atlanta turned out to the first one. The first of the raiders were hanged at the corner of Peachtree Street and Ponce de Leon Avenue, where the Georgian Terrace hotel now stands. The remainder of the band were put to death later at Fair Street and Park Avenue, across from Oakland cemetery, a tree being used as the gallows.
>
> "The Andrews Raiders, drest in civilian clothes or Confederate uniforms, stole the engine 'General' near Marietta, and started for Chattanooga, meaning to burn bridges and to tear up the tracks behind them, but were overtaken by the 'Texas' and captured by Southern soldiers.

Here the veteran railroad man told of the stealing of the "General" at Big Shanty, and of what followed. Thus:

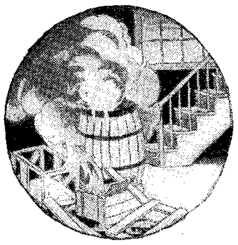
> "Capt. William Allen Fuller, the conductor in charge of the train, saw his engine leaving, and set out on foot with some of his train crew. They found a hand-car, which they rode to Etowah, where they exchanged it for a rickety old engine, and at Kingston gave up this engine for the 'Texas,' an express locomotive. The 'Texas' was headed south, however, and had to be run backward throughout the chase.
>
> "The raiders had thrown cross-ties across the tracks, which made pursuit extremely dangerous, but the railroad men, by desperate driving, succeeded in gaining on the raiders without wrecking their own engine. I think they knocked some of the obstacles off the track and stopt to lift away others.
>
> "Andrews halted to cut the telegraph

"Now we know that fires are not all alike!"

Extra-hazardous fires *of oil—grease—gasoline—can be surely controlled only by "smothering." The clinging Firefoam from* Foamite *appliances does this most effectively.*



Automobile fires *and fires in live electrical equipment may be stifled under heavy gas, as with the discharge from a* Fire-Gun.



Ordinary fires *of wood, paper, rubbish, can be put out with the* Childs *(Soda-Acid) Extinguisher, or the* Foamite *Extinguisher.*

"WE were protected—more or less!" said the Plant Manager. "Had a dozen fire extinguishers in the place. They worked all right on another fire, a while ago. Someone cautioned us at that time—but we didn't listen. Now we know that fires are not all alike!"

Months of idleness, while salaries and taxes continue and customers go elsewhere!

You are not protected against such a setback unless you have the right kind of fire extinguishing method in the right place.

Instead of buying whatever is offered as an "all-purpose" first-aid device, make sure of getting safeguards that are scientifically correct for your particular hazards!

Foamite-Childs fire protection engineers can recommend and supply such safeguards. They are expert and *unprejudiced.* The company behind them makes *every type* of fire protection appliance.

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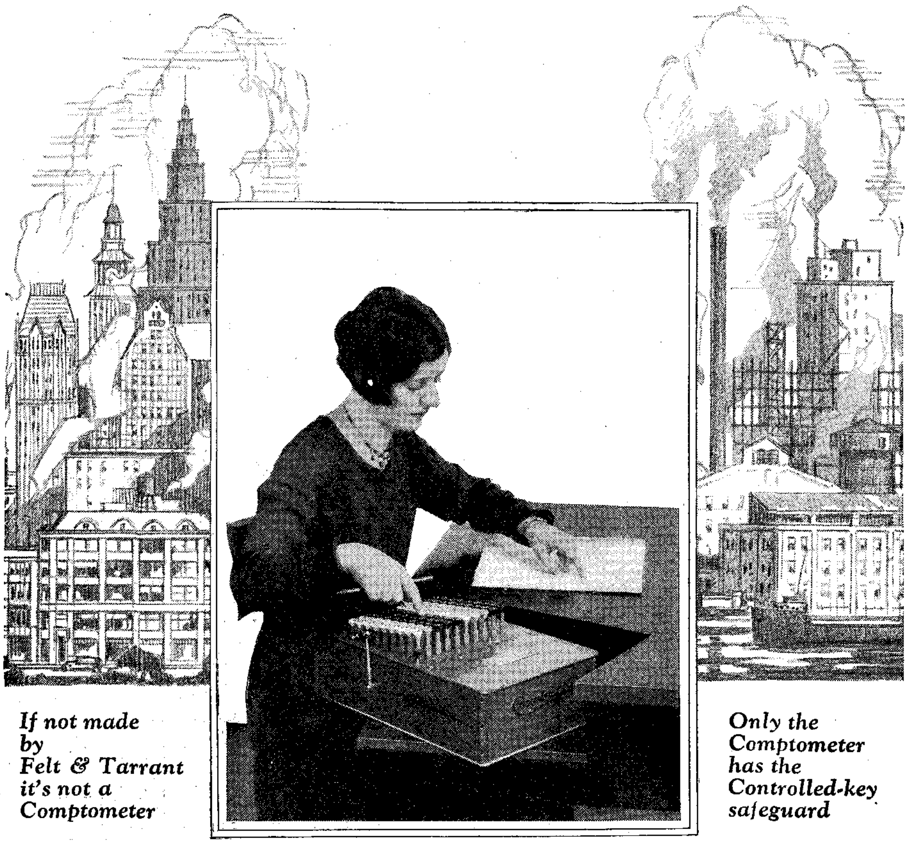

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The Comptometer, with a trained operator, will do more figure work at less cost than any other combination.

Even if you have no more than two or three hours of figure work, still the Comptometer, with a trained operator devoting part time to other clerical work, will likewise handle the combined jobs at less cost than any other combination.

To make the combination effective, we maintain over 100 Comptometer Schools from which we supplied last year to employers, without charge, 21,702 trained operators.

Challenge the nearest Comptometer man to prove these claims by actual performance on portions of every day work in your own office. No expense, no obligation. If not in your phone book under Felt & Tarrant, write us direct.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

wires immediately after leaving Big Shanty, and tore down the lines after passing other stations. Captain Fuller realized that he was pressing the train ahead, and pulled a telegraph operator on to the engine without stopping as he passed through Calhoun. He wrote out a message for the operator and dropt him off the train as they passed through the next station.

"The raiders had neglected to cut the wires at this point, and the message went through, so that Ringgold was warned soon enough to put on a mild demonstration, letting the raiders learn that their identity was known.

"Not far from Ringgold the 'Texas' came upon the stolen engine. It had been deserted by the raiders, who had taken to the woods. I do not know whether they had used up all their wood, or, knowing that they were discovered, realized that they could not possibly get through.

"Two companies of Confederate soldiers were being made up along the line, and as their first job they were sent to round up the raiders. Andrews and his eight men were brought to Atlanta, where they were given a speedy court-martial and hanged as spies.

"The incident created a furor here. I was baggage master on the Western railroad at the time, and was either in Atlanta or somewhere on the road when the engine was stolen. The city was all excitement. It was the first time the effects of the war had been brought home to us.

"I do not remember how soon the trial was held, but it was immediately after the raiders were caught. They were convicted as spies. Four or five, including Andrews, were hanged at Peachtree and Ponce de Leon, with nearly everybody in Atlanta looking on.

"The hanging took place on a mound, which afforded a very good view to the spectators. I do not remember whether there was a tree, or whether a scaffold was built, but the men were placed upon the back of a wagon, which was driven out from under them when a signal was given.

"There is an old story that Andrews helped to hang himself by advice that he gave to his executioners. He was a tall, fine looking man, and according to the story, he realized that when he dropt from the wagon his feet would touch the ground. When he told his executioners about this, it was said that they dug a hole for him to fall into.

"I doubt the truth of this story, for I do not remember their digging a hole. It is possible that they might have shortened the rope a little, but I am certain no dirt was removed.

"The remainder of the raiders were hanged from a limb at Fair Street and Park Avenue, soon afterward. It might have been next day, and I am sure it was not more than a week later. They were not all hanged at once, because they were not tried together. The first group was executed before the second was tried.

"Andrews's men all went to their deaths bravely, with never a prayer for mercy or explanation of their deeds. Very little, if anything, was ever learned about them, even during their court-martial trial. It was thought that they probably lived in Kentucky, and came here from the Army in Tennessee, but nobody ever learned for sure, and it was never ascertained how they got to Big Shanty. Captain Fuller did not remember having them among his passengers, altho it is possible they might have been on the train from Atlanta or Marietta.

"They remained silent throughout the trial, it was said. They probably realized that nothing they said would aid their cause, and they saw the effect to be gained by a proud refusal to talk.

"It is a fact that they had attempted one of the most daring deeds in the history of war, and but for the quick work of Captain Fuller, they might have accomplished their purpose of burning the railroad bridges and tearing up the tracks, thus stopping transportation behind the Confederate lines. As it was, the only thing they did was get themselves hanged and slightly disrupt the train schedules for one day."

Besides putting a new element of romance into railroading and furnishing a classic war anecdote, the kidnaping of the "General" brought about better war-time protection of trains. The railroads became cautious immediately after the raid, and watches established then were never lifted until the close of the war, continued Jones, and went on to relate:

"Two companies of militia were formed of the employees of the Western, one under Captain Fuller and the other commanded by Capt. J. R. Wylie, who died in Atlanta last month. War-time regulations were made so strict that passes from some one in authority were required before tickets could be purchased.

"Railroading was a quiet but a busy job after the raiders were caught, until Sherman began his march to the sea. When Atlanta was seen to be in danger the headquarters of the Western were moved to Grisolville, where the offices were kept until Stoneman's raid, in which three cars were burned.

"Then the offices were moved to Three-and-a-Half, a station thirty-five miles this side of Savannah. Sherman had approached so close to Atlanta by this time that the capitol was seen to be in danger, and all the records and archives were loaded into a train of ten cars. I was given ten men to act as guard, and was placed in charge of the rolling library, which we transferred to Columbia, South Carolina, by way of Savannah, and then up the coast, to get out of Sherman's reach.

"My hardest work came after the war closed. We were set to repairing the damage done by the Union troops, who destroyed about fifty miles of track on the Western road and about twenty miles on the Georgia and West Point.

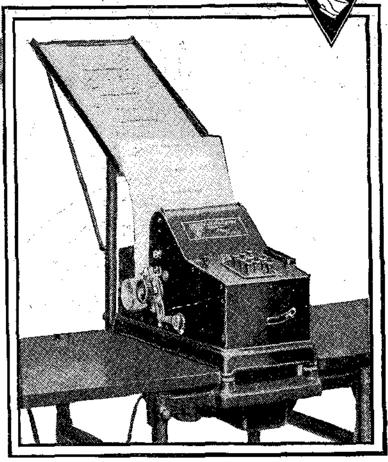
"The Federals were thorough in their destruction. They built great fires of the ties and heated the rails. Then they wrapt the hot iron around trees, bending them several times around so that the trees had to be cut down before we could slip them off. Some of the rails were not coiled on trees, but all were heated and bent until they had to be heated again before they could be straightened out.

"The Government helped the railroads in repairing the tracks, but no new rails were to be had. We had to straighten all the old ones until they were level enough for trains to move over in safety. The Government paid for the labor, but in some manner the records got mixed up and three or four of us who worked on the job never got our money."

Business houses everywhere are in the bondage of this Reign of Terror

Put an end to Payroll Banditry for good by using this modern system

Trade-mark Todd



The Todd Super-Speed

Like some ancient vandal chieftain who ruthlessly took human lives, in order to gain his ends, the gunman today exacts from American business the lives of those employees who handle payroll cash.

No business that pays employees by cash is free from this tyranny of America's most vicious criminal organization. Almost daily, in cities small and great, payroll bandits shoot to kill—*inside offices as well as on the street.* They want money—*cash*—and will not be thwarted by guards, iron bars or even retaliatory gunfire.

Free your business from the despotism of payroll banditry. Pay-by-check and thereby save your funds . . . and above all the lives of your faithful employees.

Install the Todd System

Through the use of Todd Protectographs and Todd Checks, your payroll problem can be efficiently and economically handled. And the work can be done at an amazing speed by using our latest Protectograph—the Todd Super-Speed.

This machine is built on an entirely new principle. It is unequaled in speed and simplicity of operation. With it, a reasonably experienced operator can write in the amount line at the rate of 1000 checks an hour. *It is a labor-saver, a time-saver, a money-saver.*

1 *The Protectograph* eliminates a large percentage of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts.* The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

2 *Todd Greenbac Checks,* with their patented self-canceling features, eliminate another major source of possible check losses by preventing *change of payee's name, date and number* and *"counterfeiting."* Countless imprints of the word "VOID" appear the instant the forger's acid is applied.

3 *Standard Forgery Bonds* cover the remaining check-fraud possibilities, namely, forgery of signature and forgery of endorsement. Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company.

The Super-Speed and other Todd Protectographs write in words and figures—in two colors. The forger cannot alter them because the imprint is shredded into the very fiber of the paper. And if you use Todd Greenbac Checks, and Standard Forgery Bonds, every cent of your funds has a triple protection against loss, and your checks are cashed by local tradesmen without hesitation or risk.

A Todd expert is ready to demonstrate the Super-Speed for you. And our handbook — "Modern Payroll Practice"—will open your eyes to the advantages of the Todd Pay-by-Check System. No other book on the subject is so complete and authoritative. Efficiency experts would charge you a large sum for similar information. The handbook will be sent *free* to every executive sending the coupon attached to his letterhead. The Todd Company, Protectograph Division. (Est. 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

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TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

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Protectograph Division
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Gentlemen: Please send me a *free* copy of "Modern Payroll Practice."

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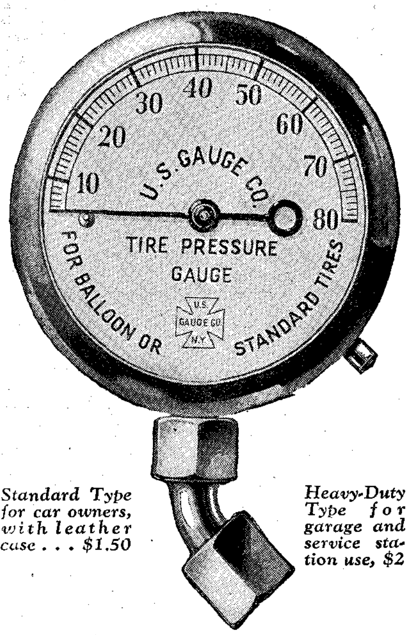
100% correct inflation is a NECESSITY with BALLOON TIRES



Standard Type for car owners, with leather case . . . $1.50

Heavy-Duty Type for garage and service station use, $2

TO BE sure of the riding comfort and maximum mileage that balloon tires are designed to give, inflation must be 100% correct—and so maintained by testing regularly with an *accurate* tire gauge!

The U. S. TIRE GAUGE is *guaranteed accurate to the pound!* It is easy to read, handy to use, rugged in construction and fits all types of wheels. The crystal is unbreakable.

Begin *NOW* to safeguard your tires with a U. S. TIRE GAUGE! Insist on getting the U. S. TIRE GAUGE at your dealer's and *accept no other.* If he cannot supply you, order direct.

U.S. GAUGE CO. N.Y.

This trade-mark on the dial identifies the original watch-type tire gauge. Ask for the U. S. TIRE GAUGE by name and refuse substitutes.

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All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

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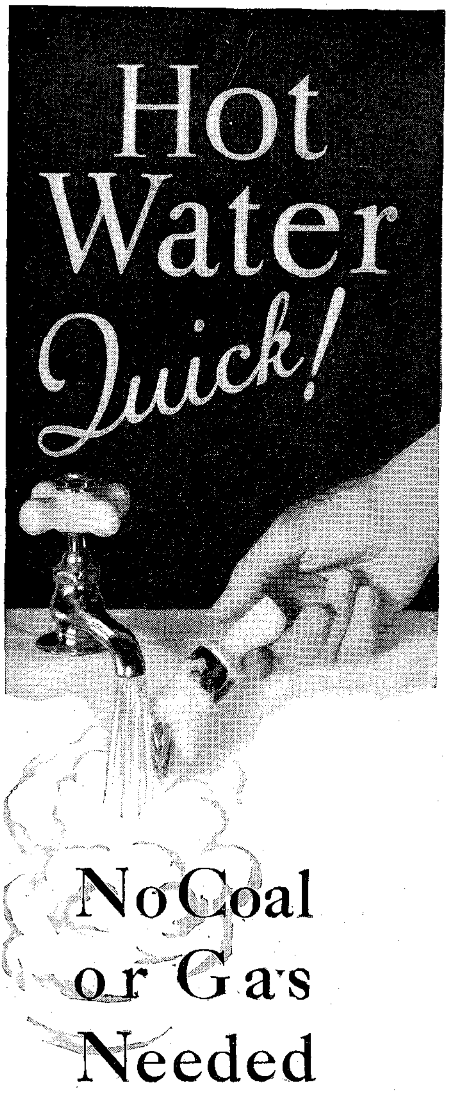
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

YOU SPEAKEE PIDGIN ENGLISH PLENTY GOOD-FELLER?

IF YOU have knocked about the South Sea Islands, you probably do; if not, you might listen to a rapid conversation in that curious lingo, and never recognize a single word or phrase—never realize that you were not hearing an entirely alien speech, instead of a jargon concocted from your mother tongue. So declares Jack McLaren, a writer of South Sea tales. Expounding the matter in a London *Daily Mail* article, he remarks that usually the white resident in a black man's country learns the native speech. But, he goes on:

> In many parts of the South Pacific the native languages are so numerous, limited and local that it has been found easier to let the natives struggle along with the white man's tongue than for the white man to struggle with theirs.
>
> The result is beche-de-mer English—so named because its first development was on board the boats of pearlers and fishers for beche-de-mer (trepang, a sort of sea slug)—a language full of all manner of quaint compromises and inventions.
>
> One peculiarity is that it describes most objects by stating that they are quite different objects belonging to something. Thus, a thimble is "hat belong finger," and an envelop "trousers belong letter," and a horseshoe becomes "boot belong horse."
>
> With less concrete things it is much the same; hunger, for example, is "stomach belong me walk 'bout plenty." Cumbersome and indirect, perhaps, but remarkably expressive!
>
> Yet sometimes it has a perfect directness. Thus: "You been see my towel belong letter (blotting paper)?" "No, Marster." "Oh, you not been see it?" "Yes." Which, of course, is quite correct.
>
> Another peculiarity is the addition of words in the manner of suffixes. If you want to call some one a good man, you must call him a "good-feller man," and a big feast becomes a "big-one feast," and so on. Some of this is due to need for emphasis, but the natives' innate sense of rhythm has as much to do with it.
>
> Indeed, beche-de-mer English has a distinct pulse in it. A little while ago I wrote a book of verse in it, and was astonished to find how naturally and easily the words and phrases rhythmed.
>
> Still another peculiarity is that seldom is any tense other than the present used. This would seem to make for confusion, but actually it is not so.
>
> So common has this curious tongue become that in some of the French islands the Frenchmen have had to learn it in order to converse with the natives. It is amusing to hear them struggling with it—the only English they know. A beche-de-mer French is not possible, apparently.
>
> The language is usually spoken very quickly, and with the words so run one into another, and the accents misplaced that tourists and others often mistake it for a native tongue, never dreaming that the natives using it proudly believe they are speaking the purest English "plenty good-feller!"



WITH the Perfection Kerosene Water Heater—hot water for shaving in 5 minutes, for washing dishes in 10 minutes, for a bath in 30 minutes!

You don't have to keep the coal fire going when you want a lot of hot water. No fussing with the teakettle either for shaving or dishes! Just light the Perfection Water Heater. No smoke. No odor.

For homes, too, without water pressure. Our new system enables you to get hot water from the kitchen pump.

Not expensive

Four models—reasonably priced. Two have thermostats which put out the flame when the tank is hot. One has a 30 gallon "Stay Hot" storage tank. This keeps the water hot for 36 hours. They all burn kerosene—the cheap fuel.

Free Booklet

Ask your plumber or write for description and prices.

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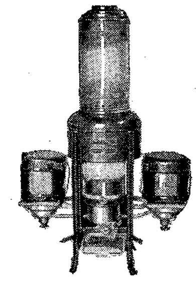

Hot water for shaving in 5 minutes! Model 421

PERFECTION
Kerosene Water Heaters

GUNWOMAN BELLE STAR, THE CALAMITY JANE OF TEXAS

HALF the city of Dallas turned out to see her ride a dashing mare down the street, "her correct little hat set atop her mop of hair and her riding-skirt falling gracefully down over her feet and almost sweeping the black mud of unpaved streets with its length." Great men came "to talk to her, to buy horses from her, and finally to make love to her"; but bouncing Belle, the buckjumping banditette, so to speak, the female Robin Hood of the great southwest, was sufficiently mid-Victorian in those days to be rather circumspect with the sterner sex. She lived up to her riding-skirt and her side-saddle. She was content to "show the ladies a thing or two in the way of riding." And she laughed, adds Vivian Richardson, celebrating Belle's prowess on a feature page of the Dallas *Morning News*. Sheer love of life, activity and danger seems to have been the source of her laughter. As we read:

> Long before the States rang with her name and echoed to the tales of her deviltry Myra Belle Shirley—so christened by a gentle Missouri father who raised thoroughbred horses for a living—defied the Federal Army. That, too, was long before Dallas sat at her feet, and before the city saw her send five poker players to church "to better their hands."
>
> There was nothing usual about Belle Starr, as she afterward became known. Men talked only of her beauty and women of her prowess as a rider. Yet back in the Indian Territory they called her the "Bandit Queen," asleep to the fact that she who met death as spectacularly as she lived, was born to dare and lead as one of the first advocates of women's rights. For with all her bravado and banditry, Belle always retained her belief in the rightness of church and the fitness of women for men's shoes.
>
> Belle began her startling career along with the Civil War. She had just turned sixteen when Major Enos, a Federal commander, detained her at her relative's home where she was visiting, while a detachment of his men proceeded to Carthage, Missouri, to capture her brother, reported to be a member of Quantrell's band of guerrillas. Up and down the log-cabin room she raged while the Major sat and laughed. She threatened him with all sorts of vengeances, but he only sat admiring her flashing eyes until he thought his men had had sufficient start. Then he released her and went his way.
>
> But not for nothing had Myra Belle ridden the hills and valleys of Missouri for half her sixteen years. Carthage, her home, lay thirty-five miles away by the road, and the time was short. She mounted her horse, took short cuts across the country, and reached Carthage in time to warn her brother and get him safely out of reach. When Major Enos followed his men into town and heard the story, he smiled again.
>
> "That girl is a born guerrilla," he said admiringly, which, after all, was a significant compliment coming from the enemy of the guerrillas, the most rebellious of the rebels in 1862.
>
> Four years later she was married. Her husband, Jim Reed, having killed his brother's slayer as befitted the time and the country, but not the laws of Missouri, soon had to leave the country, and he wrote Belle

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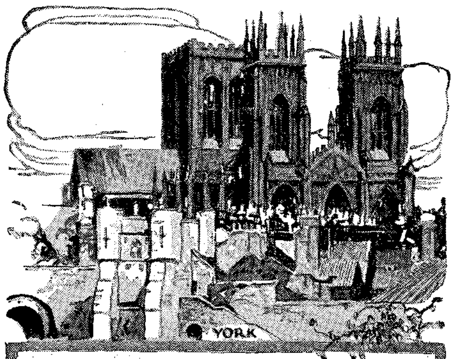

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> to join him in Los Angeles. Belle, ever ready to do something new, left her Missouri farm and its thoroughbred horses in care of a renter and went to her husband. But the call of the primitive ever beat in their ears and in a short while they were back in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. Belle—Myra had long since been dropt from her name—spent part of the time with her children on the Missouri stock farm and part of the time with Jim Reed in the Indian Territory.
>
> Those must have been happy days for Belle, despite the fact that her husband was a fugitive in a land of fugitives. Tom Starr, a prominent Cherokee Indian, had given Reed protection and the run of his teepee so that Belle came to know many of the Indians as well as other people of the Territory. At that time dancing afforded the only amusement the inhabitants of the country had, so dance they did. Along with many others who were "scouting"—the popular term for hiding from the officers—Belle and her husband Jim rode the trails to many a "shindig" of the Territory. Sometimes a young son of Tom Starr, a mere lad called Sam, rode on the horse behind Belle to these affairs, where the custom was to
>
> "Dance all night 'til broad daylight,
> And go home with the girls in the morning."

Perhaps this carefree life might have gone on indefinitely had not Jim Reed joined one of the many gangs of outlaws with which the Indian Territory was infested at that time, remarks the chronicler, adding:

> Perhaps the Missouri stock farm was not paying to suit him or perhaps Jim, already outlawed in his own State, merely caught the "high finance" germ of the country and decided to take the "easy" way to fortune.
>
> There followed many robberies in the Territory and in the adjacent States. Some persons accused the Reed gang of gross banditry, while others thought them modern Robin Hoods who robbed only the wealthy.
>
> In 1875, after visiting Belle and his children in Missouri, Reed set out again "a-scouting," this time to Texas. But he had hardly arrived in the Lone Star State, before John Morris, a pal who had accompanied him from Missouri, betrayed and shot him near McKinney, in Collin County.
>
> Then was the adventurous Belle free again. After a year of widow's weeds, she rented her farm and came to Texas. Invading the young city of Dallas with her high-stepping thoroughbreds trailed out behind her, Belle took the town by storm. She had always been beautiful and possest of a knowledge of dress. Now, launched in a comfortable business she seemed doubly so. Men marveled at her horses, which were the best in the town, and won race after race on the tracks of the neighborhood, and women looked with envy on her carriages and her frocks, always the newest and the most fashionable.
>
> She was not long content, however, with race-track winnings and the admiration of conventional society. She liked unusual people and unusual things, so it seems only natural that at last a choice circle of admirers gathered around her. Jack Spaniard, Jim French, and Blue Duck were

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prominent in this circle, altho the first two names were perhaps no more truly the names of the gentlemen who bore them than was the more obvious nickname of Blue Duck. It was Blue Duck, too, who was responsible for the church episode. With four others, he got into an argument over a poker game in the Starr stable. Blue Duck's gun hand was quick, but not so quick that Belle's eyes failed to see its move. Before the other four players realized what had happened, Blue Duck had pulled the gun and Belle had snatched it away from him. She stood by the table, the angry man's pistol held calmly but capably in her right hand.

"Lay your artillery there on the table, the rest of you," she commanded in such a tone that the players complied. "I'm tired of all this squabbling over nothing. Real men don't die over poker games."

Then, picking up the four weapons from the table, she marched into her office and locked them safely in her desk. That it was no joke the players quickly saw when she refused to return their "artillery" after several minutes' persuasion.

"I'm tired of this squabbling," she repeated. "What you all need is a change of scenery and a better hand. I think you will find the change of scenery at the church on the hill."

"Church?" echoed the five offenders.

"Yes," said the Bandit Queen. "The sooner you go to church, the sooner you'll get these guns back. Until you do, I imagine you'll be less free with poppycock and high boasts."

After a day or so they acknowledged defeat and went to church, returning to Belle with evidence of their visit in the shape of a hymn-book, whereupon Belle restored their guns and kept the hymn-book to use later among the Indians. She was so delighted with the success of her plan and its originality that she used it many times afterward to enforce order, sending many a "bad" man to camp meeting to retrieve his guns or his reputation—at least temporarily.

Belle's supply of thoroughbred horses must have become exhausted at last, however, for stories say that while she was in Dallas she was thrown in jail for horse stealing. But iron bars meant nothing to Belle, who had never resorted to tears in her life to get her way. She immediately smiled at the jailer, vamped him completely, and the two eloped without consulting either judge or jury.

Where they hid or how she finally eluded the infatuated jailer is not known, but we next find her back in the Indian Territory with, as ever, a bunch of high-rolling friends about her, some of whom had followed her from Dallas. Herself now a fugitive, the Missouri farm could no longer be her home.

"I'm scouting," she told her friends, quite as if the old game of hiding from the law was an innocent pastime at which one laughed.

Once, while "scouting" with her gang in "No Man's Land" (what is now the Panhandle of Oklahoma), Blue Duck, her protégé, borrowed $2,000 from Belle and dropt over to Dodge City, Kansas, for a little fun. Dodge City in those days was a place where they "rolled 'em high, wide, and handsome," and a devotee of the gods of chance could get prompt action for his money at seven-up, faro, poker, keno or roulette. Blue Duck got action, prompt and efficient, and returned to Belle with a sad story, but minus the $2,000 stake with which she had supplied him.

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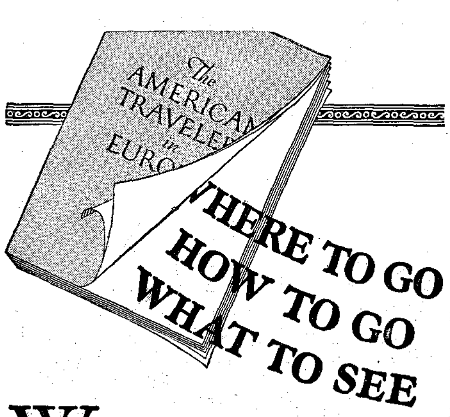
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

bear. Calling for her horse, she mounted and rode to Dodge City herself. And when she got there and had marched up the stairs to the gambling hall over the saloon:

"Hands up! And give me that money!" she snapt, and, backing up her commands with a gun, gathered up the money on all the tables, amounting to about $7,000.

"Come over to the Territory if you want your change," she called from the doorway, and was gone before the surprized men could stop her.

And that's the way Belle invoked a new rule not recorded in Hoyle's justly famous classic—namely, that one six-shooter beats a full house!

After this escapade, we are told, the bandit queen went to Nebraska, but, disliking the country, returned to her old haunts in the Indian Territory in 1880, where she soon married Sam Starr, the young Cherokee who had often ridden behind her horseback to dances. With this interesting consequence:

> The marriage made her a member of the Cherokee tribe and a distant relative of Henry Starr, the famous bank robber, who was killed in Arkansas only two or three years ago. Henry Starr was a grandson of Tom Starr, Belle's father-in-law.
>
> With the evident intention of settling down, Belle and her young husband picked out a choice location far back in the wilderness, reached only by horseback trails. There, in a primeval setting of rich valleys and virgin timbers and flowing streams, they built and furnished what was for that time a palatial home, where they entertained their friends and later brought up Belle's daughter, Pearl.
>
> Life seemed to have calmed for the bandit queen. In the succeeding years she and Sam spent their time traveling about, visiting most of the popular Eastern resorts. To Saratoga, then the most expensive and best-known resort in the land, they went; and rich, exclusive Saratoga knew and approved them both. Altho they spent money freely, the outlaw spirit was not gone, for records show the two were sentenced to the house of correction in Detroit for some unnamed escapade. And again Belle made use of her charm to secure her freedom, while poor Sam languished behind the prison walls, whistling an old version of the "Prisoner's Song."
>
> "You oughtta seen her in Saratoga," Sam perhaps bragged to his cellmate. "You oughtta seen them society wimmen kowtowing to Belle." And then he'd whistle again.
>
> Belle must have used her influence later, however, for we next hear of them back in their isolated home in the hills. In 1885 she was charged again with horse stealing. Whether she smiled her way out of this is not known, but still later she was in Fort Smith, Arkansas, helping stage a Wild West show and evidently on good terms with the law. Fort Smith was at that time the seat of justice for all the Indian Territory, and Judge Isaac Parker, often called the "Hanging Judge," presided over the court.
>
> The bandit queen, forgetting that she was the leader of a notorious gang of outlaws and the inspiration of many horse thefts, entered into the spirit of the pageant and won, by her charm of manner, the

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approval of the people of Fort Smith. In the Wild West show was included a stage hold-up in which Judge Parker and the prosecuting attorney, Clayton, were to be actors. These two were to ride in the stage-coach while Belle and her bandits were to dash up horseback and rob the stage. Due to sickness in his family, Attorney Clayton did not participate in the affair, and, with much popping of blank cartridges and businesslike sincerity, the queen of the bandits and her retinue carried out the mock hold-up to the satisfaction of every one concerned. But:

"I was going to kill you that day," Belle afterward told Attorney Clayton. "I had planned it all, and no one would have been the wiser. But you didn't take part in the pageant."

Was she romancing, this fascinating but ferocious bandit queen? Or was she merely letting her high-flown imagination run away with her, and creating a thrill of retrospective anxiety by sketching, with something like a schoolboy's braggadocio, her fantasy of a "Deadwood coach" performance with mortal vengeance behind the masquerade? As we read on:

Perhaps she was still burning with resentment because the attorney had convicted some of her gang, or perhaps Clayton prosecuted Belle herself on the horse-stealing charge. Time must have dimmed her hatred, at any rate, or she would never have confessed her plan to kill under the guise of a fake hold-up.

It was the newspapers of the day that christened the former Missouri girl the "Queen of the Bandits." After her husband's death in 1889, Belle became, with Henry Starr, her distant kinsman by marriage, the coleader of the bandit gang that rode up and down the country with mysterious quietness or spectacular noise and show. They were charged with many robberies, but it is perhaps true that they were charged with many they did not commit, as well as committed many with which they were never charged.

Belle was once asked why she, a woman, undertook to fill a man's shoes in the Starr coterie. Upon hearing the question she took her pistol, pointed out a leaf on a near-by tree and shot two holes in it before it fell.

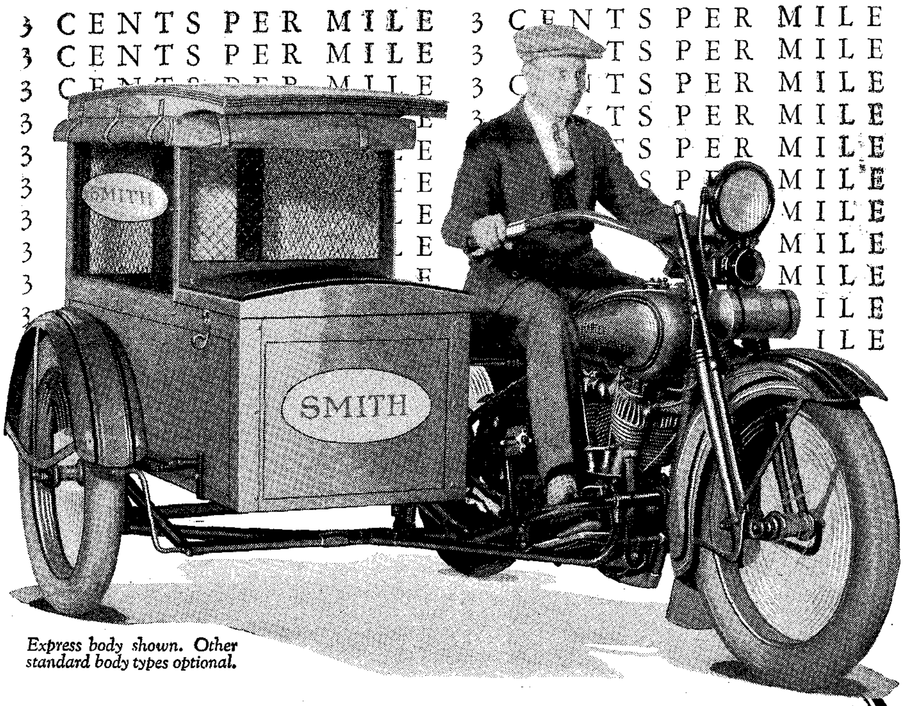
"Did you ever see my husband do that well?" she asked.

"No."

"Then why shouldn't I take his place? Because I'm a woman? That's no argument. If you get a thing done, does it matter whether you're a man or a woman? I've no patience with these silly women who depend on men for their opinions," she said. And this was fully twenty years before American women besieged the White House, the Capitols and the villages until they got the vote!

After years as the "Queen of the Bandits" and one of the most famous bandits, men included, of her time, Belle carried out the tradition of her profession and died with her boots on. In 1899, a few months after her Indian husband's death, she was assassinated, presumably by a traitor to her gang. The truth of the matter was never known. Henry Starr was left to go his pillaging way, to rob the Bentonville (Ark.) Bank, to hold up trains and do time in prison and, finally, to die the death of an outlaw in an attempted bank robbery.

For Belle, the only good influence and the only one who had ever held the motley band in check, was gone.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
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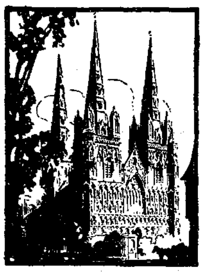
> To make matters worse, we knew for certain that passes were required for any individual leaving the camp. Among the guards, on the other hand, changes were very frequent, and a new face would surprize nobody. We would, therefore, have to be disguised as N. C. O.'s or private soldiers, and at this point the difficulty of procuring the necessary uniform arose.
>
> At Ströhen not a stitch of German uniform was to be found, and it was obvious from the first that we would have to make it ourselves. As this became more apparent, we realized that it would be possible to make only one uniform, and it seemed that only one person would be able to get away. We did not see how my brother could be disguised as a civilian, for practically none ever came into the camp, and if, during the attempt, my brother remained in British uniform he would certainly have to be escorted by something more than a single private soldier.
>
> The only prisoners taken out of the camp by a single German soldier were the British orderlies, a party of whom generally left the camp each morning. We came to the conclusion that one of us, drest as a sentry, would take out the other, drest as an orderly. We elaborated the details and decided it would be even better if there were two or three orderlies in the party, this being the usual number to leave the camp.
>
> Our first piece of luck was the discovery that a recently taken prisoner had been provided, when in hospital, with a pair of German soldier's boots of the type that are pulled on over uniform trousers and reach



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half-way up the calf. The German Landsturm soldiers on guard around the camp wore similar boots over old gray trousers, and for our purpose a pair of ordinary dark flannel trousers would do just as well.

The upper part was not so easy. It was forced on us that we should have to make the service-dress coat either out of a dark blue blanket or else out of an old blue cricket blazer. The cap was a big problem, that worn by the sentries being rather tall and flat on top, with a black peak and black waterproof cover. Meanwhile two main difficulties remained: the forged pass, and the rifle. We noticed that no party, however small, ever left the camp without a sentry with a rifle. Naturally enough all rifles were kept outside the camp, and there seemed to be absolutely no chance of stealing one. The only solution was to make a dummy. Leaving the other problems to be solved later, we settled down to study the construction of German small arms.

My brother and I knew very little about rifles, particularly of the old-fashioned type generally carried by the camp sentries. But by dint of following any armed man who came into the camp, and watching his rifle closely, we picked up the details and immediately made rough sketches of the important parts. We were neither of us much good at wood-carving, or at hammering out small pieces of metal, but we soon found a willing worker in a Royal Naval Air Service observer, named Hoblin. We showed him our sketches and explained to him what had to be done, and on his agreeing to help us we took him into the scheme as "second orderly," my brother being "first orderly," and I, as the only German-speaking member of the party, the German escort.

The material for making the rifle gave them much trouble and they searched the camp fruitlessly for many days trying to find bits of scrap-iron which would serve the purpose, relates the Captain, continuing:

At length we came across the remains of an old wooden picket, about two feet long by four inches square. The wood seemed to be quite seasoned and hard, and just the thing out of which to make the stock. A few days later one of us was in the camp's cook-house and found that an iron rail in front of the range was not only loose and easily removable, but also was just about the length of the German rifle barrel. We carried this off in triumph one evening when no one was about, and hid it with our other possessions beneath the floor of our hut. We soon unearthed another good piece of wood to form the support under the barrel, together with several bits of iron which might come in handy. We began by carving the stock out of the larger piece of wood. This was done mainly with table knives, and later on we obtained a few small wood-carving tools, which the Germans had allowed one of the prisoners to retain. When the stock had taken shape, we finished it off with bits of razor blades, finally polishing it up with bits of broken glass.

We worked next on the dummy barrel, filing and smoothing the muzzle and scraping and polishing the whole tube. It was extremely difficult to get the right kind of blue appearance on the barrel, as we had neither sufficient heat nor the right kind of oil for the required treatment. It was not a matter of very great importance, German rifles being very old and worn. The breech proved very troublesome, for in the real rifle the barrel swelled suddenly to

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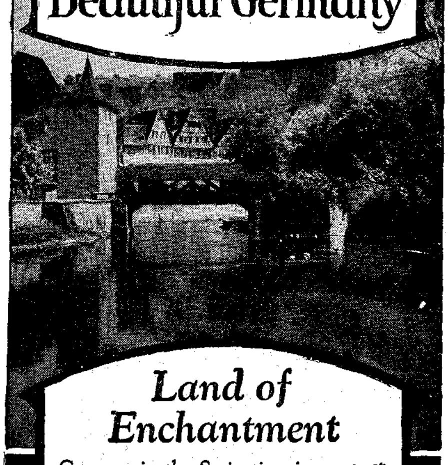

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

almost twice its average thickness, and in order to get this appearance we had to drive a short piece of thicker piping on to the dummy barrel, and then file down the edges so as to give an appearance of tapering. The stock and the extension under the barrel were screwed together and wired to the barrel. The skeleton of the rifle was now complete, but the most intricate parts such as breech mechanism, sights, trigger and trigger-guard still had to be made.

Hoblin suggested that the breech mechanism could be made out of tin. He proposed to do this by first of all making wooden models of the various parts, copying them from the rifles we occasionally saw in the camp. Eventually he completed the mechanism in wood and started to cover each piece with thin sheets of metal taken from food tins. It was essential that each piece of tin should be bent absolutely smooth, and that no dents or kinks should appear on the surface, each strip of tin being secured to its piece of wood by small French nails driven in underneath where they could not be seen. When the completed breech mechanism was assembled, after many days of hard work, the bright tin was filed off, each piece leaving the metal underneath exposed.

When it was completed, polished and slightly oiled, it was quite impossible to tell the tin dummy from the real thing. The appearance of the rounded and sand-papered pieces of tin-plate was exactly similar to that of heavy pieces of solid steel, and the remaining details of the rifle were soon made from wood or tin.

Meanwhile my brother had been set to work on the task of collecting suitable material with which to complete the German uniform. He was also to try to find out details of the pass carried by every German leaving the camp. I think it was Darcy-Levy, recently arrived from Zorndorf, who discovered what the pass looked like. One day he asked to see the official camp permit and the corporal showed it readily enough. It consisted of a small piece of pink paper, about four inches long by three inches wide, bearing the name of the camp, the soldier's company, regimental number and name, and words to the effect that the bearer could enter and leave the camp when on duty. It was signed by the commandant and bore the usual rubber stamp.

We thought this piece of paper would be quite easy to duplicate, until we found that there were no typewriters of any description in the camp. After a closer examination we even discovered that the passes were not printed upon pink paper at all, but upon a sort of oiled fabric, rather similar to the stuff out of which a linen envelop is made, only thinner and with a very smooth, shiny surface.

The information about the pass, and the fact that Darcy-Levy owned a complete set of maps, led us to offer him a place as "third orderly" in the scheme.

With the exception of the sling the rifle was now completed and, when we had assembled all the different parts, we showed it to my brother and Darcy-Levy. They had been engaged on other business for several days and had not seen the progress made, so now when they first caught sight of it they were absolutely astounded, and for a few seconds I believe they thought that we had managed to get possession of

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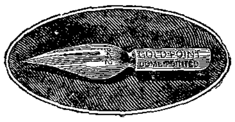

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a real rifle. The last detail—the sling—was made out of an old leather belt, and the rifle was then carefully wrapt up in several old shirts and buried under sand beneath the floor of our hut.

By this time my brother and Darcy-Levy had finished the sentry's uniform. Only two things gave much trouble in this connection, one being the cap for which a black waterproof cover could not be found, and the other the bayonet and scabbard. The actual cap did not matter much provided the peak was black leather, but the cover was unobtainable.

> However, the efficacy of brown paper, glue and black paint made itself apparent after many experiments; and then, the Captain tells us, a bayonet scabbard was made out of wood covered with leather, which was sewn on and carefully darkened, but the guard of the bayonet hilt was quite another matter, inasmuch as:

In the real article the hilt consisted of a bar of steel, about four inches long, curving down at one end and up at the other, curling at each end into a sort of spiral knob. We were unable to find a piece of iron which would answer the purpose, and in any case we had no suitable tools for making the curves. The only way was to cast it out of soft white metal. The required material was always at hand in the shape of white-metal spoons. We melted down a sufficient quantity of these and made a sand mold, into which we poured the molten metal. The result was quite satisfactory.

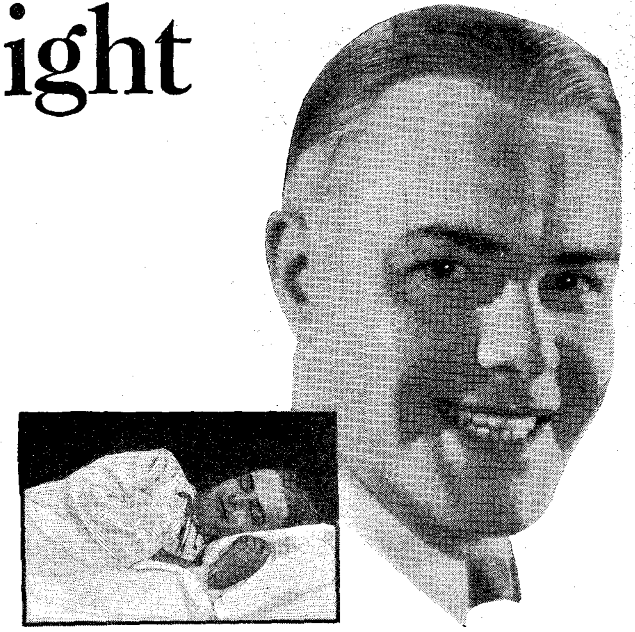
At the last moment we found that one other article had been forgotten, namely, the ammunition pouch. This was hurriedly made, a block of wood taking the place of the ammunition and the leather covering being cut from an old flying-coat. Some three weeks' work saw the German uniform completed and stowed away underground.

The disguise for the other members of the party was easily obtained from the orderlies, exchanged for some of our clothing, and we turned our attention once again to the question of the pass.

Among the prisoners was an excellent draftsman, who thought he might be able to imitate the print on the pink pass. But before he could start work we had to procure some sort of material which would closely resemble the peculiar pink linen previously described. One bright member of the "gang" suggested the red linen cover of an ordinary cloth-bound volume. The color was much too bright, but after sponging it over with water it toned down to the right shade of pink. The linen was very thin and in consequence the small piece we needed was far too flabby, but we found that a thin coat of varnish had the desired effect, and by ironing it out while it was still damp we got a dead smooth surface. The pink square was then handed over to the draftsman who in a few days produced an almost perfect forgery. He had written all the print with indelible pencil, which, when slightly steamed, turned to a faint violet tone imitating perfectly the color of typed ink.

During this time we had been endeavoring to cut out a good rubber stamp. The draftsman again came to our rescue and drew a stamp, complete with eagle, on the pass itself. This again he did with indelible pencil, well rubbed in and steamed rather longer so as to make the color deeper than the type. The whole

Sleep like a baby at Night



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

thing when finished could not have been done better.

One important question still remained to be settled: how to get our civilian clothes and food out of the camp. They knew, continues the Captain, that parties of orderlies were often sent down to the station with parcels or luggage belonging to prisoners who were leaving the camp, and that there would be nothing strange in the taking out of some fairly bulky packages; and so:

We decided that it would be best for all of us to put our kit and provisions into one large canvas kit-bag, and have this carried out by one of the sham orderlies.

A few days before the attempt Darcy-Levy suggested bringing in another man named Parish, who had helped us in collecting indispensable articles of equipment. We agreed and he was allotted the place of "fourth orderly."

One day we heard that several new men had been drafted into the guard stationed at Ströhen, and it was obvious that we would stand a better chance if we made the attempt before these men became well known.

Immediately after the nine o'clock appell on a certain morning in October, Hoblin and I crept underneath our hut and dug up the German equipment. It was then carried piece by piece, covered up with overcoats, to another hut not far from the entrance to the orderlies' quarters. Darcy-Levy's room was in this hut, so that we were perfectly secure from outside observation. The rifle was given a final touch-up and I donned the kit for the last inspection by the other confederates. An accomplice stood on guard to give me warning of the approach of any German, while my brother and the other three went back to their huts and put on their orderlies' clothes.

At this time of the morning various orderlies were continually passing from their section of the camp into ours, and, altho there was a sentry on the gate whose duty it was to see that none of the officers got through into the orderlies' section of the camp, discipline was rather lax, and the sentry usually handed the key of the gate to one of the orderlies. On this day the orderly who got hold of the key gave it to one of the confederates, who opened the gate and went in. The key was then returned to the camp by means of another orderly, who gave it to the next one of the party, and so on until all four were inside. The kit was a more difficult affair, but with the help of the orderlies we had managed to smuggle part of it out on the previous day, and the remainder was taken into the orderlies' hut that morning.

As soon as all the members of the "gang" were inside the orderlies' compound, I was warned by the accomplice who was keeping watch. The sentry on the gate had walked off a little way into the camp, and it looked as tho I should be able to pass him without any difficulty. I put the finishing touches to my uniform and the moment the "all clear" signal had been given by one of the watchers I walked out into the camp. I was immediately assailed with an almost overwhelming fear of discovery, and for the first few seconds I could

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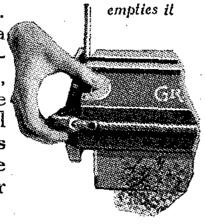
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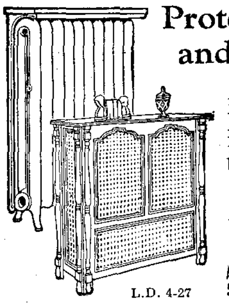

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hardly tell in which direction I was walking. Then as no shots went off, no shouts came from the sentries, and no whistles were blown, I gained courage and went on to the gate. The sentry who should have been there was still standing about twenty yards off and greeted me with a smile and a "Good morning." A little further off I could see our old friend the German corporal, possibly enjoying what he may have guessed were partly the fruits of his corruption.

Just before starting I had been handed the gate key, which had been brought back once more, and I had no difficulty in getting inside the orderlies' compound. I left the key in the lock in case we had to beat a hurried retreat, and marched up to the hut. On peering in at the door I found the whole "gang" assembled, peering out and laughing at me. There was no sentry in sight for the moment, and I gave them an answering grin. The first part of the scheme had worked out most excellently.

Adopting what I considered to be my most Teutonic tone, I called for four orderlies to fall in in front of me. The four confederates trooped out of the hut. As soon as they had fallen in I pointed to the large canvas bag of kit, telling them to load it on to the wheelbarrow, which was standing conveniently near, and accompanying my commands with suitable gestures to make the "English pigs" understand.

When this had been done, I waved them toward the gate and gave the order to march. On seeing us approach the sentry came up and peered through the wire. When we were close enough I produced a cloth-covered card case, opened it and showed him my pass. He glanced at it and then slowly produced the key and unlocked the gate. I stood aside while the confederates trooped out, my brother coming last with the wheelbarrow. The moment we were all clear, the sentry turned and closed the gate behind us. We were now right outside the camp and everything seemed to be going well. In another two or three minutes we would reach the cover of the trees on the main road, when we would be safe from pursuit for a considerable time.

And then an implacable destiny intervened. Captain Grinnell-Milne noticed, he tells us, that the sentry had started to follow them. They had gone barely thirty yards when he came up to the Captain and said in a low voice:

"You ought to be careful of that party of orderlies, I can recognize an officer amongst them."

"An officer?" I said, "impossible! I know all these men by sight."

"You are wrong," he answered, "that man pushing the wheelbarrow is Hauptmann Milne. I used to be on guard in the camp prison and I know him well by sight."

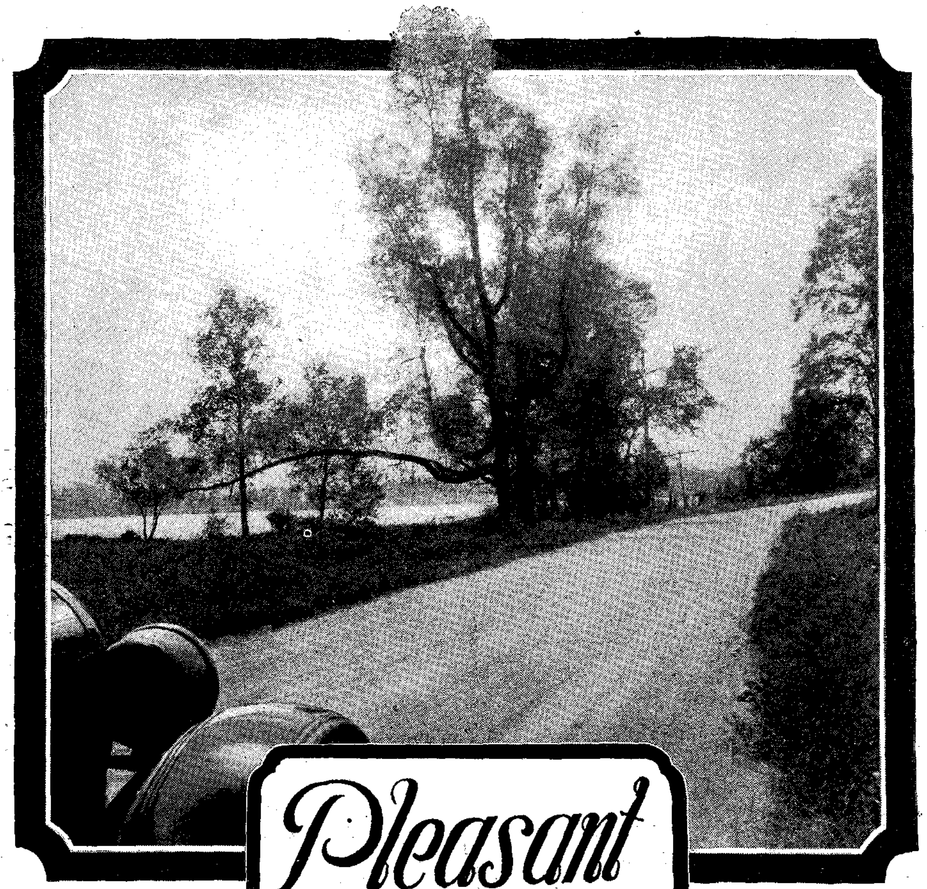
"Anyway," I retorted, "I shall keep my eyes open; he won't be able to escape from me."

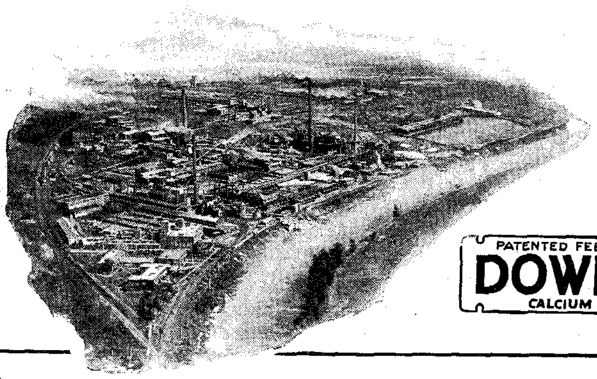
"But there may be other officers in the party," he insisted, "they may all be trying to escape. I don't think you should go any further with them. You must take them back into the camp at once."

I did my best to pacify him; I argued with him.

"Oh, but, come now, these men are all right, and we have to get down to the station at once and send off this luggage."

"I can't help that, you had better take





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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

them back into the camp at once and have them searched."

And he blew his whistle.

At this we all realized that the game was up. It was no use bolting. The best thing was to make an orderly retreat. With this end in view, I reassumed command of the party and ordered them to go back at once to the orderlies' enclosure. I went on protesting to the sentry that everything was all right, and that he was causing a lot of trouble for nothing. Up to this time he had apparently had no idea that I could be anything but a German soldier, but now it seemed to dawn on him that something was wrong.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked. "I have never seen you before." A slight pause, during which I tried to tell him my name. "And what sort of a bayonet have you got there?" striking at the weak point in the equipment. "And that ammunition pouch looks rather different to me."

He clenched the argument by slamming the gate in my face. As there was nothing more to be said I turned tail and hurried off after the others, who by this time had safely reached the shelter of the orderlies' hut.

After that heart-breaking disappointment, it is refreshing to read of a final break which landed the Captain and a comrade across the German frontier. Thus:

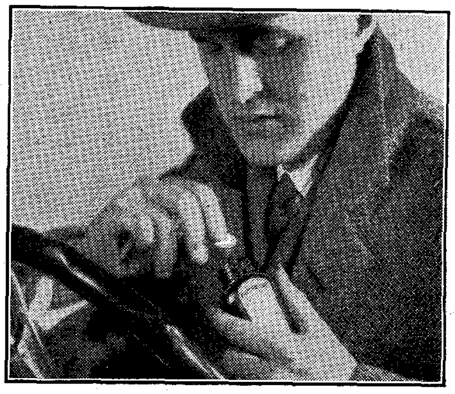
Nearly a year had passed since I had seen my brother. We had both been prisoners in the Friedberg camp during the summer of 1916, but had later been separated. Now, on my arrival at the camp in Ströhen, I learned that he was in the jail there, under sentence of death. A German lawyer finally managed to save him.

After months in the jail at Ströhen and some time spent in the hospital there, I was transferred to Neunkirchen, and finally to Aachen, which place was only a few miles from the Dutch frontier.

This was April, 1918, and I had been a prisoner for nearly two and a half years. The second day after our arrival at Aachen, Beverly Robinson and I, by climbing through the ventilation holes in the lavatory, and getting into the hospital yard which adjoined our prison, were able to scale the fence and get away. We made our escape about ten o'clock at night.

The country to the northeast of Aachen is thickly populated, and dotted with mines and blast-furnaces; in between the industrial patches it is hilly and wooded. To keep on a definite course by night with an inaccurate map was well-nigh impossible, and the difficulty of the situation was increased by the detours we were forced to make round all the numerous villages. At times we were scared by the glow from one of the furnaces, suddenly lighting up the whole countryside and giving us an unpleasant feeling of insecurity—as tho we were being held in the beam of a search-light.

Altho it was a dark night and raining slightly, we soon noticed how clearly white houses or white posts showed up and wondered how much could be seen of us. Our faces were easy to cover up with our woolen mufflers, but we found that, through several bad tears in our trousers, our knees were showing and could be seen some way off; our hands were almost as bad. The only



Don't wait till you get home!

Fight sore throat All Day Long

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"I'll gargle when I get home," you say.

You can pay dearly for such delay! To cure sore throat you should start *now.* And you should make your treatment *continuous.*

Formamint checks the poisonous sore throat germs by keeping the throat bathed, continuously, in an antiseptic of proved germicidal power. Yet Formamint is absolutely harmless to the delicate throat membranes.

Carry a bottle of these pleasant-tasting tablets with you. Take one every hour or so to *treat* sore throat; every two or three hours to help *prevent* it. All druggists.

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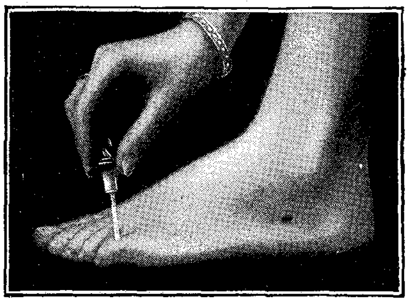
YOU CAN have a business profession of your own and earn big income in service fees. A new system of foot correction; readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks. Easy terms for training. Openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address Stephenson Laboratory, 3 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.



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Corns or Calluses

Stops all pain almost instantly

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. Almost at once all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

remedy seemed to be to rub earth on all the places that were noticeable, so we sat down in a corner of a plowed field and plastered ourselves with mud. It was unpleasant and messy, but it rendered us almost invisible and we went on more confidently.

We got lost several times in a perfect maze of hills, rivers, and woods, often made worse by the discovery of roads and railways not marked on our map.

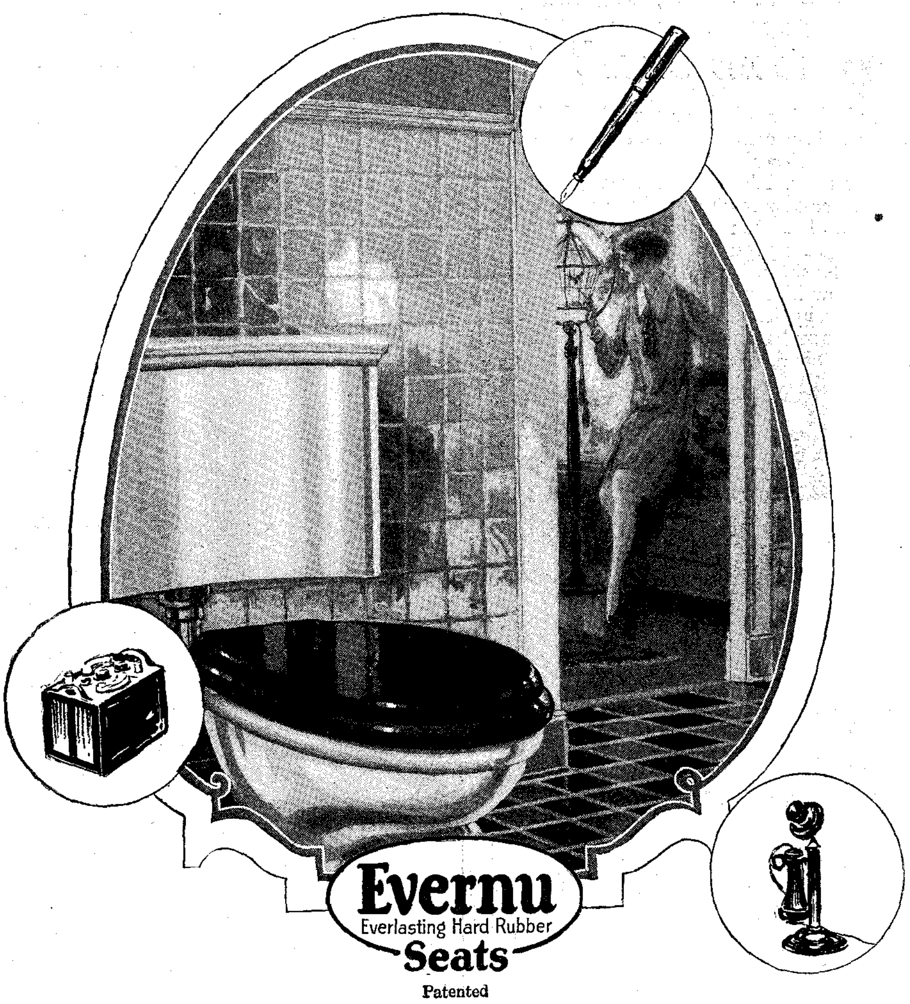
At half-past two we lost all confidence in the map, which, after leading us to a correctly marked road, suddenly brought us to a railway line, a brightly illuminated mine and then a river broad enough to make us look for a bridge. None of these features were shown on the map, and we wondered what we should do on the frontier. I began to lose confidence in our chances of success; in fact, when we had made an almost complete circle around the mine and its neighboring buildings and found ourselves heading due south, I was on the verge of despair. But within half an hour, the country flattened out and we came across several landmarks which, with some lights we could see to the north, convinced us that we were close to the small town of Kohlscheid, only two miles from the nearest point of the frontier.

From now on we were in the frontier zone and great caution was essential. Under normal circumstances it was an understood thing that one went dead slow in this zone, and for the last two miles it was considered best to crawl on hands and knees, taking advantage of every scrap of cover. In our case this was out of the question; it was already half-past three and we estimated that to reach the point where we intended to cross the frontier we had another four miles in front of us. Dawn would come between five and half-past and by that time we wanted to be more than a mile across the border; bearing in mind the uncertainty of its exact position, we had over five miles to do in less than two hours.

The eastern horizon was giving a pale warning of the approach of day. Within an hour it would be light. We trudged on and quite suddenly came upon a road. It ran nearly north and south, and, from its size and good surface, we judged it to be the main road from Aachen to Holland. This gave us an excellent idea as to how far west we had come, but, owing to the lack of detail on our map, we had no certain knowledge as to how far north. There was no one about; the road was straight and, with its white surface, easy to see. A low hedge bound it on either side. If we were challenged we could separate and hide in the woods. We were taking a big risk, but there was no time for hesitation, and we walked along boldly for a few hundred yards. Then, as it turned and we could not see clearly around the bend, we took a track on the left-hand side. The troublesome woods flanking the road had given way to a series of fields and orchards from which we again caught sight of some lights. They now bore roughly east-northeast, showing that we had made good progress to the northwest.

We strode on as fast as we could, for the sky was rapidly getting gray; in less than half an hour it would be broad daylight. And then we almost tript over a sentry! He was sitting in a little rough shelter down in a hollow; in front of him there was a fire in a bucket over which he was warming himself. I dimly perceived a Landsturm helmet on his head, and a rifle propt up beside him. Fortunately, he gave no sign of having seen or heard us.

We retraced our steps on tiptoe for twenty yards, and then turned back



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The same material—Hard Rubber—molded in one jointless, seamless piece by the patented Evernu process, makes a toilet seat that practically will last forever. Guaranteed not to crack, split or warp. Impervious to moisture and climatic conditions. Easily cleaned. Offers no lodgement for germs. Glossy buffed surface always like new.

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Your plumber knows toilet seat values. Ask him about Evernu Hard Rubber Seats. He's the only merchant who sells them. *Write for booklet* showing models in ebony and mahogany finish for every type of bowl.

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Of interest to anyone building or remodeling a home —We have just prepared a very interesting booklet showing the very latest trend in toilet seat construction. *Free* on request.

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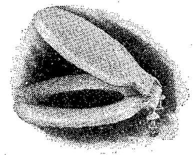

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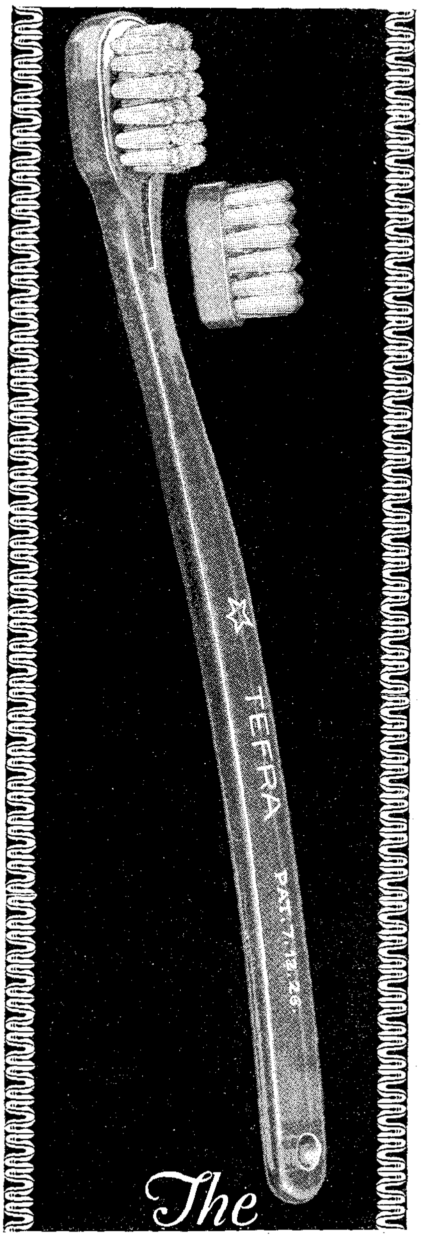

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

toward the road. We reached it and found it deserted, but having just seen a sentry, the danger of following it seemed too great, and we contented ourselves with going straight across so as to avoid a house only a few yards ahead. By the time we had crawled through a hedge on the far side and crossed a small field, it was light enough for us to be seen nearly half a mile away. With a sense of having failed, we realized we could go no further that day, and began looking around anxiously for cover. The only possible hiding-place in sight was a small, sparse wood some four hundred yards further north. We walked hard for it and, screened by a hedge, even ran the last hundred yards. We reached the trees and searched for a spot where we could if necessary lie up for the whole day.

Now that it was daylight we were able to go over our map more carefully, and followed mentally, step by step, the course we had taken during the night. Very gradually I became convinced that we had actually crossed the frontier and were already in Holland. This was a dangerously optimistic view to take, and Robinson disagreed entirely. He was sure we were still in Germany, rightly arguing that we had seen practically nothing of the frontier guards, and that we had not yet reached the all-important railway.

Some way off we heard the puffing of an engine, and we listened intently trying to make out in what direction it was going. It must be on *the* railway; if we could reach it we should be safe. At times the sound seemed to die down, only to burst out again closer. There was something awe-inspiring about the low rhythmical puffing. Like the beat of a war drum in an African forest. I felt almost frightened. It came nearer and nearer, and then to our amazement the engine steamed into sight a hundred yards ahead of our hiding-place, along what we had thought to be a road, and which the trees had prevented us from seeing clearly. It was a goods train, and on the sides of the trucks were the Dutch colors and the word "Nederland" in large letters.

We stood up and walked to the line; on the far side of it we saw a house with a Dutch advertisement on its side, and a sign-post pointing to Spekholz . . . Holland! A thousand prison dreams faded into one reality: we were no longer prisoners.

Give 'Em a Peck.—A memorial was introduced in the house of representatives of the Washington legislature yesterday by Representative Denman, of Stevens county, calling on Congress to grant the people of the Philippines "a large measure of freedom and anatomy."—*Seattle Star.*

Making Both Ends Meet.—Commander Byrd, who contemplates a trip to the South Pole in a Zeppelin, lectured there on his recent flight over the North Pole in an airplane.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Emotional Court.—She was led from the witness stand by her mother while court recessed and stood sobbing in her mother's arms back of the jury box.—*Newark Evening News.*

THE skilled hand of the experienced draftsman reaches for Dixon's Eldorado with assurance that in pencils, as in most other fields, American manufacturers lead the world. 17 leads—6B to 9H.

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The Master Drawing Pencil
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JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
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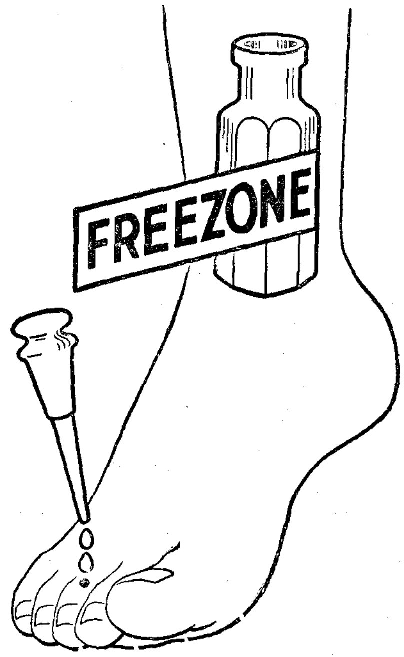


Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

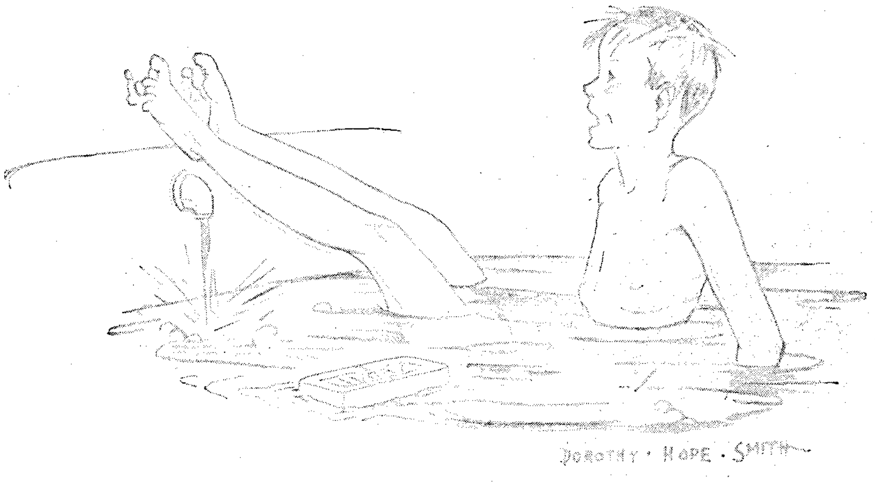
PROGRESSIVE LIGHTNING

THIS name has been given to "multiple" lightning discharges, one following another rapidly over the same path. These have been noticed frequently, and some ingenuity has been expended in attempts to account for them; but C. D. Perrine, of the National Observatory at Córdoba, Argentina, believes that their actual occurrence is more than doubtful. Writing in *Nature* (London), he states his case thus:

> There is no doubt of the reality of these appearances of multiple flashes, but I have very serious doubts of there being more than one flash in reality.
>
> Córdoba is an excellent place for the observation of lightning, as the electrical displays are frequent during the summer months, and they are some of the strongest I have ever witnessed (in several parts of the world). The Observatory is well situated on the bluff overlooking the river, with a clear view over the pampas in almost all directions for many miles. Displays are often observed at distances of forty to fifty miles, and many pass directly over us. Houses of the astronomers and other buildings have been struck several times during my residence here, and one of the steel and concrete domes was struck once. In the early history of the Observatory one of the astronomers was killed in his room in the assistants' house.
>
> Altogether, I have observed many hundreds of brilliant flashes, as many close ones, perhaps, as distant ones. I have many times observed these multiple flashes, usually two or three succeeding each other. They are strikingly clear and sharp, and sometimes appear to vibrate. They certainly give the impression of there being distinct flashes, but I can not conclude that this is a fact, because they are invariably seen only when the flashes are distant, usually too distant for there to be any sound. Now we have every reason to expect that just as many of this type of flash should occur near by as at a great distance if there are really several flashes instead of one. But in all my experience I have never seen a case near by; they are always at a great distance. One of the strongly marked characteristics of the near flashes, in appearance as in sound, is their sharpness and shortness—the nearer the shorter. Flashes within a hundred yards are sensibly instantaneous to both eye and ear, and always single.
>
> From these facts I conclude that the multiple flashes are due in some way to erratic refraction in the atmosphere.
>
> It would not be without value perhaps for two observers, some twenty or thirty miles apart and in telephonic connection, to test this matter by observing whether the flashes which appear multiple are observed to be so at both stations in cases where the flash is very close to one station and distant from the other.

In the same issue of *Nature*, Mr. C. V. Voys, the English physicist, replies to Mr. Perrine, beginning with the remark that the latter's observations would seem to indicate some difference in the appearance of lightning in the Argentine, where the

A very prominent soap
in your bathtub.



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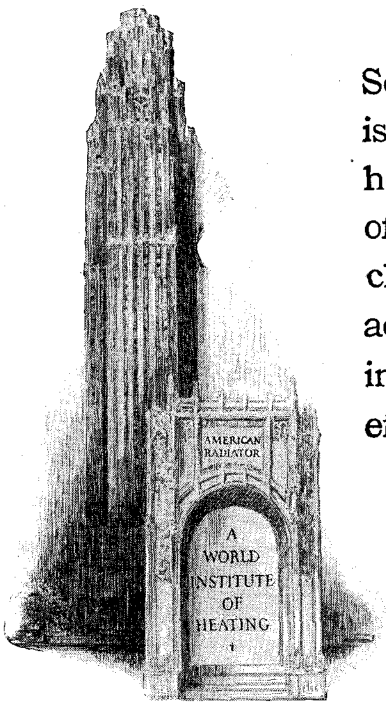
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

strokes are exceptionally strong, and that of lightning in Great Britain. He goes on:

> Here without any question the appearance of the multiple flash is found when the distance is as little as a kilometer [about half a mile], and I certainly believe much less. In Córdoba Dr. Perrine only observes this when the flashes are so distant that thunder is barely heard. Such a distance here is from sixteen to twenty kilometers [10 to 12 miles]. I suppose here, with a flash near enough, even if it were multiple, the eye would be so dazzled by the primitive flash as not to be able to see those that follow, but it is difficult to account in this way for the great distance implied by the faint audibility of the thunder. I have seen a large number of photographs taken with an ordinary camera held in the hand, which show the multiple flash, and the size of the flashes on the plates indicates that they must have been fairly near. At any distance such as sixteen kilometers the flash would occupy but a small portion of the plate.
>
> I could have wished that Dr. Perrine had supplemented his eye observations with photographic records which would be easily obtained in so favorable a locality.

INCREASED USE OF PREST METAL

THIS interesting feature of the year's iron industry is reported in *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland), by Ethan Viall of that city, a former editor of *The American Machinist*. Mr. Viall attributes it to refinements in mechanical processes, and to more extensive employment of welding and improvements in the finishing of metal surfaces. He writes:

> One of the outstanding developments during the year was the noticeable trend toward all-steel automobile bodies. Wider adoption of seam-welding, because of the rigidity it affords, is hastening the swing to the steel body.
>
> The change from the old type of body does not involve the increased tonnage of steel that one might expect. This is because a better grade but lighter gage of steel is being used than in former years, and also because late changes from steel-and-wood bodies to all-steel does not require much more sheet steel. In most of the composite bodies, wood was used merely to stiffen or back up the metal. A slight change in design, with, in some cases, a harder grade of steel or a slight increase in gage, now gives a stiffer and stronger body which is self-supporting at only a small increase in the total weight of sheet metal used.
>
> Marked advances in die-making and improvement in the art of pressing metal are responsible for the constantly broadening use of shaped metal for articles of intricate design formerly cast or assembled from multiple parts. Many steering-wheel spiders now are made of prest metal, as also an increasing number of vending machines, motor-air-cleaners, stove legs, and even the tops for kitchen ranges—the latter an application long considered impractical because of the exposure of the metal to warping and burning influences.
>
> Perhaps the greatest growth in point of

tonnage may be traced to the gradual improvement in the finishing of sheet metal, which now permits surfaces comparable to that of the finest woods. This refinement, coupled with the fact that sheet steel now is being laminated with insulating and other materials, has led to the use of metal cabinets for iceless refrigerators. The largest manufacturer of this equipment, in announcing plans to build 600,000 units during 1927, states that this expected production and the greatly reduced price of the product are made possible by the economy and manufacturing efficiency permitted by the use of metal cabinets. Enameled products, kitchen cabinets, and similar articles, as well as furniture, are made of prest metal in greater quantity owing to refinements in construction and finish.

Another indication of the growing favor of steel for highly finished articles formerly made of wood is found by the writer in inquiries from manufacturers of radio equipment for dies for radio-set cabinets, boxes, and stands. He says:

The finish of the steel cabinets is almost indistinguishable from that of those of the most expensive woods, and steel lends itself more readily to mass production. The fact that some of the highest-priced radio sets now come in metal cases indicates how satisfactorily the prest metal manufacturer has met the requirements of this new market.

Important development work now under way may open up new applications. It is predicted by reliable authority that steel shingles, prest from sheet metal and treated to resist corrosion, will furnish a new market of unusually attractive tonnage possibilities.

This and other pending projects would seem to indicate that the now cooperating agencies of engineering research and market extension may win significant victories, and expand the consumption of prest metal in the near future.

ANGER SWEETENS THE BLOOD

ANGER makes the human body sweet, not sour, according to reports of recent experiments by a German physician, Dr. W. M. Hackebusch. Says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York):

"The doctor refers not to the disposition, but to the actual increase or decrease of sugar in the blood. A very minute amount of the kind of sugar called grape sugar is usually present in human blood. Slight variations of the amount of sugar from time to time are now used by physicians as an aid in the diagnosis of disease. Dr. Hackebusch aroused various emotions, such as anger or fear, in the human subjects of his experiments. He then drew off a small sample of the blood for a sugar test. In all instances the amount of sugar was found to be noticeably greater during and after a fit of emotion than it had been beforehand. This fact supplies additional confirmation of the theory, now widely held by students of the human body, that such emotions as fear or anger are intended by nature to prepare the body for either combat or flight. Sugar in the blood is known to provide a quick food for the muscles. The higher percentage of blood-sugar during anger thus provides the muscles with more food in case it becomes desirable to fight or to run away."

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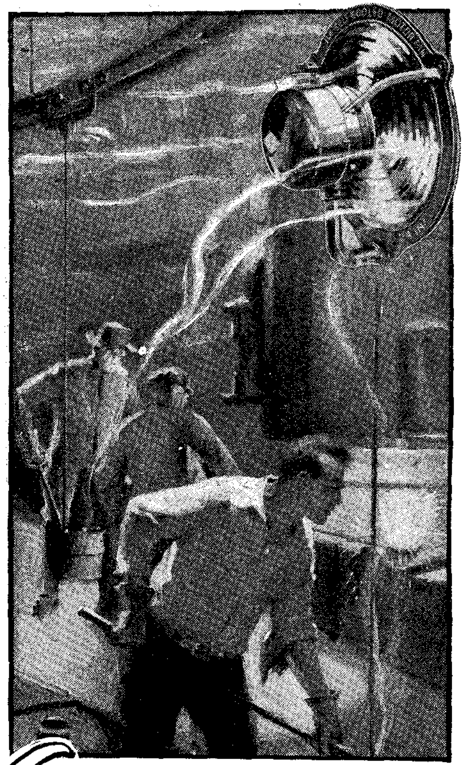

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Joyful Hours of Relaxation are Yours
when water-motoring with a Johnson

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Four Johnson Outboard Boat Motors for 1927 offer advancements in design and construction so outstanding that Johnson again sets a new standard of water-motoring performance. Now, more than ever, is Johnson recognized as the leader in the outboard motor industry.

Ask your Johnson dealer to let you try one of the new Johnsons yourself. Four models offer speed ranges of 8, 13, 22 and 27 m.p.h. Ask him about the new Johnson Aquaflyer—a 17-ft. outboard motor boat for four persons.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

RAILROAD VALUATION ON THE 1914 BASIS

A LITTLE railroad near St. Louis, only nine miles long, is spoken of as "a tiny and rather queer peg" on which to hang the most important decision made by the Interstate Commerce Commission since the passage of the 1920 Transportation Act. The Commission itself calls the decision "one of the greatest consequence from both public and private view-points," because it involves the value of all the railroads of the country. It settles, as far as the Commission is concerned, the basis of railroad valuation for rate-making purposes. It is the first application of the so-called "recapture clause," by which railroads earning over 6 per cent. are to turn over all profits in excess of that figure to the Government for the benefit of less fortunate carriers. It makes a tremendous amount of difference to every railroad in the country and, indeed, to every railroad user, what this 6 per cent. is to be reckoned on. Now the Interstate Commerce Commission decides that it is to be, not the cost of reconstructing the property to-day, but the actual investment on a 1914 basis minus depreciation and plus subsequent additions and extensions. This means a lower valuation, making profits a larger percentage, and increasing the Government's share. Editors take sharp issue on the decision. It seems only "a vindication of common sense," to the Washington *News*, and "sound policy" to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. On the other hand, there is in railroad circles unanimous objection to the decision, and unanimous support for the dissenting members who handed down a minority opinion. Standing with them, the New York *Herald Tribune* attacks the Commission's "bigoted theories" and "eccentric and obsolescent notions." There is some question whether the decision is final, as an appeal may be taken to the United States Supreme Court. Since that Court has in recent cases involving utilities upheld reproduction cost as a basis for rate-making, it seems to a number of newspapers that the Commission's theory is bound to be upset unless the Court reverses itself. But other papers do not see how the Court can overrule the Commission unless the latter has made actual errors in applying the law, the Commission's judgment being considered final in its field.

And now to come down to the actual case that has been decided. The St. Louis and O'Fallon railroad is a short line in Illinois near St. Louis. During certain recent years it was adjudged to have earned more than the 6 per cent. allowed by the recapture clause of the Transportation Act. It was, therefore, directed to pay over to the Government one-half of the excess earnings, namely $226,878. The railroad company objected on various grounds, all of which were dismissed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The arguments on the minor points have no broad significance, and may be ignored. The chief complaint was that the earnings were reckoned on the cost of the property on a 1914 price basis, whereas the railroad insisted that they should be placed on the much larger cost of replacement under present conditions. The Commission's decision was the first on this particular point, and was looked forward to as establishing a precedent for all subsequent cases. The Commission decided six to four against the railroad.

The Commission bases its argument on what is called the "split investment" principle, namely, that, in the words of a David Lawrence Washington dispatch, "the amount of money actually invested prior to 1914, minus depreciation, should be considered, and then any additions or extensions constructed since 1914 should be figured in at the current prices of those years, and depreciation deducted again." To quote the majority report:

> By investment in a business dedicated to the public service, the owner must recognize that, as compared with investment in private business, he can not expect either high or speculative dividends, but only fair or reasonable profit.
>
> A corollary of this proposition is that there must be assurance of stability in the rate base.

Taking $18,000,000,000 as the value of the railroads of the country in 1914, "the same structures would have become $41,000,000,000 in 1920; $35,000,000,000 in 1921; $28,000,000,000 in 1922, and $31,000,000,000 in 1923." Upon which the Commission comments:

> In other words, assuming a static property, there would have been a gain of 23.4 billions in 1920, a loss of 6.3 billions in 1921, a further loss of 6.8 billions in 1922, and a gain of three billions in 1923. These huge "profits" and "losses" would have occurred without change in the railroad property used for public service other than the theoretical and speculative change derived from shifting of price levels.
>
> The conception of a rate base and returns thereon fluctuating up and down with changes in the level of general prices is a conception which, if carried into actual operation, could have no appeal except to stock-market speculators.

This decision is hailed with joy by Senator Norris (Rep., Neb.), who says the Interstate Commerce Commission has rendered a great public service:

> This decision is of vast importance to farmers, shippers, wage earners and consumers. Excessive transportation charges

based upon the inflated valuations sought by the railroads would paralyze the productive activities of the nation and bring upon all the people the suffering now experienced by agriculture.

Speaking from the standpoint of the farmers, O. M. Kile, in one of his syndicated Washington dispatches, says the decision "has done more to restore the farmer's confidence in Washington and governmental tendencies than anything that has happened in a long time." Chester Gray of the American Farm Bureau is quoted as saying: "After having fought for these principles of valuation based on 1914 costs, and the recapture and redistribution of net earnings above 6 per cent. on this fair valuation, for the past six years, we naturally feel much pleased that the Commission should in the end so fully agree with us."

Railroad operating and traffic men, argues the New York *American*, know that a rate based on present inflated values "would disrupt the business and agriculture of the country. Such an increase in valuation would also wreck the hard-won confidence of the people in railroad management, which is now, for the most part, not only honest, but highly efficient and more profitable than ever before."

The decision is hailed as "a victory of railroad users over railroad owners," by the Washington *News*, which adds that in the long run it will be just as helpful to owners of railroad securities:

> Prices to-day are half again as high as they were before the World War, and over twice as high as they were when much of the nation's railroad system was built.
>
> The railroads are allowed by law to collect rates which, in the aggregate, yield 6 per cent. on a "fair value" of the property devoted to railroad service.
>
> If that "fair value" is determined by what it would cost to reproduce the roads at present high prices, it will amount to an authorization of exorbitant rates. Rate experts say that the rates authorized would be so high that railroad regulation would be virtually eliminated. The traffic wouldn't stand the increases which would be permitted.
>
> Right now "current reproduction cost" happens to be favorable to the railroads because prices are high.
>
> Prices, however, are going down. In February of this year they were 40 per cent. lower than they were in 1920, and the down trend continues.
>
> Every time that prices go down "current reproduction cost" shrinks. Every time they go up, reproduction cost increases.
>
> The absurdity of tying the valuation base for railroad rates to the gyrations of the dancing dollar are clear.
>
> Right now rates based on reproduction cost would favor the railroads. Ten years from now rates so determined might be ruinous to railroad investors.

"The decision is not destructive or confiscatory," concludes the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> While the investment value is taken as the basis of rate making, it is a well established policy that no railroad or public utility will be or can be compelled

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

to run at a loss. Rates will be adjusted to needs, with due regard to good service and a fair return for the money invested.

Under this sound policy there can be no destruction of railroad property or hampering of railroad operation, or any confiscation of property or investment.

As a matter of valuation, however, the decision is altogether good. It puts the earnings on the basis of the money invested in the property, instead of an estimated variable and speculative basis. The railroad owners will get a fair return on their investment. The people will get good service at reasonable rates. Speculation on excess profits will be put out of business.

The four dissenting members of the Commission insist that the majority are flying in the face of recent Supreme Court decisions. Commissioner Hall, for instance, says that "if we are to follow the decision of the Supreme Court as to telephone companies engaged in an interstate business, it is difficult to find and import any legal warrant in the same act, for applying a totally inconsistent basis for other carriers such as railroads." Commissioner Woodlock sharply disagrees with "the majority's proposal to stamp the greater part of railroad property in existence to-day with the dollar relation of 1914, thus saddling perpetually upon the owners of that property the loss inherent in the depreciation of the dollar since that time."

If the O'Fallon decision stands, railroad men, so we read in the New York *Herald Tribune's* financial columns, are bound to ask despairingly, "how can ten billion dollars, estimated to be needed in the next decade, be attracted for investment in the country's transportation systems?" Editorially, the New York paper is most outspoken:

> Wall Street did not take seriously the Interstate Commerce Commission's "die-hard" decision in the St. Louis & O'Fallon Railway recapture case. In that it was altogether right, for the Commission's bigoted theories of rail valuation, both for recapture of excess earnings and for rate-making purposes, will have to be passed on later by the Federal Supreme Court. And the Court's recent decisions in public utility valuation cases have been sharply at variance with the Commission's eccentric and obsolescent notions.
>
> Valuation in the face of shifting dollar values caused by emergencies like the great war is a difficult economic task. We are perhaps working back gradually to the 1914 relation between the dollar and property. But to apply the standard of 1914 crudely and oppressively to 1921-23 or to 1926-27, is to sacrifice economic justice to preconceived theory, based in this instance largely on what the Commission holds to be politically expedient.
>
> Railroads are taxed on their current valuations. If the Government sought to condemn a piece of railroad property, would it claim the right to condemn it on the basis of its value in 1914? Even Congress has recognized in a most intimate way the fact of the dollar's depreciation since the war. Its members voted themselves a 33 1-3 per cent. increase in salaries a couple of years ago. If Federal legislative salaries had to be adjusted to the new basis of values, why should not rail property valuations be similarly adjusted? In equity they ought to be. Only the ancient and unworthy policy of discrimination against capital invested in the transportation industry stands in the way.
>
> On this question the Interstate Commerce Commission is still unduly affected by old rancors and prejudices. It is not open-minded or judicially-minded. If it were it would have noted with profit the contrary conclusions as to valuation laid down in many recent decisions of the Federal Courts.

More mildly, the New York *Times* remarks that, while the courts may eventually have to decide this extremely difficult problem of valuation, "on the simple aspects of the problem as it stands, a large body of thoughtful judgment will agree with President Hadley's conclusion in *The Yale Review*, that 'the use of cost of plant (and especially original or historical cost) as a rate basis is wrong in principle, and often dangerous in practise.'"

Finally, we note the Dallas *News* quoting the Commission majority's statement, that their valuation base "will not disturb the investing public which is accustomed to it now, nor the present general level of railroad rates," and commenting thereon:

> That is rather a frank admission that the rule was fashioned by the desire to effect a result which would best serve the interest of the patrons of the railroads. But the crucial question which will be put to the Supreme Court is whether a rule which best serves the interest of the patrons of the railroads respects the constitutional right of the stockholders to a fair return on the value of their property.
>
> Just now the only important fact is that a question which has been troublesome for a double decade at least has at last assumed a form and status which promise an early and final disposition of it.

A BANKER'S TEN RULES FOR SUCCESS

TEN rules for success, which that eminent banker, Otto H. Kahn, says he has given to many young men about to enter business, appear in a recent interview published in *The Daily Princetonian:*

> 1. Eliminate from your vocabulary the word "perfunctory."
> 2. Think—exercise your brain as you do your muscles.
> 3. The most serviceable of all assets is reputation.
> 4. Use your imagination.
> 5. Know how to bide your time and to "sit tight."
> 6. Be neighborly. Be a good sport. Remember you can't lift yourself by downing others.
> 7. Work hard. It won't hurt you.
> 8. Take an active interest in public affairs.
> 9. Meet your fellow man frankly and fairly. You don't have to go through business armed to the teeth.
> 10. If you are successful, be patient, courteous and conciliatory. Avoid ostentation.

IS SPECULATION GAMBLING?

THIS question is being settled legally in the State courts of Illinois, we are told by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, which recalls that the United States Supreme Court "has heretofore clearly indicated that it believes speculation serves a useful purpose." It seems that two cases have come up recently in Illinois which involve the legality of speculating in stocks and commodities. A Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, which includes the City of Chicago, has ruled, we are told, that neither stock speculation nor trading in grain futures is gambling. This ruling, it is thought, would not have received much attention and would have been considered pretty much a matter of course if it were not for the fact that a Master in Chancery in a rural Illinois county recently held to the contrary. As the Chicago daily tells the story of the two cases:

In the down-state case, a resident of Fairfield welched on a $55,000 note he had given to a Chicago brokerage firm in payment of losses incurred by grain futures. In the past his trading had gained him great profits, which at one time are said to have amounted to a million dollars. But having lost, and having given a $55,000 note, he suddenly decided that he had not been a speculator but instead had been a gambler. And as gambling debts are illegal, he refused to pay.

The brokers bringing the suit were able to show that out of their own pockets they had paid all of the defendant's losses, and that they had also paid large sums in Federal taxes levied upon the transactions which the defendant now declared were gambling transactions.

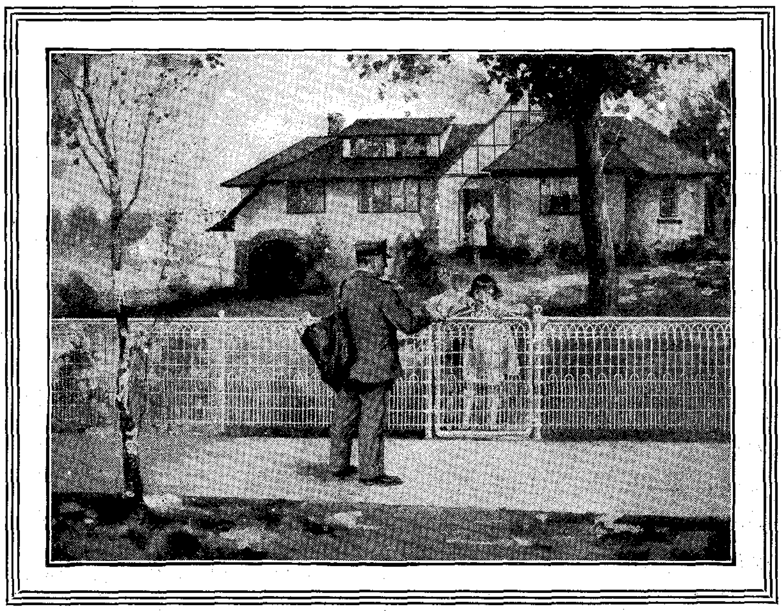
Yet a Master in Chancery in Bureau County has upheld the defendant's contention. No decision has yet been rendered, however, by the circuit judge who referred the case to the master.

Meanwhile a case of similar import arises in Chicago. A trader incurs losses of a few thousand dollars in stocks and grain. A lawyer, acting as "common informer" under an Illinois law relating to gambling, brings suit against the brokerage house for triple the amount of the losses, the law providing that one-half of the treble damages shall be paid to the informer, and the remaining half to the county. The plaintiff's case is sound if grain speculation and stock speculation are gambling.

As the question at issue is entirely one of law, it is passed upon by the judge, not by the jury. Judge McKinley rules that the transactions were not gambling. Accordingly he instructs the jury to find for the defendants.

The McKinley ruling is important, inasmuch as it serves as a precedent for the down-state court before which the same question is to come. The down-state court, of course, is not bound by a decision of a Cook County court of substantially equal jurisdiction. But courts do give a certain measure of respect to other courts of their own level.

At any rate, the presentation of two such cases in Illinois courts at the same time is a clear demonstration that the question at issue—Is speculation gambling?—will be examined from every angle, so that the essentials of the question, and not merely the incidentals, will be passed upon by the higher courts when the decisions are appealed.



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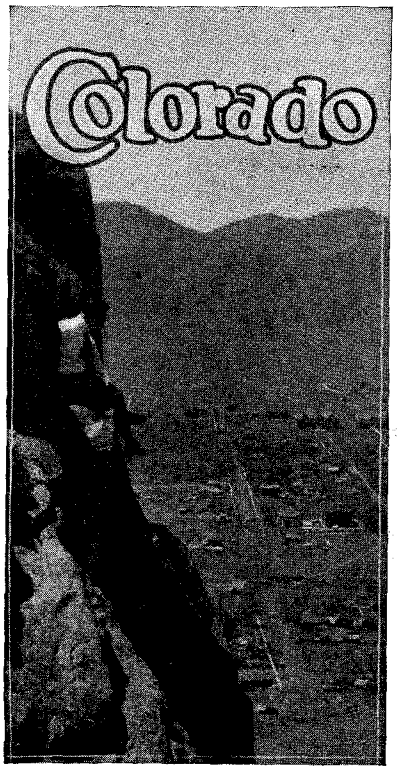

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 30.—Hundreds of missionaries, it is reported, continue to pour into Shanghai from the interior of China, and the evacuation is spreading northward into the territory threatened by the Cantonese advance.

The Lanting passes the bill abolishing Prohibition in Norway, pursuant to the result of the recent referendum. The measure has already been passed by the Odelsting, the other House of Parliament.

March 31.—Gen. Chiang Kai-shek disclaims responsibility for the anti-foreign outbreak in Nanking, and protests against the shelling of the city by American and British war vessels and against the defense measures taken by the Powers at Shanghai.

April 1.—Premier Poincaré of France announces a proposal to issue within the next few months an interior consolidation loan of 21,500,000,000 francs, or $860,000,000, which would erase all maturities coming in 1928 and 1929, amounting to more than 21,000,000,000 francs.

April 2.—Edgar M. Wilkins, an American electrical engineer, has been murdered by brigands or rebels in the State of Jalisco, Mexico, it is announced by the American Embassy in Mexico City, and Ambassador Sheffield requests the Mexican Government to punish the slayers.

A few civilians alleged to have participated in the antiforeign outbreak in Nanking, China, have been executed by the Cantonese authorities, it is reported, but no soldiers have yet been punished.

April 3.—Japanese sailors fire on and wound two of a mob of Chinese coolies looting shops in the Japanese concession in Hankow. Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, Cantonese commander, announces that henceforth he will confine himself to commanding the Nationalist expedition against the Northerners, leaving the business of Government to Wang Ching-wei, former chairman of the executive committee of the Kuomintang, the Nationalist organization.

April 4.—Three of the bandits who killed the American electrical engineer, Edgar M. Wilkins recently, are captured and executed at Guadalajara, Mexico, according to information received in Mexico City. The murder is said to have been planned to involve Mexico in trouble with the United States.

All Japanese civilians able to do so flee from the Japanese concession in Hankow, and board refugee ships in the river. Meanwhile the Nationalist armies continue their northward march apparently unopposed, and occupy Pengtu and Anhui, on the Tientsin-Pukow railway.

The French Government declines the invitation of the United States to be officially represented at the naval limitation conference in Geneva in June, which will be attended by delegations from the United States, Great Britain, and Japan.

Rebels have been reported active in five Mexican States, and the Mexican War Office begins concentration of troops to crush them.

April 5.—Chinese Nationalists issue a manifesto appealing for unity within their ranks. Foreigners continue to

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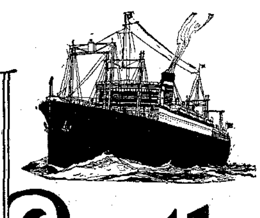

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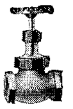

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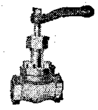

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concentrate on Tientsin from various sections of North China, and the American and British evacuation of Szechwan Province in the upper Yangtze Valley is virtually complete.

April 6.—Chinese police raid the Soviet Embassy in the foreign legation quarter in Peking and arrest a number of Russians and Chinese as propagandists of the Canton Government. Two Americans are held on a similar charge

DOMESTIC

March 30.—Henry Ford is seriously injured when his coupé is crowded over an embankment at the River Rouge bridge, Detroit, by another car.

Five men are killed by an explosion in the Pittsburgh Coal and Coke Company's mine at Ehrenfeld, Pennsylvania, and eight miners are burned to death in a gas explosion in a mine of the Salina County Coal Corporation at Ledford, Illinois.

March 31.—Soft-coal mining in the major union American fields ends at midnight, when the Jacksonville wage agreement expires. Operators refuse to renew the agreement and the miners refuse to accept any other.

A new trial is denied to Harry F. Sinclair, the oil promoter, convicted of contempt of the Senate in refusing to answer questions.

Gov. Dan Moody of Texas signs the bill wiping out the political amnesty extended to James E. Ferguson, former Governor, who was impeached by the Legislature during the administration of his wife, former Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson.

April 2.—The Treasury announces the reduction of the public debt by $7,588,505,197 since the war and income tax receipts in March which indicate a surplus for 1927 of $500,000,000.

Secretary of State Kellogg makes public the report of John K. Davis, American Consul at Nanking, saying that Cantonese soldiers deliberately fired on British, Japanese and American consuls, and that the other outrages against the foreigners were deliberately planned and executed.

April 5.—William Hale Thompson is elected Mayor of Chicago with a plurality of 83,072 over Mayor William E. Dever, and with a majority of 31,863 over all, according to present returns.

Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, the two radicals convicted of murder committed April 15, 1920, must expiate their crime, according to a decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court denying them a new trial. Fellow radicals have made demonstrations in their favor in the capitals of Europe and Central America.

All but 100 of the 540 Presbyterian missionaries in China will leave that country as soon as possible, according to a cable received by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York, and a cable received by the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions in New York says that mission centers in the path of advancing Cantonese armies in North China are being evacuated by women and children and that "a general withdrawal of missionaries on account of revolution causing danger to life" is imperative.

April 6.—Holding that the Philippines are not yet ready to govern themselves, President Coolidge vetoes a resolution of the Philippine Legislature to submit to the people of the Islands the question whether they desire complete independence from the United States.

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Those stories that are so vivid in your mind—can you write them so that editors will accept them? Those sermons, the thought of which uplifts your own heart—can you compose them so that they will move, inspire, comfort, and guide your congregation?

We think in words and images. The larger our vocabulary, the more varied and interesting our thoughts. Men climb to eminence in public life and in business on ladders of words. The man whose speech is limited and crude is limited and crude in his ideas—his aspirations. His life is drab and uninteresting. He makes no progress. He arrives nowhere.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Meow!—MURIEL—"I've just come from the beauty parlor."

MAVIS—"They were shut, I suppose?"—*Answers.*

Stitching Up the Shebas.—The Young Women's Overseas Auxiliary will have an all-day sewing and surgical dressing, and lunch, on Tuesday.—*Pittsburgh Presbyterian Church Bulletin.*

The Gentlemanly Flapper.—In Japan you can tell if a girl is single or married by looking at her hair. In America you can't even tell if it's a girl!—*Judge.*

Ancient Mariner.—

RUM EXPLORER HID
IN ARCTIC IS DRUNK
310 YEARS AFTER

—*Washington Post.*

Travel Made Easy.—"Were you in Paris, London, Berlin?"

"I really couldn't tell you. My husband bought all the tickets."—*Buen Humor, Madrid.*

Weighed in the Balance.—"I gave that man fifty cents for saving my life."

"What did he do?"

"Gave me back twenty cents change."—*Chaparral.*

"I Want Three Shines."—The train was pulling into Detroit. Mr. Ford rose, stretched his six feet, and remarked with his most genial smile:—*Long Beach (Cal.) paper.*

March of Science.—A scientist says that soon we shall be able to see people at the other end of the telephone. Is it too much to hope that one day we shall be able to hear them?—*Passing Show.*

Washee-Washee.—We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices as under—Ladies $2.00 per hundred; Gentlemen, $1.75 per hundred.—*Laundry sign quoted in "Chinese Fantastics," by Thomas Steep (The Century Co.).*

It Positively Isn't Done.—"Baby's getting on wonderfully—I'm sure she'll be able to walk soon."

"D'you think it's worth the trouble of teaching her—hardly anybody walks much nowadays."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

Grammatical Doggums.—"Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say 'Lie down,' Mister," declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Hoop-la!—

PRESIDENT, HIS FAMILY
AND GUESTS ATTEND CHURCH,
RIDE AND ENJOY A THIRTY-POUND TURKEY.

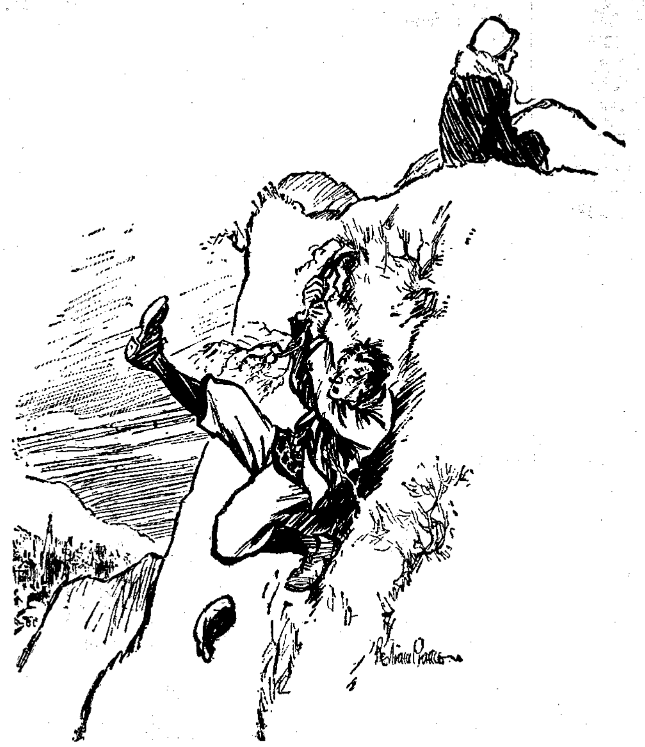
—*New York Times.*

Other Five in Philadelphia?—The deceased is survived by ten children, five of whom are living.—*West Virginia paper.*

Fashionable Friends.—"When you were abroad did you see the Dardanelles?"

"Yes—we had dinner with them!"—*Passing Show (London).*

High Explosive.—A "cribbing" scandal at the Naval Academy in 1914 resulted in dismissal of some Midshipmen and demolition of others.—*Washington (Pa.) paper.*



HE (his sentiment suddenly cut short by unexpected slip over side of steep hill): "For Heaven's sake, Angelina, give me your hand!"

SHE (in total ignorance of his predicament): "Not till you've asked Pa, Reggie."

—*London Opinion.*

Proved His Mettle.—MRS. GRUBB (after a tiff)—"When I married you I didn't know you were such a coward. I thought you were a brave man."

GRUBB—"So did everybody else."—*Answers.*

Sad Confession..—LANDLADY—"I think you had better board elsewhere."

BOARDER—"Yes, I often had."

LANDLADY—"Often had what?"

BOARDER—"Had better board elsewhere."—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Beats Joshua.—

"THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS"

This hideous monster will be dragged from his lair into the noonday sun Sunday night at the Baptist Church.—*Ad in a Covington (La.) paper.*

Incognito.—SOCIAL WORKER—"And what is your name, my good man?"

THE CONVICT—"999."

S. W.—"O, but that's not your real name."

CON.—"Naw, that's only me pen name."—*Bucknell Bell Hop.*

We've Met a Few.—Walter ——, 28, an electrical engineer, was killed Thursday by coming in contact with a wife carrying high voltage.—*Ohio paper.*

Mended Maps.—From a serial—"Derrick looked down at her lifted face with hostility, she thought."

We also have a prejudice against those lifted faces.—*Boston Transcript.*

High Thinking.—It is estimated that a block of wood containing twelve cubic inches will produce enough pulp for a twelve-page daily newspaper. It takes a slightly larger block, however, to produce the editorials.—*Judge.*

Human Bow-Wow.—Night watchman W. H. Butts, making his rounds, tried the front door and found it unlocked. Then he gave a peculiar growl and bark, and every hair on his body grew stiff.—*Kerman (Cal.) paper.*

Taking the Pledge.—According to a press report, the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are going to stop gin drinking in colleges. Well, it's about time some of the old ladies went on the wagon.—*Judge.*

Inner Man's Argument.—MOTHER—"Robert, you're a naughty boy. You can just go to bed without your supper."

BOBBY — "Well, mother, what about that medicine I've got to take after meals?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Souvenir for Wayne McVeigh.—MINISTER—"I hear, Paddie, they've gone dry in the village where your brother lives."

PADDIE—"Dry, mon! They're parched. I've just had a letter from Mike, an' the postage-stamp was stuck on with a pin."—*Chase Bag Co. "Bagology."*

A Boy to Be Proud Of.—FOR SALE—Strictly fresh-laid eggs, 73 Elm Ave., Flushing. Tel. Flushing 1520-R. These eggs guaranteed not over 3 days old. I get them from my son.—*Flushing (N. Y.) paper.*

"Gin a Body Meet a Body."—According to a press report, Blue Ridge Mountaineers are using their copper stills as radio aerials. Southern broadcasters should cooperate by playing, "Coming Through the Rye."—*Judge.*

Not Even a Sassy Post-card.—R. Franze of the Wixon community was transacting business in Bryan Tuesday, incidentally shipping breeding poultry to other parts of the State. Mr. and Mrs. Franze enjoy the reputation of never having heard a word of complaint from a single bird they have ever shipped out.—*Bryan (Texas) paper.*